



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

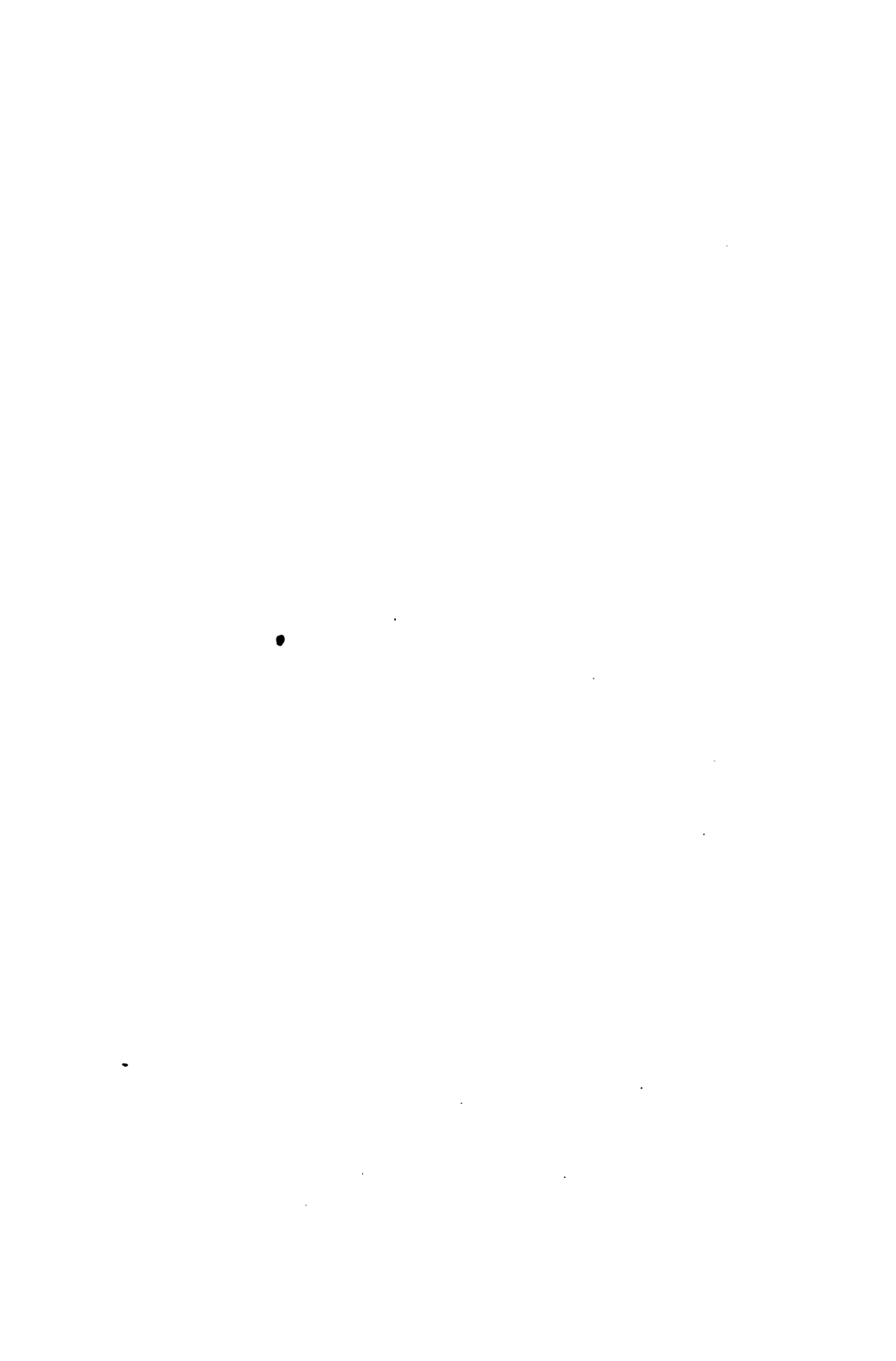
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600017009N





SIXTEEN MONTHS
IN
THE DANISH ISLES.

BY

ANDREW HAMILTON.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF THE NORTH,
AT COPENHAGEN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1852.

203. 6. 145



LONDON:
Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Titles of Danish Noblesse.—A drive in the Sea.—An unfinished <i>Château</i> .—Tiny Countesses.—Day at B——.—Birthday of the Premier.—Congratulations.—Extensive Grounds.—Swans.—Evening Party uninvited.—Møen.—Chalk Cliffs.—Danish Opinion of Møen.—Bad Roads.—Accidents.—A Warrior-Mound.—Peasant Superstition.	1

CHAPTER II.

Old Ballads.—Collections.—Ballad-Women.—Music as we walked.—Evening Trip to a Ballad-woman's.—Rödgröd.—Lose the Way.—Stuck in the Wood.—Sunset.—In the Ditch.—The Cottage Garden.—Ballad of Sir Asser Ryg.	36
--	----

CHAPTER III.

Change of Quarters.—A Priest-court.—General form of Priest-courts.—Station of the Clergy.—Miscellaneous upon Titles.	63
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Life at the Priest-court.—Morning Work.—The Parlour-maid Karen.—Forenoon Walks.—Danish Parish Schools.—The two old Paupers.—Sunday.—Preaching and Catechising.—Danish Hymns.	77
--	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
Dining out.—Unwell.—Stay at Home.—Karen as Doctor.	
—Karen's Costume for a Wedding-party.—Harvest-home.—	
Peasant's Dancing.—Soldier's Return.—Rejoicings.—Fête	
in a Forest.—Dancing by Flambeaux.—In the Forest.—The	
Dogs of the Priest-court.	103

CHAPTER VI.

Reading Danish Poetry.—Autumn.—Preparations to meet	
Winter.—Carpets and Curtains.—Leave the Parsonage.—Tra-	
velling Party.—Our Winter Travelling Costume.—Arrive at	
another Fête.—Stolid Peasants.—Travel in the Evening.—Cold.	
—Night.—Solitary Parsonage.—Midnight.—Break into the	
House.—Silent Rooms.—Another Journey.—Arrival at another	
Mansion.	137

CHAPTER VII.

Plenty of Fruit.—We visit the Pastoress.—The Pastoress in	
trouble with her Pears.—Another Pastor and Pastoress.—Pea-	
sant's Wedding.—Return to Copenhagen.—Oehlenschläger's	
Birth-day.—Andersen.—Hauch.—The Beauteous Majesty of	
Denmark.	159

CHAPTER VIII.

Churches and Clergy of Copenhagen.—Palace Church.—	
Vartou Church.—Introduction to the Bishop.—The "Bishop's	
Court."	179

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas.—Go again to the Country.—Christmas at the Par-	
sonage.—Christmas Tree and Rejoicings, and Forenoon and	
Evening Occupations.	189

CONTENTS.

v

CHAPTER X.

	PAGE
Danish Poets.—Holberg.—Ewald.—Baggesen.—Staffeldt.—	
Oehlenschläger.—Grundtvig.—Ingemann.—Hauch.—Heiberg.	
—Hertz.—Winther.—Andersen.—Paludan-Müller.	202

CHAPTER XI.

Theatres.—Actors and Actresses.—A Poet-Dancer.	222
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

University of Copenhagen.—Number of Terms and Vacations.	
—Examinations.—Poor Students.	234

CHAPTER XIII.

Icelanders in Copenhagen.—Live chiefly apart.—Icelandic	
Studies.—Icelandic Dictionary.—Fish-Bread.	242

CHAPTER XIV.

Danish Church.—Its History.—The Danish Flag.—Arch-	
bishop Absalon.—Hymn Writers.—Kingo and Brorsön.—De-	
cay.—Revival.—Bishop Mynster.—Grundtvig.—Martensen.—	
Kierkegaard.	254

CHAPTER XV.

Oehlenschläger's Death and Burial	271
-----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

A Practical Joke.—Society in Copenhagen.—Monotony.—	
Party Spirit.—Hours of Visiting.—The Intellectual and the	
Amusing combined.—Pleasant Evening.—I am locked out.—	
Jewesses.—Freezing of the Great Belt.—Sprogøe.—Ash-	
Wednesday Green Soup.	281

CHAPTER XVII.

Spring.—Return to the Country.—Cold.—Burst of the Leaves.	
—Whitsuntide.—Sorö.—The Poet Ingemann.—His peaceful	
Abode.—Sorö Church.—Saxo Grammaticus — <i>Djævelné</i> in the	
Green-wood.—Insolent Pig.—Episcopal Visitation.	311

CHAPTER XVIII.

Roeskilde.—The Cathedral.—Royal Burying-place.—Bishop	PAGE
William and King Svend.—Bishop Svend Norbagge.	333

CONCLUSION.

The Strand-way.—Go to Sweden and return.—Fredensborg	
and Fredericksborg.—Oersted.—Farewell.	343

SIXTEEN MONTHS

IN THE

DANISH ISLES.

CHAPTER I.

What troops of ladies I have seen
Go walking up and down,
Each softly fanning of herself,
In a shining silken gown !

MARY HOWITT.

ACCORDING to Danish customs (in common with most continental countries), titles are shared by every member of a family, at least in most houses; some there are, I believe, who do not partake in this advantage. Thus, where I was at this time residing, as there were three sons there were four barons, and as there were two daughters there were

three baronesses. A little confusion may sometimes arise from this circumstance, particularly owing to the Scandinavian fashion of addressing people in the third person. "Does the baron feel better to-day?" "Has the baroness been out to-day?" is a common way of asking questions, which might lead an Englishman to suppose they were addressed to the individual before you concerning a third party. It is only carrying the German and Scandinavian custom of addressing by the personal pronoun "they" instead of "you" a little farther, and consequently making the matter a little more intricate. I accustomed myself to the Danish fashion, and for a long time talked in this way, but by degrees I began to raise a protest against it, and eventually said simply "they" to everybody, accompanying it, now and then, by a mention of the title.

Somehow the Danish nobility is not so numerous as one might expect, notwithstanding its tendency to self-multiplication. I think on the whole it is less numerous than the German, and immensely less so than the Swedish, however many more its numbers proportionally are than the English. Young scions of noble houses are not much given to marrying, or at least have not been given to it hitherto. So much the

worse. But now morals are beginning decidedly to mend, and unportioned offshoots of noble houses, unable to form alliances suitable to their rank, look more to untitled maidens than they were wont to do.

In this neighbourhood are a good many of the most influential nobles in the kingdom. Our time was much spent in visiting and receiving visits. Morning calls are not known; but when dinner is achieved life commences in good earnest.

- Sometimes we made pleasant excursions. For instance, one day we left home at ten in the morning to inspect some chalk-pits at a considerable distance, and view some other objects of interest on the way; we did not return till eleven at night. Our road lay close by the beach for many miles. Indeed, several times we drove quietly for considerable distances in the water itself. The strand was very level, and the road very bad, so the coachmen coolly turned their horses' heads into the sea, and drove slowly along in the shallow water—a performance, to judge by appearances, the horses seemed used to, but, for all that, not free from the danger of capsizing. We had two large Holstein carriages, at all times somewhat similar to small ships, with the large

bread-basket receptacles on which the seats were hung ; and, looking back from the foremost to the one behind, the effect was not unlike boat-fulls of human beings, driven by some Neptune, and drawn by hippopotami. The bottom was smooth sand, but might, for all that, have contained unseen hollows ; and at the best, the progress through the sea was but slow, and was only adopted when the road became "all too bad" (altfor daarlig).

Hunger absolutely compelled us to halt at a little inn and get forth our hampers with what speed we might, while the good people prepared tables in their very pretty garden. I believe we were all obliged to run up and down for very starvation during the few minutes that arrangements were being made. Baltic air is very keen and appetizing, and we had been for some hours inhaling it, now driving, now walking, now resting by the shore. In these circumstances it is always curious the difference a few minutes at table make. You have not sat a quarter of an hour before you begin to wonder how you could have been so impatient, and in half an hour (if it be a gipsy dinner) you will have nought more to do with eating.

We drove on to the chalk-pits, in examining

which some time had to be spent. They were curious, and, I was told, a source of great income to their proprietor.

Then we parted company. One coach-load returned home, while the rest of us proceeded on our way to pay a visit. Our destination was a very pretty place, R——, the residence of Count H——. This nobleman's family was related to that of Baron S——, as well as by marriage to some of the most exalted personages connected with the realm. We found the mansion in that undesirable, half-confused condition attendant upon building. The count was in the act of having a new and very handsome house erected, while the former was not yet demolished, but, on the contrary, inhabited by the family. As the two buildings occupied almost the self-same site, the confusion was none of the smallest; the whole thing presenting the chrysalis-like appearance of one form springing from the bosom of another, while the former encasement has not yet been quite burst asunder. The rooms in use were, for the most part, those in the old edifice; but passing through a curious little temporary wooden passage, you might emerge into a lofty spick and span new saloon, or some such thing, all freshly painted, papered, hung, and furnished. And how

dingy the low, old-fashioned rooms looked when we returned to them ! Nothing seemed wanting but that they should be pulled down, to let the new residence emerge in all its proportions.

The woods near this house were particularly rich in majestic trees, and the gardens were beautiful, compensating abundantly for the want of domesticity the existing condition indoors caused. But for corporeal refreshments indoors we must go. Ere we parted in the evening we had some pleasant mulled wine with our tea, to fortify us against the chilly drive. Item, at tea we had the presence of five little countesses, the oldest not more than ten, each a little bit less than the other, like a flight of steps, but dignified and proper of behaviour as the nieces of a royal duke and duchess ought to be. I did not see, but was told of the existence of a tiny countling, less and younger than any of his sisters, and probably too important to be shown about. Indeed he was a very weighty personage, as without him the possessions of his father must have passed out of the family.

Our drive was a little cold, and we did not get home, as I said, till eleven o'clock, having been absent thirteen hours. Our talk was mostly of old and new families, titles, intermarriages, and

such like, whereby I ran a fair chance of getting learned in Danish genealogy which, however, I do not think would be a particularly interesting subject for those who have not resided among the people.

Another day we were still longer absent. We started likewise in the morning (one carriage full only, however), for B——, the residence of Count M——, Prime Minister of Denmark, and one of the wealthiest nobles in the kingdom. The distance was great to go and come in one day ; although we drove with four horses, on good roads, and rapidly, we were several hours in getting thither. It was Count M——'s birthday, and our visit was one of congratulation, which was, at the same time, to give me an opportunity of seeing the grounds which are reckoned by many the finest in Denmark. Visits of congratulation seem rarely to be omitted, if it lies within the bounds of possibility to carry them out.

The avenues upon the estate were full of fine old trees. As we drew near the residence, there was an air of long-collected substantiality about the look of everything. But as we drew up in front of the house, I was at first disappointed with its appearance. There were so many out-

buildings, so much "court," that we could see nothing of the dwelling. And in fact, from no side has it a very commanding appearance; it is an old-fashioned erection, and too low, although it is in reality very commodious, and contains some very handsome rooms. For all this it stands upon a height, and ought to assume more the aspect of a feudal castle.

We found a very large assemblage of congratulators, many from the metropolis, who had come that day, or may be the day before, on purpose; all the grandees of the country round about; many men high in office, generals, governors, admirals, lord chamberlains, and lords of the bed-chamber, nearly all the ministry, privy councillors, excellencies, with their gracious ladies and lady daughters,—all come to congratulate his majesty's first adviser on the return of his birthday. His excellency himself had come from Copenhagen on purpose to celebrate the day at his seat; otherwise the affairs of the season had been too grave to admit of his absenting himself from the metropolis. I dare say even before our arrival he was well-nigh weary of good wishes; and, certes, ours were not the last of the day. Meanwhile we were met by a cordial and courteous reception—cordiality and courtesy extended

to the stranger, who was speedily introduced to all the family separately, and to many of the other visitors.

We had not been expected, but it was soon settled we should remain dinner, whereupon, without loss of time, measures were taken to let me see the grounds. My never-wearying, kind host, Baron S——, instantly gave himself up to conducting me about for the rest of the day, and a very valuable showman he proved. The grounds were very pretty. Nature had done much for them, and art had followed up. There were every here and there smaller and greater patches of natural water, which had been turned to the best advantage, with small clustering islands, and abundance of vegetation. The entire *terrain* was much more extensive than any I had seen in Denmark, and was, farthermore, kept in admirable order.

The gardens, properly so called, were very beautiful, and made some pretensions to being *gardens*, such as one sees at noblemen's seats in England. There were extensive hot-houses and conservatories, and a good many valuable and rare plants. It was evident there must be a first-rate gardener upon the spot.

Part of the grounds, that part most properly

to be called the flower-garden, was laid out quite in the French way. It seems the whole territory had once been disposed in this style, which is now hardly credible, and that the *English* system had been applied within a comparatively recent period. This patch of stiff roads, long flights of steps, cut hedges and trees, curious fountains, and water flowing in stone channels, had an odd effect contrasted with the living beauty of the rest of the place.

We were fortunate in having a remarkably fine day, but the heat, after a two hours' diligent walk in every direction, began to be afflictive ; and it was a grateful change to get into the Count's deer forest, where there were some magnificent avenues of trees. Passing along the edge of the deer forest a long way, we came out just upon the other extremity of the pleasure-grounds, and soon fell in with a large party from the *château*, to whom, as they were walking more slowly, we associated ourselves. Then we once more went over all we had seen, and in the large mixed company it was unquestionably more agreeable than by ourselves.

Here were pleasant ladies, old and young, and gentlemen anxious to be attentive to them. We sauntered along, and not making haste ;

and under this regime I first began to enjoy the place, feeling that formerly I had been inspecting the grounds, now I was taking advantage of them. It was, indeed, beautiful. The soil was undulating, and afforded every advantage for the disposition of trees and shrubs and flowers which were lavishly thrown about to delight the eye. In that bright, hot sunshine, and amid the luxuriance of more southern-like vegetation, it was difficult to realize one's preconceived notions of Scandinavian climate ; it might more likely have been a fair scene in the south of France, but for the character of the arrangement. The keeping up of those many tender plants so far north must cost great toil and money.

Of course there was no lack of summer-seats and bowers. We went to inspect a more elaborate erection,—a miniature cottage, pleasantly placed in a little plain, well surrounded with shrubbery, so that no one could see it from a distance. It was a complete cottage, with front door and windows in either end. It had been built as an amusement for the young countesses when they were children, and was still kept in good repair. The key having been brought, the door was opened, and we were admitted to view

the interior. A charming little lobby,—on either side a door, the one leading to a matchless little kitchen, with shelves all round, and everything upon them that pertained to the ideal of cooking, bearing signs, however, that the utensils were neither intended for hard service nor had seen it. On the other side of the entrance-hall was a charming little parlour, quite furnished, as the single reception-room of a cottage ought to be, but seldom is; altogether a beautiful place, which I doubt not had been a source of much enjoyment in its time, and was still enjoyable as a sight. It was only too delicate in its proportions for rough and ungossamer existences to figure about in, and one was glad to come out without having done any mischief, such as the fracture of a cup or plate would have been, which with coat-tails is so easy.

On all the sheets of water that wandered about the grounds were flocks of large white swans. I was struck by the number of them. These pieces of water were peculiarly lovely in the hot day, as the greensward went quite down to their lips and kissed them, and the weeping willows swept their bosoms, and other trees reflected themselves there, and clumpy islands sprang from the deep. Now and then we crossed a narrow arm-

let by a rustic or gothic bridge, and rested to look down at the coolness. The swans sailed lazily past, half asleep, as they let themselves drift along the surface with a large black foot stuck aloft from beneath the snowy wing across the snowy back, as if to show that they could boast other hues than white. Every here and there, too, came a pair of young swans in the society of their parent, the cygnets of a dirty grey colour and shapeless figure, contrasting singularly with the spotless person of their mother. As I stood and considered them, a young lady said—

“Have you read Andersen’s story of the ‘Ugly Duckling?’”

“Assuredly,” I said; “and I admire it as one of the happiest of his tales—a delicious story.”

“He wrote it here,” returned she; “he was staying here for some time one summer, as he often does, and while going about the grounds one day, and looking at the swans, the idea occurred to him.”

Voilà a little fragment of literary biography.

When we had wandered through the beautiful grounds, feasting eyes and noses as we went, until we had come a long way from the house, we sat down or stood still upon an eminence that

looked over the margin of the enclosures away across the ugly fields of potatoes and turnips. Then most people found it time to return to dress for dinner, so a retreat was sounded, and in groups we went back to the avocations of indoors.

Besides the company already arrived, sundry more persons had been invited to dinner, particularly the officials of the neighbouring Kiöbsted, and a few clergymen of the district; persons whom it was probably considered needful to extend some attention to, for which this day was chosen as the one on which such attention would be most flattering. And certainly they did appear greatly flattered and greatly content as they delivered their congratulations to the Premier, and received a few cordial words in return, looking at the same time full of a certain trustfulness and affection that was pleasing to witness. It did not seem altogether the relation of feudal lord and obedient humble servants.

We sat down to dinner sixty in number; a goodly party in the country. All the luxury of Europe was brought together in the banquet, even in those northern latitudes. I have been told that not more than a few years ago it was still the case in Denmark, in some great

houses, that all who were noble sat at one table, and those who were not noble at another. If this was the case then, it is not so now. We all sat at the same table, and a large one it was.

When dinner was past, which was not the case for a considerable length of time, and we had returned to the drawing-rooms, the real arrival of company commenced to take place. In at the open door poured a succession of visitors, in such swarms that I stood astonished as to where they might have come from. I took for granted invitations had been issued for an assembly, but was still more surprised when told afterwards that all these had come unasked—come to present their good wishes to the noble host and hostess, who might wellnigh have been overwhelmed in such a torrent. The consequence was that the rooms soon began evidently to fill, notwithstanding a constant stream that for awhile poured from the heated saloons through the open doors upon the lawn which was bathed in moonlight.

We had music and talk which were much to be enjoyed, but we behaved to remember the length of our road, and break off the agreeable party. A lady of our number had still farther

to go than we, and had left her carriage at Baron S——'s in the morning in order to drive with us. So we came away soon after nine, ere yet the brilliant assemblage had reached the acme of its enjoyment ; for, as we subsequently learned, dancing became the order of the evening after our departure. Meanwhile the gap we made could certainly scarcely be perceived. As it was, we did not reach home till midnight. For awhile we chatted over the events of the day ; but some time ere we reached our own abode, sleep had fallen upon each one of us, and, as we had been, owing to the heat, but ill-provided with wrappers, we were stiff and cold as well as half asleep when we stumbled out of the carriage up the steps to the hall-door. Then the other carriage had to be ordered, and got ready ; and I particularly sympathized with the lady who was going in it. Ten minutes passed ere it came to the door, and by that time she had recovered from her sleep, and was nestled snugly on a sofa. But there was nothing for it but to bundle out again and be off in the dark night in the cold carriage, snug or not snug, cold or not cold,—away in the dark carriage all alone, to chill down again, and get sleepy again before she reached her own house some miles off ;

and when we had seen her into her carriage, we said good night and were off to our own rooms.

In this system of visit-making on a large scale, time passed but too rapidly. Visitors went, and visitors came, and still it seemed to me that I had not been long in the hospitable mansion of ——.

When I had been a fortnight at the place, a diversification in our excursioning was proposed, which proved agreeable. The island of Möen which I have formerly adverted to, is the highlands of Denmark, or, more properly, as a Dane said to me, its Isle of Wight. It is the only spot in Denmark where rocks and hills are found with sharp ravines, and on that account is looked on by such of the natives as have not been beyond their own country, as something quite unique, and often by those who *have* travelled, as the grandest and beautifullest scenery in the world. From the moment I had first proposed going out of town, I had been earnestly admonished not to neglect seeing Möen, else I should miss the best. The whole nation regards this island as that which redeems their country from the charge of wanting in the wild and romantic ; 'tis almost a pity they should be so eager to establish a character for themselves

in a department Nature has chosen should be otherwise ! Now we were to go and see it.


We set out one very fine morning after a night of rain. It was the very end of August, and the sky was autumnal, as well as the fair earth and the wind ; but it was the bright warm autumn, without the most distant forebreath of winter. We were two chaise-loads, as usual ; five baronesses, one baron, and myself, besides servants. We were to be absent a night, therefore the seats were packed beneath with small bags, bandboxes, and baskets.

Möen was about twelve miles distant ; ten by land, and two by water. We halted on the nearer side of the strait to take luncheon at a friend's house that overlooked the water there. When we drove down to the beach, and set about arranging with the ferryman of Kallehave, to ferry us, our conveyances, and animals across, the delay was considerable ; for the biggest boat was on the other side, and had to be brought over ere the carriages and horses could be transported. But waiting on the pier was not so disagreeable as it might have been ; there was some activity going forward, and we watched the proceedings of the busy functionaries with interest. Some went indoors, to wait in

the little inn ; but I found abundance that was beautiful in the life and nature outside. Then we embarked and sailed slowly across the strait. The weather and condition of the sea were most different from what they had been, when I landed there nearly a month before.

Once on the other side, we still had a good many miles ere we attained the "cliff" which is the only beautiful part of Möen ; the rest of the island, all the part nearest Sealand, is quite uninteresting. The romantic region lies on the east side, looking out upon the Baltic towards Germany and Russia ; a strip of hills and valleys that terminate the Danish dominions ere they sink into the ocean. There are two cliffs,—Great Cliff and Little Cliff. We were bound first for the Great Cliff.

In getting into the boat, one of the young baronesses knocked her noble head so violently against a mast, that she had near been obliged to stay behind, and for some hours after was assuredly little able to enjoy herself. A recline in the boat, and sympathy did much, however, to ameliorate her suffering. When we had just landed in Möen, and were driving out of the courtyard in the little inn of Stege, whither we had gone to obtain extra horses, I, happening to sit beside



the coachman, also knocked my head with such force against the roof of the archway, that I well-nigh believed I had left it behind. My hat, indeed, was knocked away, but the coachman made a plunge, and recovered it, so that no one knew aught of the affair till afterwards; although for some minutes I was so stunned as to think it would be needful to remain in Stege till they came for me next day. However, the pain wore off, and these were the only two serious disasters any of our party met with.

It was late in the day when we arrived at the Great Klint. Abandoning the carriages, we walked the last miles through some beautiful woods,—then we came out at once upon the view of the Baltic and the cliffs. These latter are of white chalk, and have assumed the most singular shapes. The height of the loftiest peak is, I believe, about five hundred feet, and as they all rise direct from the sea, this elevation is greater in appearance than in reality. The gentleman to whom the place belongs, has laid out a number of walks which allow of a very easy inspection of all its minutiae, but which, at the same time, take much away from any natural wildness that may have existed there.

The shapes of the chalk peaks are of the most

original and fantastic description. Many resemble spires, and they are the prettiest, rising as white as snow (and not unlike the points of some glaciers I have seen) quite free from all their neighbours, and carrying aloft a single tuft of verdure on their tops, with, it may happen, a solitary beech or birch-tree. It is manifest the peaks have been formed by a process of detrition which is still going on ; and, indeed, I was told, they have much altered their forms within the memory of man. Hence, in course of time, it is to be feared they will altogether disappear, when the sea has eaten so far into the island as to have reached the flatter region. The colour of the chalk is the most dazzling white, and nothing can be purer than the effect of the sunshine on it.

We arrived luckily some hours before sundown. We had abundant time to expatiate among the cliffs, while it still was bright and noon-like. The Baltic contrasted finely, as it lay in all its magnificence before our eyes,—very different from the many-shaped white peaks,—vast, and flat, and blue. The heaven overhead again was round and blue, while the little cloudlets were white and round. And the trees! the mighty, many-shaped beech-trees, all green, and full of motion.

It was undeniably a splendid *tout ensemble*. Just as we stood on one of the highest parts of the Klint, a steamer was good enough to sail past at no great distance, giving one a better idea of proportions than otherwise could have been had. The view of the sea, and the effect of the fine beech foliage among the chalk cliffs, were, after the cliffs themselves, the two most striking items in the scenery.

When we had wandered nearly as far as we could get in one direction we returned, and had dinner under the trees, beside a very tiny inn, got up for the convenience of tourists. Then we wandered in the other direction, which was equally fine. Down below us, in a perpendicular direction, was the clear water, washing the foot of the cliffs ; we could see to the bottom, where it was many fathoms deep. At other places, the cliffs would slope from beneath our feet, like miniature Alps ; often it struck me that the whole thing was like a model of some chain of mountains crowned and covered with perpetual snow.

It was not quite agreeable, in the midst of a true enjoyment of this "aspect of Nature," to be asked whether I had ever seen anything as beautiful. Taking the question at first more as play

than as earnest, I was at no loss to hint that I had seen many places much grander and much more beautiful. But it was not joke. There exists hardly a Dane who will not maintain that Möen is the most glorious spot in the creation. My friends had travelled much, but from Switzerland, and Italy, &c., they had brought home the conviction that Möen quite excelled all. I mentioned both those countries, as well as my native Scotland, but it would not do; and, wherever I went in Denmark after that, I found that this opinion was quite prevalent. I love not comparisons betwixt fine places when they differ so much in nature as not well to suffer comparisons; but when the degree of difference is so great as in this case, it may safely be done. I found my best plan was to preserve a careful silence, if I would not be thought wofully deficient in a sense of the beautiful, from which imputation I believe I did not escape as it was. Möen is beautiful, but if the sea were absent it would no longer be so; it would only be curious then as a natural model of the Alps.

We had to get into our carriages ere it grew quite dark, but the roads were so deplorable we had soon to get out of them again. We were to spend the night at Liselund, an inn about four

miles from the Great Cliff, and close beside the Little Cliff. The way thither led, for the most part, through woods or deep gullies, where the road was sadly cut up, and full of ruts and large stones: in the gathering darkness it was difficult to see the way at all, and we constantly plunged from one side to the other, or knocked violently against some huge impediment. Meantime we sat inside the carriage and entertained one another with tales of upsettings by land and water, diverging to railway collisions and much more terrible accidents than any that were likely to befall us where we were. At every fresh jolt there was a deep pause, after which some more grievous tale than any yet told was brought forth. For instance, one young lady had once been driving her sister in a gig, and had capsized it, so that her sister had rolled down a steep bank into a lake, or else had saved herself by a whin just as she was trundling into the lake. Another told of a party returning home somewhere late in an autumn evening; how that they were all unmercifully capsized on the simple highway, and flung into a ditch by the way side, where one, an unhappy French governess, lay with her head so many minutes downmost in the moss, that by the time she was taken up she had lost her con-

sciousness, and how, when she came to her senses again, she thought she was dead, and that the persons about her were denizens of the other world. Then another told of a lady, a friend of hers in Copenhagen, who was going one evening in full dress to a ball, when suddenly the bottom of her carriage fell out, and she tumbled through upon the miry street, her legs under the conveyance, and her body in it, after such a fashion that she was unable to extricate herself, and, owing to the noise in the streets, equally unable to make her coachman hear; so that she was obliged to run the whole way, in satin shoes and a light blue silk dress, through the mire, as fast as the horses chose to go. My own contribution to these tales of disaster I shall omit, for we had already got so excited by them that next time the carriage lurched, which it did violently, the ladies all screamed, and would upon no account peril their necks any longer by remaining in it. Indeed we had come to a standstill, for one wheel had got into so deep a rut that even four horses were unable to drag it out as long as the carriage was occupied, which threatened momentarily to topple over. The footman speedily opened the door, for he was walking alongside, as also was the coachman; *they*, it

turned out, had provided against any peril to themselves from the upsetting.

Some two miles we had to go on foot, and the more fragile were very tired after all the fatigues of the day, having to drag themselves in the darkness over wretched roads, and ultimately through a forest all bristling with tree-stumps. We came to Liselund, a very good Guestgiver court where rooms for us had been ordered ; it is the only good inn on this side of Möen, and is much in request, for most parties visiting the cliffs must spend at least one night on the island. But, considering the outlandishness, the Guestgiver court of Liselund is remarkably respectable.

We had a large saloon, with windows at either end, and doors on either side leading to some of the sleeping apartments. Tea was the first thing to be thought of, and some of the baronesses found occupation in superintending its getting ready ; while all others found it most refreshing to partake of. Fatigue was, nevertheless, asserting its power. We had all been up early, and had travelled all day by land and water—occasionally on our own feet, and the young ladies could not but feel some effects. A pretty sloping lawn behind the house, upon which the windows opened, and on which the moon shone purely, was

not enough to dispel drowsiness, although we went out and walked there. Neither was an ancient kettle of a grand piano, whereto we each set ourselves in rotation, but from which we succeeded in bringing only the most distracted discords;—I attempted a reel, but could not get it to come: so we said Good night! as politely as sleep would allow, and went our several ways.

On reaching the saloon, next morning, I found some of the ladies already at the tea-table, from whom I received orders to help myself to a cup of the liquid if I wanted it—that was Danish manners in travelling: so I did my best to pour it out—a job not new to me. It seems Danish ladies, when they get upon a journey, throw off a little of the yoke that lies upon them at home: it is a wonder their lords allow them to go abroad at all to get used to such inconvenient fashions; most Danish gentlemen are fingerless enough.

The morning was spent in walking about. The Little Cliff differs greatly from its larger neighbour. The chalk formation is still to be traced, but there are none of the pinnacles which make the Great Cliff remarkable: instead of these there is a still superior beauty of vegetation. Little Cliff is entirely laid out as a pleasure-

ground ; up and down you go through unending forests, delightfully intersected by walks and peeps of the most picturesque description ; the different heights divided by profound glens, which again are traversed by little rivulets, and they are diversified by pretty waterfalls ;—everything has the air at once of wildness and of great cultivation. In the largest stream a cross, under a noisy cascade, marks where a knight was drowned, to which incident some melancholy tale hangs : indeed all the locality has plenty of romantic says.

We went down and we went up on steep paths, or on staircases which here and there were cut out of the sides of the cliff : we made a long string, including guides. Then we went down and up again, resolved to see the whole domain. (N. B. I was not the only one of the company new to the place). Then we wandered by the shore on the rough beach, looking for stones, as the beach of Möen is said to abound in marine curiosities. As we did not find anything very remarkable, we each took a few of the pebbles that best suited our fancy, and departed content. I still possess some odd-shaped stones I picked up that day.

And if any young lady, in the course of our

many peregrinations, complained of fatigue, our gracious hostess immediately cried shame, and told how, when she was young, she used to run up and down mountains for days together, and was never tired ; but these were degenerate days. But she was told that all elderly people said that ; and, indeed, I am assured, the individuals of that morning's excursion will say the same thing to their daughters and their daughters' companions thirty years hence.

We returned home from Möen the same evening, traversing the road and crossing the ferry by which we had come the day before, and so seeing all the Danish Highlands with an absence of only one night.

One morning I drove with the Lady Baroness and some other ladies to see a tumulus or Giant's Chamber, on a remote part of the estate. It had been opened and excavated a few years previously, and happening to be in better preservation than most, was looked on as a curiosity. The field in which it lay pertained to the "court" of one of the Baron's peasants.

We had some other business to transact, and were latish in reaching our destination. We drew up outside the court gate of the farm-house, and sent coachman in to announce us. It was

an hour or two after mid-day, and the "court-man" and his assistants were busy housing some hay or corn. The peasant came out rather sluggishly, doffing to the "Lady," but with little apparent frankness.

"Good morning, Jens!"

"Good morning to your Grace."

"Fine day for harvest, this!"

"Fine day, your Grace! we're just very busy with our hay."

"Oh! I dare say. We have come over to see the warrior-mound; shall we be able to get in?"

"I'm afraid the road through the fields is not safe for the carriage just now; we have been leading in; and it is too far for your Grace to walk."

"Oh! I dare say the road will do very well. We'll try it at any rate, if you will open your gates, and let us through."

"I have not thought lately that the mound is so secure as it used to be. Some of the stones seem loose; it would be dangerous to go in, your Grace!"

"Well, at all events, we may see the outside, if you will open the gates and let us through."

The good fellow made some more objections, but they were of no avail. I could not conceive

why he should be so unwilling to let us see the mound. I fancied it must be because he did not wish to spare the time from his harvest, which would be needful to accompany us. But this seemed hardly sufficient reason. All the way, as he trudged by the carriage across the field-road, which was by no means in bad condition, he dwelt upon the symptoms he had noticed of decay in the Giant Chamber, advising us strongly against entering it.

We thought, however, that as it had stood at least a millennium, we were justified in hoping that it would not fall upon us that day. So when we reached it we got down, and proceeded inwards. As I said, the tumulus had been opened a few years previously, at which time its contents had been all removed ; it now stood empty. The outside had been planted with bushes, which were clustering prettily up to the top. A neat paling encircled the whole thing, and a gate was made in it to lead to the entrance by a pretty gravel walk. The real entrance was also barricaded by a gate. The walks, however, and all the ground where the bushes grew were in a very untidy state ; weeds had been suffered to grow up and flourish, and we now perceived why the honest (?) peasant had been so unwilling to permit our ap-

proach. He had been entrusted with keeping the place in order, which trust he was aware he had neglected, and he wished not the gracious lady to see it.

We had, of course, brought lights with us, which were kindled when we entered. Here we were not obliged to crawl on hands and knees, as on the last occasion I had visited a "Jette Stue." The doorway had been fully cleared out, and we were able to walk in upright. The interior was a handsome apartment, the roof of which was far above our heads. Otherwise there was nothing farther to see about it, except the extraordinary size of some of the stones that composed the roof and walls. As regarded their giving way, there seemed little chance of that until an earthquake should shake them. But, somehow, darkness is very dense in those subterranean regions. Our candles went a very short way towards dispelling it; it was impossible to get a view of the whole chamber at one moment. We held up the lights and could see one end; we then paced a few steps, still holding them up, and could see the other. But I got a better idea of the pretensions of those tumuli than I could have obtained from my former investigation.

By far the greater majority of tumuli in Den-

mark are, as yet, *unopened* ; in fact a mere fraction of the entire number has been invaded. Their contents are found to be, on the whole, so much of one kind as not to reward even antiquaries for the great trouble attendant on excavating the mounds. Besides, it is hardly justifiable to invade the sepulchral rest of our ancestors, merely for the sake of gratifying our curiosity. Now, that all the information has been derived from them, which is likely to be forthcoming, it becomes us to let the remainder alone, and respect the slumber of the long-departed,—heroes though they be, and even surrounded with hammers and battle-axes. Only in individual instances, when a warrior-mound is known or believed to be the tomb of some particular person, or supposed to contain some peculiarly interesting relics, is it justifiable to break it open.

I must acknowledge I should greatly have liked to try my hand at the undoing of a Jette Stue. There were a multitude of them on the grounds of the mansion where I was then a visiter. I was told it was no joke to do so single-handed and alone. Some person of the neighbourhood (a schoolmaster, I believe), had obtained permission to attempt it. He went every morning for

many weeks with spade and pickaxe, and wrought laboriously all day, but never succeeded in making any impression. He did not even find the entrance. At length he gave it up in disgust.

It is not so easy to obtain the assistance of the country people, and without them it is impossible to effect anything. The peasants have all an idea that it is unlucky to disturb a warrior-mound. Perchance they are not far wrong. If a courtman himself lends a hand in breaking one open on his own farm, his crops are sure to fail, and many other things to go wrong. In fact, for that year, his whole industry will be cursed. Many stories are told to confirm the truth of this.

There was once a King Hjarne who was driven from his throne, and wandered long from island to island, in deep poverty. After visiting Samsö he arrived at Hjarn-island, then overgrown with forest. Disguised as a salt-boiler, and covered with filth, he reached the king's palace, where nobody recognised him. He took the lowest place at table, and did not utter a word. The king commanded him to cleanse himself, on which he was recognized by the many wounds he had on his body. Thereupon the king, his great enemy, slew him; and he was buried with his men on the island which was named after him. There

are still thirty oblong stone heaps to be seen on the island, forming a circle round a larger one in the centre, in which latter King Hjarne is buried. Some years ago it happened that a bull, poking with his horns in the soil about the mound, exposed a mighty sword, which a peasant on the island found and took home with him. But from that time forward there was no quiet in his house, —everything went wrong, so that he was forced to replace the sword in the mound. Since that time no one has been daring enough to molest the king in his tomb.

In this legend it will be noticed that a bull was the chief offender, yet that was not enough to protect the peasant from punishment.

CHAPTER II.

So to Care's copse I came, and there got through,
With much ado.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE Danish language is rich in old ballads: they call them "Warrior-Songs," or "Giant-Songs," (Kæmpeviser.) They are, of course, of much the same antiquity as our own Border ballads and other ditties of that kind; but Denmark is singularly rich in them. The absolute number is greater than ours.

Before I left Copenhagen to go into the country, I had had much pleasure in reading some collections of these old warrior-songs. It had particularly interested me to find a remarkable likeness between the Danish and Scottish. This likeness has struck others besides myself. But, independent of all such similarities, the Danish ballads are in themselves very interesting. They convey a lively impression of the land's early history; they present a series of most graphic pictures of people's doings at that time. The beauty of

their structure is very great. Altogether I had read with avidity such collections of ballads as I could lay my hands over ; and it seemed to me that I failed to find much in modern Danish poetry equal to those effusions of the elder bards.

But I was constantly assured that all the collections and editions I had met with were very inferior. It seems there exists no good complete edition of Danish ballads. All the old ones are careless and uncritical, and the more modern are incomplete.

Indeed it was not possible for any former edition to approach correctness, inasmuch as the compilers had generally neglected the only means to attain it. From the nature of the case, the true way to obtain a proper collection is to take them down from the lips of the peasantry. Ballads were not primarily committed to writing ; their very purport was to be communicated orally, and in consequence to be handed down traditionally ; and one may add, that they never can be appreciated in their perfection if they are known only from books. Ballads must be *heard*, not read ; I may also add that they must be sung, not said.

Now, in the course of time, many ballads had been committed to writing, and these were ulti-

mately printed. A few of verbal communication might also be added accidentally, but editors did not give themselves much pains to procure farther supplies. Errors, too, of a modernizing nature crept in abundantly.

It was not till within a few years that the attention of literary men was really turned to this subject. It became manifest that a vast number of ballads were known by the peasantry in the more rural districts, of which no copies were to be had in writing. It was much to be feared that many had altogether disappeared in the course of ages ; and it was evident, that if not timeously rescued, the remainder might likewise speedily disappear ; so individuals set about to bestir themselves. Learned men and women soon began to hang on the lips of all the old wives in the kingdom, and reverently to commit to paper what fell from said lips. In the course of a few years much has been effected, though doubtless much still remains to be done. The political disturbances, meantime, have interfered sadly with the completion of such projects.

The man, whose name in recent years has been most closely connected with the subject of Danish Kæmpeviser, is Svend Grundtvig, son of the more celebrated Grundtvig. In very early life he com-

menced to occupy himself almost exclusively with such departments of literature. Acquiring considerable familiarity with the English language, he achieved a translation of a number of Scottish ballads, in order to make his countrymen familiar with the similar productions of other lands. His skill in this department became so great as to attract the attention of some men of like pursuits. He published some years ago a "Specimen of Old Ballads," with a dissertation of his own on the subject. He showed that what were already in the hands of people, were not worthy to be called correct versions of their forefathers' songs, and that there were a multitude equally beautiful, entirely unknown to most educated persons. He was in the design of editing a complete collection of Danish ballads, when the war broke out and laid a veto on all such undertakings. Since peace returned, however, the matter has been reverted to, and, aided by the Danish Literary Society, he was in the act of preparing his work when I left Denmark. As he had joined the army, he would have had no time for any such proceedings, had he not obtained a furlough, with permission to reside in Copenhagen while the work was progressing. Whether it has yet appeared I know not.

It was no very easy matter,—perhaps one may

say it was an impossibility—to produce a collection of songs of this kind that should pretend to completeness. Where the ballads have to be gathered from individual peasants, it seems a very easy thing for some to escape the ears of the keenest hunter. Unless each individual in the kingdom were applied to, it would be impossible to affirm that every ballad in existence was obtained : and this were not so easy to effect. Nay, if this were also indubitably done, there might still be stanzas which some one had not chosen to repeat ; but this is, perhaps, putting the case extremely.

Unquestionably, considerable steps towards perfection have been made ;—the spirited young editor, naturally himself unable to traverse the whole kingdom, has been in the habit of employing scouts—persons of education and zeal in the matter—to take down every ballad, or fragment of a ballad, that they might hear. In most districts he was, in one way or other, able to secure some such coadjutor, who in most cases might be a clergyman, in others a male or female member of the *noblesse* or gentry ; or, in fact, any one willing and able to perform the duty required.

During my residence at Baron S——’s hospitable seat, I had much talk on the theme of the

old warrior songs ; I was told some of the peasantry on the estate possessed large stores of such lore, and had furnished sundry contributions to the new work of Svend Grundtvig ; that, indeed, here as well as everywhere, such persons were dying fast out ; that the gift of the mothers in this respect did not communicate themselves to their daughters ; but that there still were a few individuals (all women of course) who could sing, for days together, long ditties of by-gone centuries to the delectation of their auditors. One of the ladies of the family had interested herself greatly in the matter, and had cultivated the acquaintance of these melodious women ;—she had written out several previously unknown ballads from their song—at the same time she told me it was needful to have a good deal of patience in the pursuit, for the good wives expected everything they sang to be taken down in like manner, whereas, in point of fact, they naturally often laboured through a long ballad, every stanza of which was quite familiar to their listener. But if she showed less interest in one she already knew than in one she grasped at as a novelty, then, very likely, they would sing no more. Thus, whatever it might happen to be, new or old, good, bad, or indifferent, all had to be

committed to paper indiscriminately ; a task certainly trying to the patience of the most zealous literary antiquarian.

It is to be regretted there should be any chance of those female epic-preservers dying out. It is so pleasant to come now and then upon one in an out-of-the-way cottage ! and their influence upon the rising generation cannot well be overrated. As a means of fostering that principle of nationality which at the present day is everywhere so much valued, it is evidently stronger than most others, because more natural—less forced. Certainly, the preserving of historic-patriotic lore in the brains and mouths of the mothers of the men of a land, is a more likely way to enkindle a patriotic fire in the men's hearts, than the entrusting of such lore to the keeping of books. At the same time, how is this to be done ? Ay ! there's the rub. Certainly, not by encouraging young women to get ballads by heart, &c. It is difficult, when a custom is dying a natural death, to revive it by external applications ; and it is also difficult to make print answer the end of maternal voices. It is odd enough that nationality and patriotism, and such like, should be struggling so violently into life at a time when there is nothing for them to feed on ;—it is almost melancholy, this

resuscitating of old nationalities by an upside-down process that can in the long run do nothing but deceive people at first, and open their eyes much too widely afterwards ;—it is almost melancholy that people should be deceived at all.

But I must return to my ballad-singing and printing. Let us print them, surely ; let us print all our forefather's doings, even though we should never arrive at the consciousness that we ourselves are living, and might still much more be living, a life of our own. Could not one sometimes be struck with the fancy, what would it have been like had those forefathers of five centuries ago occupied themselves always with what *their* predecessors of another half-millennium had been about ? How would it have been, had they not at all lived for their time and for futurity ? Should we then have had anything to know about them ? But let it not be thought I undervalue the knowledge of those splendid times.

One evening, when we were out taking a walk, we stopped to chat with a good-wife at the door of a cottage, not far from the gate of the avenue. She was engaged in administering some correction to an unruly child who was lustily roaring forth his disapprobation of her measures. When, however, she heard the voices of the gracious ladies,

she instantly let the boy alone, and came out curtseying and smiling, almost apologizing for her violence towards a future Daneman. She was in full holiday costume, probably because she had got the work of the day over, and was resolved to have an evening's fine ladyism. She was, indeed, very brilliant, in white cap and red ribbons and other parti-coloured vestures.

"What think you of this specimen of our Danish peasant-women?" said the lady baroness. I could not but own it dazzled me; and the good matron, overhearing quite well what we said, smiled, and looked far from displeased.

It was explained to her that I was a gentleman from a foreign country, come hither to admire their old Denmark, which design she seemed to think reasonable. At the same time she was asked whether she would not sing us an old ballad, that the stranger might also hear how finely Danish peasant-women could sing.—"She would be most happy! Would the gracious lords and ladies step in-doors? She would sing to them in her room." "No, we must be going home; couldn't she walk quietly on with us, and sing as she went?" To this she acceded, calling on a neighbour to look after her house, whereon plucking a stocking upon the wires from beneath her apron,

she stuck the worsted ball into a little pocket for the purpose, and began to knit with all her might, and tune her voice. While these preparations were going forward, I was advertised that this was one of the "ballad-women" of the neighbourhood, one with a pleasant voice, although not so deep in the literature as some others.

Danish, German, Swedish, and, I suppose, all other foreign peasant-women, are much in the habit of knitting as they walk. When they have a road of twenty miles before them, they manage to get a good bit of their stocking done. They usually have a little round pocket attached to their apron for the ball.

We walked on and soon entered the avenue, and our good woman walked by our side, singing all the while. She sang a long narrative of love and its trials among high-born knights and ladies, quite as sympathizingly, to all seeming, as if she had herself been one. The concerns of the great are entered into by the humble without the slightest appearance of envy—at least so long as the latter are not meddled with. When those hero-songs were composed, the beings of whom they chiefly treat looked upon themselves, and were looked on by others, as almost a superior set of existences; yet even then the common people delighted in them.

So we sauntered onwards, and our songstress moved by our side, ever singing in her gentle voice a ditty that, by the time it reached the twentieth or thirtieth verse, began to grow monotonous as to the tone. The melody was sufficiently simple, and, doubtless, as old as the words. It had a slight cast of the wildness almost inseparable from folk-music; but on the whole the ballad airs are not in general so original as other kinds of Danish popular music. It seems as if it had not been designed that the melody should be too attractive, lest it might draw off the attention from the words which would appear always to have been the chief point in a ballad. But there is usually something very pleasing in the suitability of the airs to the stories.

I was disposed to marvel at the powers of wind our peasant-woman possessed, which could enable her to sing uninterruptedly for so long a time, walking all the while, and plying her fingers besides. When she came to the end of her first ballad she scarcely paused to take breath, but commenced a second forthwith. This latter was not ended until we had reached the door-steps. We thanked her for her entertainment, and I doubt not she thought herself very well rewarded when she was directed to betake herself to the

housekeeper's room and have some tea. It is always a privilege for denizens of the cottages to spend an hour, or an evening, with the housekeeper, to see what is going forward in the great house, and partake of some more delicate refreshments than are to be had in their own kitchens ; but more particularly is this the case when they are invited by the lady of the manor herself. Then it is something to talk of afterwards among their neighbours.

And as to myself, I was much gratified by this novel way of enjoying a walk.

As I both felt and expressed much interest in this pastime of hearing those good women chant their national history, care was taken that I should have farther opportunity. There was a woman who lived in a far-off corner of the barony, who bore the character of being the most deeply versed in this literature of any my friends were acquainted with. Much had been said about paying her a visit, or getting her to come to display her gifts in our circle, but one day had passed over after another without "anything coming out of" our plans, as the Danes say. At length it came to the last day but one which I was to spend in this pleasant abode, and, as there was to be company the following day, it was evident to me

and the other two succeeded in the attempt. The third seemed to have seen the end of the matter, wherefore I was not surprised to find the word "to borrow" in the list. We sat at dinner and the conversation turned to the question of carrying out the plan. The first and second proved to be slightly different in opinion, but the lady was more definite and decided. With those matters was quickly arranged and kindly agreed to attend to the matter. It was settled we should start early and arrive as soon as might be, for the war was long.

But owing to various misadventures from visitors coming in, and the other party of tourists not we succeeded in starting till after seven o'clock. It was now the beginning of September, and we had but one brief hour of daylight before us when we left home. But fearlessly we got into our car, and established ourselves there as

possible. There was a dish of
we were to take with us as a
good woman we meant to visit.
have been so long in adverting to
röd? An excellent preparation
of red currants or raspberries,

mixed with a little rice-flour, or some such thickening substance. It is very much used in summer as a sweet dish; and I never met with the stranger who did not aver he learned to like it the very first day. It is one of the national dishes which I am sure would meet with universal favour into whatever other country it might be imported.

Now a dishful of this currant jelly, as I said, we were to take with us as a little gift to sweeten and clear the throat of our songstress. Such presents from such quarters are much valued by the peasantry, who in no country can prepare delicacies of the kind as well as the cook at the great house. It was also settled I should take care of the r dgr d, for the baroness was fond of driving, and I was unacquainted with the roads, and must have stood in constant need of direction. But the r dgr d was not quite cool; it had been made that day, and was far from being either cold or thick, so I found I must carry it carefully. Laying my plaid across my knees I made an artificial lap, and disposed of it as softly as I could.

We had a fine drive of some miles—it was a bright evening, and the air was cool. We could not but comment upon it, familiar as fine evenings are to most people. When we had left a

few miles upon the highway behind, it began to seem time to turn into the road that led to the cottage we were in search of. But it was some time since the lady had been there, and she had forgotten the exact way. There went a side-road to the left—"I think this is it," she said; but a boy who was passing, and whom we asked, said that was not the way. Nevertheless, we did not believe him; he wanted the aspect of truthfulness.

The road into which we now turned was indeed a very bad one; it seemed as if nothing but wagons, heavy laden, had been there before, and as if the holes and ruts they had made in the mud had suddenly congealed into the hard ridges and furrows through which we had now to plough our way. I found it wanted some skill to keep the *rödgröd* in right balance: at every jolt of the vehicle it threatened to slip over one or other side of the vessel. By and by we passed a few cottages, which rather confirmed us in the belief that we were right, and the mere fact of their presence prevented us asking any of their inmates for direction.

We drove slowly on and left the cottages behind; the road rather improved in quality but lost in quantity, which means that the ruts began

to disappear, while the way itself got narrower. We did not rightly know what to make of these phenomena, particularly as we were coming into a region that seemed densely wooded on both sides, where few human habitations could be. When, therefore, we came to a point where the road again branched off in two directions, we rather chose the arm that went to the right, which was the most likely to bring us back to the highway from which we had wandered. This branch went off at a very sharp angle, and it required some dexterity, as I could see, to turn the vehicle on the extremely narrow way, fenced in on both sides by prickly furze and bushes which did their best to conceal two treacherous ditches. The bushes became more troublesome as we advanced. It seemed all that the horse could do to push his way betwixt them, and was, consequently, much more difficult for the gig that he dragged after him, and particularly painful for the two Christians in it. Indeed we were like to be torn from our seats among briars and thorns. We were forcing our way where it was pretty evident not many conveyances had been before ; and, certainly, it could not be the road people went to hear the woman sing. I proposed jumping out to ascertain whither we were going,—a measure that

could not have been of much use, for it was manifest we must proceed before we could turn,—but just as I was going to carry my design into execution, we suddenly emerged from our narrow path into a wood, where the path suddenly ceased altogether.

It was a blank *finale* to our expedition ; but it is wonderful how unwilling people are to give up a cherished project, and our project had been to go straight on, and by no means to wheel about. Although in so hopeless and prospectless a position, we resolved to *go on*. There was no vestige now of any road or path whatsoever ; but, by dint of skilful driving, our gig floundered over roots of trees, and stumps, and stones, without upsetting. We proceeded right into the heart of the wood—until eventually we owned it must be given up. The shadows of evening had been falling for some time, but they were nothing to the shadows of the mighty beeches. We had arrived at the centre of the plantation ; the trees grew peculiarly thick, and their trunks stood so near one another that we were almost jammed up between them, and certainly quite unable to turn the vehicle. The darkness was almost that of night—the most perplexing circumstance, for every moment would only make it darker still ;

and there were our horse and gig in a thicket where never horse and gig had been before, and we obliged to provide for them. They were at that moment an incumbrance.

The sun had set a few moments before we entered the forest, and a glorious setting he had accomplished. Ere we bethought ourselves of our next proceedings, we could not but sit a few moments to consider the magnificence of the western heavens. The whole side of the sky was a sea of crimson. From the horizon it rose of the deepest dye, until it trembled into the blue light of evening at the meridian, passing through a succession of delightful shades upon its way. Over the whole was the quivering air of an autumn evening, making one realize the undulatory theory of light. As we beheld the whole gorgeous play of Nature through the network of forest trunks, and felt the dark covering over our heads contrasting with the rich colour outside, we were obliged to confess it was quite worth while to have come into the forest to enjoy that sunset, even if the adventure itself had been otherwise unpleasant instead of amusing. We looked at it in silence until the shadows had fallen even thicker than they were before.

Then I begged the Baroness to look after my dish of rödgröd until I should have returned from

a small reconnoitring expedition. I dived through the wood at random in a different direction from the one in which we had come, a direction that turned out to be the luckiest I could have taken. To my surprise I had not gone many yards before I came to a high fence with a hedge upon the top of it, and on the other side of the fence an excellent public road. I just knew enough of the locality to be certain this was the highway we had unwarily abandoned when we first turned down the byroad. But how to get back to it was the query: it was not to be thought of that we should retrace all the deplorable way we had come, and then be no nearer our destination than we had been half an hour before, with our farther progress still to be inquired out. But to prevent our getting from the wood to the highway, there was the earthen fence several feet in height, with the hedge above it, and, worse still, a deep wide ditch beyond. Over these obstructions it was manifestly impossible to jump with a horse and gig.

Scrambling myself across the barriers, I got upon the road, and set about anxiously to look either for human dwelling or human being. After I had gone a very little way, I saw the former, but when I applied my fingers to the door, I could obtain no answer. I knocked again and again, and

grew most impatient, but still produced no effect. Returning from the cottage to the road, I at length in the distance saw a man, towards whom I gladly hastened. I hailed him while yet some way off : he turned round.

“ Which is the way to Ole Jensen’s cottage ? ”

“ The gentleman must go so far along the road here, then turn to the right, then— ”

“ Yes, friend, but I have no time to talk about it,” quoth I again, “ I want you to come if you can and help us. One of the Baronesses from the *château* is sitting in a gig in the middle of the wood, and can neither get backwards nor forwards, and I want to know whether you could show us any near way out. We are going to Ole Jensen’s.”

The man, who was a day-labourer, looked astonished, but, laying down his implements, he followed me in the deepest silence, while I led the way to where I had come from. In the wood I found all as I had left it. The man satisfied himself at a glance that it was, indeed, one of his gracious feudal ladies ; whereupon, taking the horse’s head, he reverently turned him about, retracing part of the way we had come, but soon turned in another direction, by which means he brought the gig into another byway that led out upon the public road. We had to beat up

the quarters of the forester, as it was a private drive with a gate at either end. The forester had retired for the night, and grumbled rather loud when our guide shouted through the window for him to come forth.

“No conveyance had leave to pass that way ; it was not a thoroughfare.”

“Yes, but this was—” here our guide’s voice sank so low that we could not hear him. It had, however, the effect of right soon bringing out the woodman with his key and his best bow. He advanced and unlocked the gate, and we turned upon the highway again, the two men pointing out Ole Jensen’s house, which was now within a few hundred yards. We wished them good night, returning sincere thanks for the assistance they had afforded. But we were not yet quite done with them.

Rejoiced to be once more on an even way, less attention was paid to charioteering than had been the case while among the ruts and tree roots. I still held my r dgr d, which I had resumed the care of on regaining the wood. We began to comment a little upon our adventure, laughing the while, and comparing it with sundry other events of like nature. Altogether, although it had belated us, we found it more matter of congratula-

tion than of regret. Our farther progress to the balladwoman's necessarily involved our again departing from the public road. The cottage lay about a hundred yards from the highway, at the head of a lane. The lane was accessible only by a bridge that led across a very wide and deep ditch, by which the highway here was bordered. The bridge was no wider than absolutely needful, and was altogether undefended by walls or parapets—a mere crossing for small carts, without any extra conveniences of any kind.

Now chatting heedlessly, without the slightest supposition that there could befall us a mischance on so comparatively plain a path, we were turning round to go into the lane, but the noble and fair charioteer misreckoned the bending. Paying no attention to the horse, she was speaking about the woman we were going to see, and about mediæval poetry in general (the two subjects being closely connected). It was, indeed, natural to think we had surmounted our difficulties for the evening. But I perceived all of a sudden that our turning was too sharp. Just as I was going to exclaim, "Your grace, we shall be in the ditch!" down went one wheel, and over we toppled.

I was downmost—so far, well; but I was so much occupied in taking care of the *rödgröd*, that I

could think of nothing else for some time. I had prided myself so much on having brought it so far in safety, that I could not think of having it destroyed quite near the woman's house. Ere I myself sprang out, I carefully flung the dish with my plaid under it upon the bank. Then I jumped after it, and helped the Baroness upon *terra firma*. The gig was not overturned ; one wheel merely had sunk into the ditch, and destroyed the balance, and prevented our getting any farther. Ere we had quitted our seats, the whip had been vigorously applied to the horse, in the hope that he might be able to drag the gig out of the hole ; but he only kicked and leaped, without doing any good, and it was clear he must be unharnessed. Luckily the two men who had already been of use were still at the gate through which we had just come, and were attracted by the noise of the horse. We begged them to extricate the whole affair from its present position, while we went on to Ole Jensen's. The r dgr d was quite uninjured, whereat I was veritably glad, though the first remark made to me was, "I could not think why you did not get out at once." Indeed, I had been too much preoccupied.

We found our good-wife at home, but by no means in the guise of an *artiste*. She was in the

cowhouse, looking after the night-wants of her "creatures." It was a poor cottage, from what I could see of it in the dark. Our visit caused some surprise and confusion. The mistress came tripping across the dunghill, wondering to see folks entering her solitary premises at that late hour of evening. But her welcome was cordial. "Oh, it's your grace! well! I somehow almost thought it was your grace! it is really your grace! I am so delighted to see your grace!" The next question was as to how we had come; a natural one, for it was not likely we had walked the whole way. Then she let us into her reception-room, and I deposited my armful, which brought about much thanksgiving. Then we told the real object of our visit. She was not troubled with shyness; she would be delighted to sing. "Would we be seated?" But we told her we should greatly prefer sitting in the garden. Then she bade her daughter carry down two chairs, if we would be so polite as to follow. She herself hastily cleansed her hands, and was soon ready. She did not keep us long waiting.

We took our seats in the garden. It was a very pretty one, enclosed with trees, and sloping down from the cottage. There was a good display of sundry bright-coloured flowers, which

denoted inhabitants of taste. We insisted upon our hostess also sitting, which she did after some protestations. She got out a low stool, and took her place upon it. By this time it was quite night; the twilight had almost altogether departed, and the moon was up shining mildly over the trees. It was a young moon, and she was about to go down.

"Now begin," was the order. So the songstress began in the low voice peculiar to Danish ballad-singers; it seemed as if she was humming to her children after they had gone to bed. But, by and by, feeling herself in the open air, she increased in strength, and let out her voice very respectably. She sang one ballad after another. And it was right pleasant to sit out in the night and the moonshine, and hearken to her. She sang, for instance, the very favourite tale of Danish tradition about Sir Asser Ryg, how he was married to the Lady Inge, and how they lived in a grand castle, and were much beloved by their dependants. And how, because the parish church was in a state of sad dilapidation, Sir Asser took in hand, of his great liberality, to build a new one to the glory of God. But ere the new church was finished, it was needful for Sir Asser to leave his castle and his young wife who

was then blest with the hope of offspring, in order to depart to the wars. Before he went, he laid injunctions upon his spouse to be sure to finish the church he had begun, and, in the event of her being delivered of a boy, to consummate the edifice with a handsome tower, in order that, on his return, he might know, while yet at a distance, whether he had received an heir to his name and titles. If the child should prove a girl, a simple spire was to be erected in place of a tower. Sir Asser departed, and remained long away; and when he at length was discharged, and returned with his followers to Slagelse, when he reached the top of the eminence from which he could first obtain a view of his domains,—lo ! the new church handsomely completed, and *two* splendid towers surmounting it ! The Lady Inge had been delivered of twin sons. And one of these sons afterwards was the celebrated Archbishop Absolon, the most powerful prelate that ever wielded the crozier in Scandinavia. The other was Sir Esben Snare.

This tale the ballad-woman chanted in her own quiet way, while one was carried quite back to the time when it had all lately taken place, and the ditty was newly composed. She sang another ancient piece, and then, by special re-

quest she favoured us with one she had herself composed. It seemed she was not only a performer, but an author, and the art of ballading was not yet quite extinct in Denmark. We complimented her upon her composition, and it was evident she received our remarks with great satisfaction. There was a spice of self-conceit in the good woman; but her knowledge of her "subject" was surprising, as was evinced by some discourse we held when she had done singing. She took great interest in the book Mr. Grundtvig was going to publish.

I believe she would willingly have sung all night, but we were obliged to betake ourselves homewards. The gig had been fished out of the ditch by the two men, and brought up by them to the cottage door, where it now stood. The horse looked a little ashamed, as if he thought he had been to blame for some of our mischances. We thanked our musical hostess, and she thanked us in return. Then we drove home in the fine clear evening, though rather later than we had designed, yet much gratified with our expedition.

CHAPTER III.

Man har jo dog et Slags Samvittighed !

OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

IN dreaming about by day, and driving about by night, with pleasant conversation at all times, the weeks might have passed entirely unnoticed. I got acquainted with many people, some of whom were very agreeable. I heard plenty of good music, for there were those in the house who excelled in performing. And in this fashion three weeks ran in and ran out.

It was needful I should go. I had received another kind invitation from a clergyman, only a few miles off, to pay him a visit. I had met him but twice, besides being once at his house, and again felt some difficulty about invading an already peaceful family with a presence that might possibly not add to its happiness. I had, indeed, freely accepted invitations before, until mayhap people thought I had no delicacy about it ; and, if they thought so, I must own appearances were against

me. But I was not so hardened as might be supposed ; I had many scruples, and took so long to make up my mind in this instance that the clergyman believed I did not wish or intend to avail myself of his invitation. I wished only too earnestly, but as Oehlenschläger says—

“ After all, one has a kind of conscience,”

and I hesitated seriously whether I should go or no. I was marvellously desirous to behold the existence and activities of a gifted and laborious country pastor, as I knew this one to be,—to see his proceedings among his people, and his life in his own Christian home ; but I did not know how far I might be justified in intruding, even though asked, into this house. At length I made up my mind that I might surely go for a few days at all events, which would make me better acquainted with things as they were, and that I could come away as soon I chose, if I thought myself at all an incumbrance. Wisely resolved ! Here, again, I was destined to form the closest friendship, and to extend this my first visit to a sojourn of six weeks.

One forenoon I drove across to M——, a drive of but five English miles. I had intimated two days before that I was coming. I received a hearty welcome from the hospitable clergyman and the

affectionate relative who presided over the affairs of his house, and who combined with the most thoughtful provision for the wants of the body a degree of mental culture that was a great ornament to the dwelling. It was not possible for me to be long within the doors without discerning that it was not merely an abode of "peace and plenty" (though these elements were evident enough), but that it was also an abode where intellectual elevation pervaded all the air, and where a spiritual Christian life was the aim of its inhabitants. It was peculiarly agreeable to partake at once of the thoroughly intellectual life of the place.

Otherwise, existence at this "priest-court" (Præstegaard) did not differ much from that in which I had shared anywhere else in Denmark. The first evening of my stay we had a carriage airing, as we had had everywhere else. When we had dined, the pastor said he must first look after his reapers. He had been busy all day with his sermon for Sunday, and had not yet been out to see how harvest was progressing; after that we should drive a little. We soon followed him to the fields. The harvest was nearly over.

"P—— has only his *Ærter* now to see after," said his sister.

Now it happened that I had not a right con-

ception of the meaning of the word *Ærter*. I fancied it was the *last* of the grain, of whatever kind it might chance to be, though whence I had got this unlucky idea I am not able to tell. When we reached the first field, in order to say something, I remarked, pointing to a number of barley stacks that were left standing upon it, "these are the *Ærter*, are they not?" It was an unfortunate question. I was met by a merry laugh, while the real object that the substantive was meant to express was afterwards shown me in another field. It turned out *Ærter* was the Danish for *pease*, which indeed it was stupid in me to have forgotten. But I never heard the last of my blunder, which they *would* attribute, not to ignorance of the language, but to ignorance of rural matters.

As I said, we had a long drive after our saunter upon the fields,—a drive in an open Holstein carriage, which sort of conveyance I began about this time to form a peculiar liking to, and which I should be glad to import into our own country as one of the most social vehicles for pic-nics and rural expeditions of all kinds. I do not wonder at the affection of the Danes for driving in Holsteins. Even in winter I find them thoroughly agreeable, somewhat resembling sledges. When the person is sufficiently wrapped up—and Danes know how to

wrap—no inconvenience from cold can be experienced, unless one have a weak chest and cannot inhale frosty air. As to myself, I particularly enjoy the play of sharp keen air upon my cheeks, and its passage through my lips, while all the rest of my body is comfortably packed in skins and fleeces.

But in summer, when no one can be inconvenienced by the air, the mode of travelling in Holstein is altogether delightful. The Danes are, upon the whole, remarkably fond of driving. Like most nations who do not live among mountains, they rather spare their feet; good walkers are, from the nature of the case, unknown in a country which has not a hill more than five hundred feet in height, and particularly in the islands, the largest of which is only eighty miles in length. As to exercise on horseback, it is not uncommon, but of course more restricted from the cost it presupposes.

What I relish in the Holstein carriages, besides the freedom of vision and circumspection, is their sociableness. During my stay at this parsonage, at least as long as I was the only visiter, a Holstein with two seats just sufficed for us all. On the front seat sat the coachman and the pastor; on the back one "Miss" and myself. When

so disposed, my reverend host could quite conveniently turn himself far enough in his place to sit sideways towards us, and with comfort take part in the conversation. When otherwise disposed, he could, without the risk of being charged with discourtesy, maintain his natural position, and meditate on a future sermon ; to which end he would sometimes cause the coachman to remain at home, and himself take the reins in hand. In this fashion, the first evening I was in the house, we had a long drive about a great part of the vicinity, until it grew night, and we returned home to our tea-water.

Priest-courts in Denmark are for the most part of a very uniform style of architecture ; and as the majority of them are pretty ancient, they are not the most comfortable residences at the present day. Like all other places, they consist of dwelling-house and out-buildings, which, however, are invariably in the older erections a single edifice, the dwelling forming one side, the kitchen and offices the other three. The quantity of offices seems very disproportionate to the size of the inhabited part of the house. The courtyard is usually causewayed and defended from the public road by an archway and gate, which latter is carefully locked at night. The courtyard is

generally pretty empty, as there is room enough for everything connected with farm operations under the roof of some of the out-houses. The dwelling itself always possesses a very respectable suite of public rooms, of which the "garden-room" is usually the largest and best. Indeed the ground-floor is often entirely used up with reception-rooms, consisting of garden-room, daily-room, dining-room, study, &c. Upstairs, the bed-rooms find places for themselves as well as they can. Behind the house is the garden. This style of parsonage is all but universal. It is of ancient date, and in recent times people seem to have followed their forefathers for lack of original ideas.

But the habitation to which I had now come was a charming exception from the general style. The former priest-court had been burned down two years before my visit, and in its place the present spacious and lightsome abode had been erected. It was but a year old when I first saw it. It was of course denominated a "court" like its neighbours, but there was little about it to inspire the idea of one, unless it were the offices which are the principal element in the eyes of a Dane. Instead of the airless, shut-in aspect of most such places, the dwelling-house stood quite alone, with a clear space in front, on either side

of which stood two buildings in the same style with the principal edifice, which two were the offices. All this was approached by a short avenue. Inside the house the accommodation was much greater than in other Danish parsonages, and the ceilings much loftier, which last item is an important one. There was space enough for a pretty large assembly in the suite of public rooms which were larger and more numerous than in other parsonages. There was much to admire about the novelty of the design in a country where, in this matter, an all-powerful conservatism reigned despotic ; and I wish the example of innovation may be followed when the next parsonage is consumed by fire or otherwise found unfit to live in. I could only find to regret a certain irresolution in the architecture,—a mixture of Gothic with sundry other styles that were not styles,—a fault very natural in the commencement of a new way of things. For true and beautiful specimens of modern gothic habitations, all our continental neighbours would require to inspect many of our recent English erections. I have times without number been surprised and vexed by the ignorance of friends abroad of the simplest principles of architecture, as well as annoyed at the complacency with which they

would regard the most horrid abortions and masonic mixtures.

A parish minister in Denmark is called a "priest." Why this ill-sounding name should have been preserved in Scandinavia, when rejected by other Protestant countries, it might be hard to explain. But such is the fact ; and all things of or belonging to the clergyman are called the priest's ; for instance, a priest-coat for a pulpit-gown, a priest-court for a parsonage. But in talking to a clergyman, the word *pastor* is generally substituted, although in speaking of him, you say the *priest*.

The Danish priests are in general very well provided for. Their incomes are larger than those of protestant parish ministers in the German churches ; altogether, their ways and manner of living are very different. There is, indeed, a considerable variation between the value of livings in Denmark, some being much better than others ; but, on the whole, there is a good deal of comparative wealth among the clergy.

A considerable reverence also is shown the clergy by their flocks, at least by the peasants. Among them the priest is a very great man ; in many instances, where the relation is particularly good, his word is quite law. I cannot say

that in general that respect is exhibited towards the clergy by the *noblesse*, which is due from the latter to the former. Until within recent times, many of the parish clergy were the humble servants of the landed proprietors. This is now pretty well abolished, since patronage has been entirely taken out of the hands of the nobles, and placed solely in the crown ; but for some time still it is natural to expect that the evil results of the old system will linger about. The right of patronage by private individuals was often fearfully abused ; tutors being put into livings as a reward of their services—services of various kinds, and sometimes of a very doubtful nature. The consequence came to be, that in many instances, the men who held the cure of souls, were evermore at the beck of the lords of the soil. To this day it is often amusing, or rather deplorable, to witness the overbearing behaviour of some wealthy nobleman towards the poor fellow who officiates in the church, and the latter's obsequiousness. At the same time this is not very common now ; and there are, on the other hand, notable instances where the clergyman has all along understood how to make himself respected, and how to exact seemly honour from high and low. I had, at this period, the

pleasure of being daily witness to the life and conversation of a pastor who received from all ranks, as his natural right, the homage due to the dignified exercise of his high calling.

Besides the priests, there are in the rural parts *deans*. To every ten or twenty parishes there is one dean or provost, as the word provst has sometimes been translated. The dean is, at the same time, minister of a parish. His occupations are numerous, and said to be very troublesome, *yet he receives no extra salary!* The sole pecuniary advantage he enjoys over other clergymen is the right to the richest living in his circuit, if it be vacant — thus, the dignity is not always accepted by the individual to whom it may be offered ; and it is sometimes difficult to get a dean at all. The rank is the only inducement, and it is counterbalanced by a prodigious amount of business, so that the post is generally accepted and filled up by men of a very public spirit.

In former times deans and their families were looked upon as the only portion of the clergy, besides the bishop, holding a certain rank. They were fit to associate with titled people. Now-a-day, all such notions are vanishing ; but they endured until within very recent times.

The Scandinavian custom of addressing ladies

as Mrs. or Madame, according to their position in life, is a troublesome one for foreigners, though it corresponds pretty nearly to the English lady and mistress. The Danish "Frue" corresponds at once to lady and mistress in English. To their lower title, Madame, we have no equivalent. All ladies, of any positive rank, are addressed as Frue ; the wives of tradesmen and sub-officials must content themselves with Madame. The wives of the peasants, moreover, and of the lower classes in towns, go by the familiar appellation of "mother."

When I first arrived in Copenhagen, I made many mistakes by using the word Madame to one and all. It is so much used in Germany instead of the long-spun titles of Frau Geheimeregierungsräthinn, &c., that I thought I could not go far wrong with it in Denmark. But I mistook, not knowing its peculiar application.

For unmarried ladies there are similar titles. "Fröken" (the German Fräulein) answers to Miss. "Jomfru," literally *virgin*, is the title by which the daughters of the Madames are addressed.

Men and women are both spoken to in the third person, and without their names. "The Count," "the Baroness," "the Lady," "Miss," "the Pastor," "the Professor," &c., without

adverting to their family name ; it is extra politeness. It is understood the person whom you are speaking to is *the* Professor, and *the* Privy Councillor, and *the* Coloneless, and that there is no other of such consequence in the world.

Moreover, in speaking of masters and mistresses of households with their dependents, &c., you always say the Lady, the Baron, and so forth, without mentioning names.

Men are almost always addressed by their title, whatever it may be. As titles are extremely numerous, this is quite a science which has to be studied. When you meet a stranger whose vocation and title you do not know, you always address him as, "the gentleman." I beg, however, to observe, that I myself did *not* do this, but employed the less ceremonious word "they." But in inns, and by servants everywhere, one (more especially a foreigner, who is neither councillor nor aught else), is always spoken to as "the gentleman," *Herren*.

While it still was the fashion to address ladies by a feminized form of their husband's titles, I conceive Denmark must have been a more veritable appellation-grinding land than even Germany ; inasmuch as the weariful third-person predominates more entirely in the former than in the latter.

At the same time, the titles of Denmark never spun themselves to the same length as their southern neighbours ; yet up to this day, I have heard the fairest woman's name ride at the tail of an appellative cavalcade that savoured of nothing but dingy law-courts and green-boxes and criminal tribunals.

CHAPTER IV.

Then I ga'ed home at crowdie-time.

BURNS.

OUR hours of lying down and getting up at the tranquil home where I now found myself domiciled, differed a good deal from those of most other houses. I am not by nature fond of early hours ; and although I have often sought to bring art in as a schoolmaster to help me back to other people's apparent natural propensities, I have never profited by her instructions ; therefore, I rather hail latish hours as a luxury at times. Yet, it was not so much in seeking and quitting our rooms that we differed here from other places, as in the disposition of our proceedings while afoot. My friends had the habit (a convenient one for their visiters), of performing many of the day's duties ere they thought of their morning refreshment : so that if a visiter lay an hour or two longer than his entertainers, he could still manage to reach the breakfast-table as early as they. If, on the other hand, he got up betimes and sought the breakfast-

room at once, he was sure to find the table laid in readiness, and an instant after to see the kind hostess walk in, either from her apartment or from the garden, with a friendly morning welcome, and take her place at the end of the board ; while at the same moment, at another door, the fresh, rosy, beaming little parlour-maid, Karen, would effect an entrance with a hissing tea-urn—closing the door behind her with shoulder and heel,—and would place the tea-urn upon the table along with a *three-foot*,—an instrument holding hot charcoal to put the tea-pot upon—while she nodded hospitably to the stranger with a cordial “Good morning.” Indeed it often seemed as if both mistress and maid had been hearkening until they should catch the sound of their guest’s footsteps descending the stairs, ere they proceeded to the breakfast-room ; and a good soul was Karen, the parlour maid (in her bright peasant’s costume, with a large bonnet-shaped cap, as white as pure water and air could make it), with her invariable attention and cordiality.

By the breakfast-table we always sat in discourse, until the master of the family appeared, which did not generally take place till he had accomplished some of the day’s work. When each and all had accomplished the morning-meal, we

separated, and again betook ourselves to individual employments. For myself I rejoiced in so much uninterrupted time as my stay in the country districts always afforded me for reading. During that part of the day, when no one was expected to associate with the other, I flung myself upon Danish literature, and effected a much more intimate acquaintance with it than I should ever have been able to attain had I remained in the city.

In one of the public rooms stood an excellent pianoforte. Very good instruments are made in Copenhagen, and this was an admirable specimen of them. It was new, and had not been much used, for my friends, although keen lovers of the art, did not occupy themselves much in exercising it. But as they assured me that the sound of music gave pleasure at all times, and never disturbed even the severest studies, I took advantage of the opportunity to brush up my acquirements in that line. The morning hours ran fast away while I exercised my fingers, and brought forth such sounds as I was capable of, while the tones reechoed through the whole new-built house. It is always a pleasure to play on a good "fortepiano," as the Danes call it, reversing our form of the name. As I said, good instruments are made in Copenhagen. The best maker, I be-

lieve, is Hornung. But neither in Germany nor Scandinavia will one easily meet with pianofortes that approach the English.

Thus in playing and reading, the morning hours would succeed each other very fast. About twelve or one the meal of luncheon or "coffee" (the early one being "tea"), would break up the uniformity of occupation. Somehow I had a particular favour for this meal, although I almost utterly eschewed the ingredient in it that gave it its name. There was a something attractive in the dainty little plates of dried meat, &c., that always came upon the table then. They made me think it thoroughly northern. When the weather began to grow cold, sour milk was renounced; it was chilling for the stomach, said wise people. In place of it came large, hot, new potatoes, as dry and mealy as if they had never been near water. Sometimes they appeared red from the direct action of the fire, along with a large dish of "beautiful butter."

The charcoally tripod always made its appearance again at this time, and, as it was of itself rather apt to emit a stifling odour, fragrant herbs and incense would be strewn upon the embers, which had the contrary effect of producing a charming cloud of perfume through the room.

Then we would reseate ourselves to comfort the body afresh, and look good-humouredly at one another, crumping, in true Scandinavian fashion, lumps of loaf-sugar between our teeth, and pouring the hot coffee in upon them. Danes and Swedes, male and female, always look happy at this occupation, never so much so when they drink the coffee with sugar melted in it, which indeed they very rarely do.

Luncheon over, other employments were to be thought of. The pastor had often times members of his flock to visit, and upon such walks I occasionally accompanied him. The parish was extensive, and we sometimes walked three or four miles to our destination, and as many home. If it were sick people, I did not go in-doors, but hung about the outside, or sat with neighbours. One or two small villages in the parish lay about three miles distant upon the shore. I used to stray long times upon the sand. Among the peasants I had much amusement, but at this time harvest was not past, and we did not intrude often upon those who were in health.

There were two schools in the parish, one close to the church, and consequently near the parsonage, another in one of the remoter hamlets. Now and then the pastor would visit one or other

of them, and invite me to go with him, which I was glad to do. When we entered, it was evident from the aspect of the scholars, that the minister was welcome. After some catechising on his part, our visit would end with the singing of a hymn or two, in which the children seemed to join with all their heart. Unluckily, neither of the schoolmasters was particularly fit for his employment; the one was broken down with years, and the other was ill-calculated to interest his scholars, or teach them anything if he had succeeded in interesting them. The uselessness of his parish teachers was a heavy burthen to the clergyman. During the autumn, an annual examination took place, at which I was present, and at which the youth of the district put forth their best strength. They displayed a very commendable share of scholarship. The examination of a country school is much the same in every part of the world. It is the same learning, the same list of questions, the same quality of examiner, examined, and spectators. The same schoolroom, in which you are present, of the highest magnanimity, in order to the teacher who toils in it all the day long, N.B., not in the same crowd as I enjoy on an examination. The

same circle of parents and other relatives, some intelligent, some unintelligent, looking with anxiety at the performances of their children, though often without knowing whether they do well or ill.

Education in Denmark has hitherto been obligatory upon all. This is, in point of fact, the Prussian system transported to the Danish shores. In many respects it has answered very well, just as it has done much good in some respects in Germany. The whole population is well informed, and has the pre-requisites of knowledge widely dispensed, if not knowledge itself. But it has also the same drawbacks as in Germany; it spreads the same feeling of constraint upon the action of families, and gives, in some instances, rise to discontent. This circumstance has, in recent times, given birth to some agitation on the subject of free and constrained school attendance. When everything in Denmark is undergoing the keenest scrutiny, at the eyes of men who formerly had no opportunity of knowing anything practically of state affairs, and when many things (far too many) are undergoing changes at the hands of such men, it was not likely that this matter of obligatory schooling would escape notice; consequently, many are eager for the aboli-

tion of the old system, and the introduction of liberty in this respect.

In the course of our walks we occasionally discoursed upon the merits of this question—whether it was, on the whole, better to supply knowledge at the hazard of interfering with the exercise of some of the holier social virtues, or to leave them untampered with at the risk of omitting the knowledge altogether. Although I had the precedent of Britain on the liberal side before my eyes, I was yet inclined to favour the opposite side as far as Denmark was concerned. The obligatory system had worked tolerably well there; why change it for a new one which might work one knew not how? Certainly there was no ground to expect it should work as well in Denmark as in England, inasmuch as no other English institution ever thrived when transplanted either to Denmark or to any continental country. On simple conservative grounds I would favour the Danes sticking to their old plan of forcing all children to receive education, as long as it answers at all: and afresh must one deplore the spirit of change-love that impels men gifted with a brief authority, to destroy time-honoured institutions, without being able to adduce better reasons for what they would put in their place. The havoc

that upstart statesmen have in recent years wrought in Denmark, and now felicitate themselves upon, is a good, though a mournful, instance of the mischief than can be done when law-giving is, by a revolutionary tide, transferred from hands accustomed to it, to hands in which it is new and strange.

As regards the abstract question of the respective merits of free and constrained school attendance, it is a knotty one, and I cannot say that our talk thereupon threw much new light on it.

When the pastor did not go out during the day, but remained within to compose his sermon, or when he went somewhere on an expedition in which I could not so well accompany him, then, perhaps, "Miss" and myself would take a walk together. Miss had also her pensioners and parishioners to visit; and upon these errands of mercy I got a deal of insight into cottage life. When we had accomplished a call upon some grateful person, we generally extended our walk, and oftentimes traversed miles of the near-lying country which was very pretty. The roads were remarkably good, and if we chose to leave them, we could always find paths across the fields, which would also lead through the most beautiful little forests, or groves of beech-trees, plantations so

limited in extent, and so numerous as to form quite a characteristic of that part of the country. We could walk many miles without the fear of coming home too late for dinner, just as in England; and it is no small comfort when meals in the country are so arranged as to permit of one's *enjoying* the country.

There was a singular old woman of eighty-seven upon whom we used to call. She lived very near the church, in a very humble cottage. At her years, and destitute of any personal resources, it was not remarkable that she should live upon the poor-rates. She occupied one room in a house which consisted of two, while the other was tenanted by an old sailor who was also "upon the parish." They both had free lodgings, but there were otherwise very few points of similarity between them. Old Sophie was a remarkably soberly-conducted person. In spite of her poverty, she never made her appearance out of doors, save in
of the purest white, and with a person
commendable for cleanliness. She was
in her attendance at church during
but in winter she could not bear the
was indeed peculiarly fond of heat, so
was often unbearable. Of an in-
rit, she did not like applying for re-

lief to any one, seeing she was obliged to accept of public assistance. Nothing could affect her more than the running done of her firewood, yet she would rather lie in bed to keep herself warm than make known her necessity to her kind friends at the parsonage, who were ever ready to attend to her wants.

In most things the old sailor was an odd contrast to his fellow-lodger. He certainly did not distinguish himself for cleanliness; his presence was not always the most agreeable. Indeed one was disposed to wonder when his countenance had last experienced the effects of water. In his dress too he was equally disorderly. I do not think he cared much about church; I cannot recollect having seen him in it; indeed it would have been too much labour for him to have put himself in a church-going trim. He differed as much from Sophie in the matter of frugality. When he received his monthly allowance, he was profuse for a few days, and long before the end of the month was in utter destitution. But then the old man was far from being quite *compos mentis*; and had not his fellow-lodger taken care of him, he must sometimes have perished for want. He had been placed in this house very much in order that old Sophie might look after him a little on days when

he was too excited to look after himself; but it had not been the design that she should expend her slender pittance upon him, which, however, she did with the most praiseworthy Christian charity. She said, what was she to do when the old fellow had nothing? She could not see him starve and freeze under the same roof with herself. So he must come into her room, and warm himself at her stove, and partake of her frugal dinner, all which he seemed quite willing to avail himself of, without remembering that his own means were just as large as those of his benefactress.

He had another peculiarity that much more annoyed old Sophie than the foregoing. Peer Kok was now above seventy, with not the most attractive exterior, yet, above all things, was he resolved to get married. When well enough he used to hobble about the whole parish, paying court to all the marriageable damsels. After one rebuff he would leave that insensible beauty and try another. Thus he had been making overtures for years, hitherto without success, but not disheartened. Sophie would scold him when he came home, but though it had the effect of frightening him at the moment (for he stood in great awe of her), he forgot it by the next morning.

This behaviour of his distressed Sophie beyond measure. She bewailed Peer Kok's incurable absurdity. She would come up to the parsonage to bemoan herself. "The old fool! what business had he to think about getting married? How much better it would be if he would content himself as he was, at his time of life!" It was evident Peer Kok was all the world to Sophie; that it was her business here upon earth to look after him, keep him in order, and do him what good she was able. All her earthly thoughts manifestly turned themselves round him, and the most of her talk was, how she should best succeed in her labours. There existed no other sphere of occupation for old Sophie, and perhaps she wondered why other people did not give it the same degree of attention with herself; although I think most of her friends sympathized with her, and liked to let her talk as much as she chose about Peer.

She desired also to turn his attention to the matters of another world, and particularly to point out the propriety, at his time of life, of setting himself in order rather for the journey thither, than of "settling himself" in this world in the estate of matrimony. "How much better it would be," she would say, "if he would think about

God rather than about getting married!" A very sincere and humble believer in Jesus, was old Sophie, and herself well prepared for her departure from the earthly scene where she had lingered so long, and where, if she had performed all the other duties appointed her as well as this one which engaged her later years, it might indeed be said, she had finished the work given her to do. Her care of old Peer was a curious termination to her activities in the flesh; it was to a great extent a voluntary care, for she was not legally bound to spend all her time and thoughts upon him. One should hope that in the chief thing her work might be ended with success; and one might well take a copy from her of being diligent in business.

It was a treat to see the aged woman in church. As I said, she only ventured out in summer, that is, from Easter until about November; in the dead months of winter she could not sit in the cold. But in the fine summer days she made her appearance, dressed in spotless garments, with a clean white handkerchief tied about her head, and a hymn-book bundled up in another in her hand. Her first care, after taking her seat, and performing her devotions, was to get forth and rub up her spectacles which she placed upon her nose as soon

as the clerk began the tune. Her large hymn-book she always handed to "Miss" to have the place found, for the two pews were within a convenient distance. She might have applied to one of her nearer neighbours, but it was evidently a gratification to ask the lady, who also did it much faster. On getting back her book she always joined in the hymn, in a voice that, to be sure, was cracked and shaking beyond measure, after its wear and tear on earth for eighty-seven years, but at the same time with the melodious sound of a God-praising soul. As for the quivering voice, it will be renovated by and by. During the rest of the service, and the sermon, she seemed to feed on the word of life, and find it sweet unto her taste ; and after service, she invariably waited to press the hand of the pastor.

They were an odd pair, old Sophie and old Peer Kok, living by themselves in the little house at the head of the village.

When no one went out during the forenoon, I used to set forth by myself, and on these occasions I explored a great deal of the country, penetrating farther than ever we did in company. I would tramp through one little forest after another, now delighting in the deep shadow of the beeches, now rejoicing in the unhindered light of heaven.

Alone I never made visits at the cottages, for I did not fancy I should be so welcome among the peasantry as when with my hosts. But I sometimes invaded the forenoon stillness of sundry of the great-house families whom I knew, as well as one or two of our neighbouring clergymen, when I had made their acquaintance. Often I paced by the strand, and gathered the fine air into my cheeks, with which I would return as the best preparative for dinner.

This latter meal took place at a later hour than customary in most continental houses. It did not recur with a painful punctuality, but varied in its appearance from the hour of five to that of seven. I love punctuality very much when I find myself in a house where it is practised ; but I love unpunctuality much more, and when I arrive in a circle where *it* is the order of the day, I feel myself breathing native air. Whatever I was about while dwelling in this delightful home, however far I might extend my walks, and however long I might linger anywhere, I never had the uncomfortable misgiving that I might be keeping my friends waiting dinner ; for come when I might, I never came too late. To the best of my knowledge, I never *did* keep them waiting, for whatever time dinner had been ordered, it could equally well be

consumed an hour later. And, as for myself, I never had to wait longer than was positively agreeable to me.

When dinner was over, and coffee drunk, and the newspapers dispatched, we used to saunter a little about the garden, and then the carriage would be announced, whereupon we would proceed to take a drive, returning after the lapse of about an hour, or else spending the evening and drinking tea at the house of a friend. When the days grew shorter, we were no longer able to walk after dinner ; eventually we dined by candle-light, and had our drive altogether in the dark, which latter arrangement was much pleasanter than one might suppose. When we staid at home in the evenings, or returned early from our drive, there was always a little time for quiet reading, each for himself, while we sat in a circle round the lamp. Then, when tea had been drunk, the piano was brought into requisition, and the foreigner called upon to display the best of his art. In the distilling of tones, time would run quick past, and my auditors were so good as to profess themselves pleased, which indeed they seemed, for they would sit in the attitude of the solemnest attention. Sometimes a game of chess would diversify the occupations. None of us were remarkably skilled

in chess, and our games lasted much too short for professed players ; we used to get through three in a very brief time, and with the third we stopped.

Now and then visiters would come in for the evening, in which case amusements would be on a larger scale, though without the least ceremony. Visiters come and visiters go, and partake of what is to be had, without looking for any efforts being made to entertain them. When a party is invited, the case is different, and then sometimes considerable preparations are made. In every event, music formed a staple commodity in the entertainment, just as it does in England, and all over Europe. But it is in general much more satisfactory to play either in Denmark or any other part of the Continent, than to an assembly of people in England. The English are not fond of owning it to themselves, but *they do not like music*. When real music is being performed, they weary, and brighten up when a quadrille, or noisy waltz, or other flighty piece of nothingness is commenced. Now, abroad, one has always an attentive and very often an intelligent, appreciating auditory, which is a greater blessing than might be supposed. Our evenings used to end with the reading of a portion of the word of God. After the recep-

tion of the word, we parted from one another for the night, with a savour of Divine things to carry to our pillow. As the hours of dinner and tea were so far from early, it was also generally latish when we separated to go to our rooms. But people do not need so much sleep as they oftentimes suppose. In the clear air of the country, a few hours at night will do, if it be possible to secure half an hour any time in the course of the day, which is worth several at night.

Meantime Sunday came, the first Sunday I spent in the house, and effected some change for the time. It was in many respects a pleasant day, the Sunday.

It is not much the custom, even in religious families in Denmark, to call in servants to family worship,—a circumstance that is greatly to be regretted. Indeed it is but a rare custom that of family worship at all. It is so much associated with the idea of *Pietism*—a form of Christianity from which many very excellent people shrink—that few of those who do not bear the name of *Pietists* will so far dare public opinion as to observe this usage, otherwise surely very good in itself, and very natural—(more of pietism by and by). But there are some exceptions ; there are some persons by no means reckoning themselves mem-

bers of the Pietistic party, who, praiseworthy, set themselves so far free from the trammels of custom, and the slavery of public opinion, as to practise what they think right. I rejoiced in the "house-worship" even of the simplest kind, and simple to a degree it very often was. "House-worship," (as the Danes call it) or family worship, in order to be perfect, presupposes, in my opinion, the head of a family to conduct it. It is a very lame affair, and very unnatural, where a visiter (as is so frequent in our land) performs it. Altogether, the British system of turning family worship into a public service for the gratification of itching ears (and with many other evil consequences), by conducting it in the presence of a large circle of evening visitors by means of a favourite clergyman, is a very different thing from the holy rite of a father blessing his household at the close of day, and at its commencement, and taking advantage of the occasion to direct their worship to the Father of all. But I will not digress into the theme of British customs in this respect ;—customs which are too deep-rooted and of too long standing to be blown over at a single whiff, or without many inconveniences following.

Our usual religious exercises were conducted very privately, but on Sundays, and, as I after-

wards found, on all holidays and festivals, the out- and in-door domestics were summoned to join the family in the dining-room. A hymn was first sung, in which every one took part. We all stood during the whole time. The hymns were sometimes long and always beautiful. They differed entirely from the hymns sung at public worship, both in words and melodies, and were generally of a wild, out-of-the-way cast, that had a peculiar charm. I was particularly delighted with the hymns I thus got acquainted with ; as far as their airs were concerned, they were the most original I have ever heard in any part of the world. Occasionally, at other times of the day, my friends, finding out how much their hymns interested me, would sing many of those designed for private and family use, never to be heard in public. They were all much more characteristic than the church hymns.

Our morning devotion finished naturally with prayer, whereafter we had breakfast, and then set out for church, in which service commenced at ten. In this parish there was only one church and one service, daily, which, however, was pretty long. The clergyman goes to church both in town and country in his gown and ruff. In the country especially this has a good effect ; it serves much the same purpose as the ringing of the bell—not

that the bell is neglected ; it used to be pulled right long and manfully. The congregation assembled in good time, and in great numbers. I was struck with the contrast, the first Sunday of my stay here, between the attendance in this church and in the one where I had worshipped the preceding Sunday, which was a small church annexed to the estate at which I then was staying. It was an afternoon service, but the only one that day ; and all the congregation consisted—besides myself, the clerk, the organist, and the door-keeper—of three women, two of whom were not full-grown ! But here, this morning, there was an attendance, in spite of its being harvest, that almost filled the large church ;—a particularly large church for the country it was, with lofty ceiling and wide windows that gave more light than is usual.

As we walked down to church a little way behind the parson, I noticed that a multitude of his flock had assembled about the church-yard, and that his arrival was the signal for them to enter the sacred building ; not, however, until many reverences and greetings had been performed. The entrance of the clergyman is the signal for the clerk to commence the hymn ;—where there is an organ a prelude is played, but organs are rare

out of town. As I said, the hymns are marked on boards hung about the church, and are not given out.

The Lutheran service is familiar to those who have been present at public worship in any part of Protestant Germany ; it is solemn, and more so when one has become pretty intimate with it.

The congregation did not *look* any more interested or intelligent than country congregations in England and Scotland, yet I believe they heard the sermon, for I understood it was in the habit of being commented on by them. The sermon itself, indeed, was one which caught the attention. On the whole, old Sophie was one of the most edified and satisfied faces in the assembly.

Texts are almost invariably taken from the gospel or epistle for the day.

After sermon the minister descended from the pulpit, and, taking his place once more before the altar, said, "Let the young people walk forward." At this all the boys and girls in the congregation immediately left their pews, and ranged themselves on either side of the middle aisle, carefully observing to keep the sexes distinct, as indeed great care is taken to have the men on one side the church during service, and the women on the other. When the young

people had stationed themselves, the clergyman commenced a diet of catechizing, walking meanwhile up and down between the two rows. The answers were, for the most part, given promptly and clearly, and seemed to keep alive the interest, not merely of the catechized, but of the congregation at large. The questioning lasted some time, and embraced a large field of religious knowledge. All the services were very animated, but this particularly so, and must have exercised a lively influence on them who shared in it. The catechising ended with a hymn sung by minister and young people, in which the congregation did not join.

Then the concluding services took place, consisting of singing, and the reading of one or two collects by the clergyman, and ending with the usual benediction, chanted by the clergyman from the altar,—

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee :

“The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee :

“The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

Sometimes both the Sacraments are dispensed in one day, the congregation remaining during the whole time.

The church stood very prettily near a running stream, and the churchyard was kept in excellent order. The gravel walks, and gateway with ancient arch, &c., were in good preservation. When we came out, I found great part of the congregation had crowded about the approaches to greet his reverence and suite. It was manifest, the pastor here was both loved and held in great respect.

All about the churchyard walls, the peasants' conveyances were drawn up; a formidable display of equipages. Many had to come several miles, and did not grudge to bring out their carriages and horses. It was a busy scene after service.

I had not taken such a tender farewell of my friends at the barony, on my quitting them a few days previously, because I was not leaving the district, and knew I should soon see them again. Accordingly, they drove across to church this forenoon, and spent the remainder of the day at the parsonage. After service, a good many people who had far to drive came up to the clergyman's, and partook of coffee and luncheon, to fortify themselves for their homeward way. We often had many hearers from neighbouring parishes, who took the liberty, now and then, to forsake their own churches to sit under the ministrations of a more popular man.

One consequence of these *réunions*—not an unnatural one—was the settling of many engagements for the ensuing days of the week. We both received and issued invitations.

Peasants, too, came up after service to hold long discourses with the priest about sundry important affairs of their own. I doubt not that their spiritual adviser was oftentimes harassed, after the fatigue of celebrating public worship, at being obliged to give counsel upon many matters very temporal in their nature. The lobby of the parsonage would sometimes not lose these importunate inmates for an hour or more.

The day passed in pleasant converse. In the evening, ere our visitors left, I had, for the second time, the delight of hearing some of those remarkable devotional hymns, not at all suited for public worship, but in the family circle extremely beautiful. Being called upon, I also gave specimens of Scottish psalms, with their simple melodies, which were as new to the Danes as their psalms were to me.

CHAPTER V.

Filled with huge balls of farinaceous food.

CRABBE.

Forsøg at give ham en god Dansk Meel-Gröd eller Byggryns-Gröd.

HOLBERG.

I SAID, engagements were made for the ensuing week. We had, indeed, few free evenings. Sometimes we went out to dinner, in which case preparations had generally to be commenced between two and three o'clock—an early hour to dress in order to go out to dinner. But most people dined at four, and we often had an hour's drive.

There were two families in the neighbourhood that were going abroad for the winter,—one to Madeira, and the other to Italy, and it became us to take leave of them, and wish them success in the errand on which they went, which was health. In one instance the hopes of the party concerned, and of friends, were soon distressingly disappointed.

One of the first times we were going to dine with my late host, Baron S——, I turned ill and was forced to remain at home. I had put off the

attack as best I could, and said nothing about it until within an hour of the time when we should start. Eventually I found myself *hors-de-combat*, and came down stairs to say so, shortly before my friends were setting off. Then one would gladly have remained at home with me, but so great an amount of attention I contrived to stave off, assuring them that I should do very well alone. Whereupon Karen, the benevolent parlour-maid, received charge to look after the invalid, and manufacture some sick-man's diet for him, which she promised to perform, smiling at the same time so cordially that I knew she would fulfil her appointment *con amore*.

When I was left alone, I established myself on a comfortable chair in a window with a good outlook, and wrapped a railway blanket about my knees, and a plaid about my shoulders, resolved to be as glad in my solitude as I could. I took a volume of Oehlenschläger's, and read a tragedy, looking out now and then at the bright heaven where the sun would go down by and by, and at the peaceful village from whose chimney-tops the smoke was curling blue and slow, and at the reapers or other harvest labourers sprinkled here and there upon the fields.

Before I had time, however, to get through more than the first act, Karen threw open the door and walked in with a large tray in her hands, upon

which were several smoking tureens and jugs. She first hoped the gentleman found himself better, and was delighted when I told her that he did. Then she said she had brought some soup which I must take while it was hot,—some invalid's soup that would do me good. The careful soul! She had several such preparations, while each of her vessels held more than it was reasonable a sick man should consume. I took the first jug and looked at it. It was, indeed, very tempting, only too much so I thought. In England, one would not have had the offer of aught so agreeable when unwell. It was like a rich liquid pudding with fruits of many sorts floating in it.

"Do you think I can venture to take this, Karen? Will it be good for me when I am not well?" said I, hesitatingly.

"Oh, bless me, yes!" quoth she; "it is very good for the gentleman! The gentleman must take it while it is hot. It will be good for the gentleman's crop!"

I tried the soup on this warm recommendation, and found it very agreeable without any bad consequences following. And Karen seemed glad that I approved of her measures.

Another day I was left still more alone for a short time, for even Karen did not remain at home. There was a wedding of one of the parson's former servants at the house of her father, and it behoved

the whole family to honour it with their presence. I had received a special invitation from the bride's father, and was very desirous to witness a peasant's wedding, but when the day came I was again ill and unable to go. Otherwise the whole household went, with the exception of one domestic; but the master and mistress soon returned, while their dependents remained to take part in the dancing until a very late hour. From the number of peasant-carriages that I saw driving to and returning from church, I judged that the wedding must have been a very large and a very expensive one. But the bride's father (though he had allowed his daughter to be in service) was a "courtman," or one of the wealthier class of peasants, and would not permit such an occasion to pass without displaying some of his means. The cost of festivals of this kind is enormous.

Ere she went this evening, Karen was called in to let the foreigner see her costume. It, indeed, beggared description. It was a costume frequent in former days on great occasions, but very rarely seen now. At all times it was a gala dress, never used even on common Sundays. The cap or hat was the most singular piece of the whole. It resembled a small boiling-pot turned upside down, and placed upon the crown of the head. Its colour was brown. To it were fastened an innumerable multitude of all sorts of brilliant ornaments.

Round balls of metal of many kinds, and more ethereal gew-gaws, waving and tinkling and quivering ; vast streamers of scarlet ribbon flowing from behind ; such were some component parts of the head-dress. The rest of the apparel corresponded in brightness ; I only missed white which seemed to have been entirely set aside.

On this occasion I did not witness a peasant's marriage, but afterwards I had an opportunity.

The peasants unquestionably love dancing. They profess themselves very fond of it ; and, to judge from the amount to which they indulge in it, one must conclude it is the case. But this would not be the natural conclusion, were one to study their appearance while engaged in it. I had frequently an opportunity of witnessing a dance among the peasants, and was peculiarly amused by their serious, nay, sad and pain-stricken countenances, all the time they went through the figures.

The soldiers returned from the seat of war in the month of September, and generally when they arrived in their respective parishes, a little *fête* was got up at the parsonage, or somewhere else, for their benefit.

About the end of September and beginning of October, the feast of harvest-home (Höst-Gilde ; Scoticé, kirn) was celebrated. Everybody who had a harvest, had also a harvest-feast to finish it

off with. We were invited in all directions at that time to help the merry-making along. It always took place in the granary, or largest room about the offices. The peasants had merry-makings as well as their superiors, for the benefit of their assistants and servants who had aided them upon the field. But at the great houses, harvest-homes were upon a grand scale. All the out and indoor domestics, along with all the work-people, and many besides, assembled in this spacious apartment where they first dined, dinner consisting of salt fish and rice-*gröd* (or porridge), the two dishes Danish peasants regard as their chief delicacies, after which they proceeded to dance. In the course of the evening, the master and mistress of the family, and other members of it, along with any visitors who might be present, were expected to look in upon the proceedings, and take some part in them. Generally speaking, the lady of the house had to dance with one or two of her chief male domestics, and the younger ladies might think themselves lucky if the same were not exacted of them. This accomplished, the great folks were free to retire ; then, with the savour which they left behind them, the reapers and reaperesses were content to dance until far on in the night.

At the parsonage, we had also our harvest-party. There were only one or two in the servants' room

besides the regular domestics, who numbered about half-a-dozen. Altogether there might be fifteen or sixteen. They had partaken of their rice-gröd and salt fish before we went out to pay our needful visit. I had seen the omnipresent and ever-beaming Karen, with the kitchen-maid (*kokkepige* is the euphonious Danish word for kitchen-maid), carrying large dishes of fragrant porridge, with its agreeable sauce of beer and sugar, across the courtyard, and returning for the fish shortly before she brought in the dining-room dinner ; so that by the time we had "eaten" (as they themselves say), the folks outside had also eaten, and begun to dance. The rice-porridge is very commonly used in Denmark instead of soup, and an excellent dish it is, with the beer and sugar sauce inseparable from it, and the powdered cinnamon. We also partook of it that day at the parlour dinner, and I could not but own the peasants knew what was good.

There were one or two ladies from a neighbouring seat at the parsonage, at dinner, who made an addition to our party well fitted to please the rustics. We went out and staid for a short time as on-lookers. I was, as usual, immensely amused with the solemn aspect of the dancing peasants ; it was as if it had been the cruellest task imposed on them by some tyrant—their meeting thus to caper about. Presently, like a martyr, the upper ploughman advanced and held out his arm to Miss.

They described a circuit of the ball-room together, and then for a few dances, all the Misses had to accept of rustic partners, the which they did with wonderful resignation. *Ceteris paribus*, it could have been but a sorry pastime to dance with such gloomy cavaliers.

The Danes, as well as the Scotch, have *reels* which they also call by the same name. That evening, for my especial benefit, a "threesome" reel was danced, very much the same as those of Scotland.

We remained as spectators about half-an-hour, not interrupting the proceedings. Ere we left, our host struck up one or two "fatherland songs" suited for the time. All present joined in them with enthusiasm. Anything that awakens the spirit of patriotism is readily caught at, and much encouraged at the present day in Denmark.

The room in which they were met was decorated for the occasion with two Danish flags. Every house in Denmark has one or two such to display at all festive times—it is more than could be said of English houses. We do not multiply our colours in this fashion. Otherwise, a great deal of taste had been shown in the decoration of the walls with evergreens, &c. And all this had been effected by the servants, without help from their superiors.

So we came away, and left them to enjoy their

coffee which at those merry-makings always follows a few hours after dinner. They drink it from huge basins that ought to contain one or two pints apiece. After coffee, they recommenced their dancing, and ended all with some sort of supper, the nature of which I did not witness.

The harvest-parties did not of course take place till harvest was past, and consequently not before the end of September or commencement of October, by which time I had been several weeks in my new home at the parsonage. But ere then, the soldiers had returned, and much more brilliant doings were set on foot to show them honour.

In Copenhagen, the entrance of the returning regiments must, by all accounts, have been very imposing. Everything was done to make it so. It was a year and a half since they had left the metropolis to set out for Schleswig ; for through the preceding winter, the army had not been disbanded ; and during that long time many changes had necessarily taken place in the *personel* of the army. Several very bloody battles had been fought, both during the present summer and the foregoing ; and of the officers as well as of the common soldiers, many had perished and been replaced since then. Now, although hostilities were not concluded, but only suspended for the winter, the retrospect and out-look were both, on the whole, pleasing. The recent victory at Frede-

ricia had elated the nation and army, and it was quite as a triumphal host that the latter was received on its return to Copenhagen in order to be disbanded.

I regretted afterwards that I had not undertaken a trip to Copenhagen on purpose to see the rejoicings. All the streets seem to have been inflamed with garlands hung from house to house. Flowers, branches, and ribbons, had assuredly not been spared. The king and all great men and women were there taking part. The soldiers themselves were treated as demigods—as heroes who had saved their country—what could be too good for them? The metropolis was crowded to suffocation; while speeches, and sermons, and songs, and hymns, alternated as expressions of public feeling. Food, most plentiful and of the best quality, and rivers of wine, had been provided by private generosity. But why enlarge on a solemnity which I did not witness? I must regret having missed this loud utterance of national joy.

It was odd to live in a country at the time when a violent revulsion was taking place in the national mind in respect to the merits of the nation's defenders. From time immemorial, it has been the fact that the Danes have looked—and justly looked—upon their navy as the great pride of their land. It may be said that it reached its

perfection under Christian IV., although it had been distinguished long before his time. The occurrence at Eckenförde, to which I adverted in an early chapter, and which was so disastrous an incident in the war, had the effect of greatly lessening the admiration which people at large entertained for their navy. This I consider to have been unjust, for little blame could be attached in that matter to more than one individual ; as soon as the ships were in the harbour of Eckenförde, there was no longer any opportunity for the marine forces displaying their prowess. And I have met with intelligent Danes who laid the blame upon the land forces for not having seconded, as they ought to have done, the efforts made by the marines. At all events, it seems unjust and unreasonable to condemn the old tried staff of the state for an accident that happened to the end of that staff—a war-steamer.

Yet such is the fact. All at once, the navy was no longer the boast of every Dane. And just as it sank in popular opinion, the army began to rise. The land-soldiery of Denmark was never, even by the Danes, regarded with much complacency until during the late war in the Duchies, when those forces again and again proved themselves so valorous. *Now* the nation is justly proud of its army, and the army is equally proud of itself. An anecdote was told me about this time,

of an honest peasant-fellow returning from the war, and falling in with a seaman also returning on a visit to his friends. Some slight altercation having arisen, the former cut it short by exclaiming, "You're nothing but a sailor ; I'm a land-soldier !" In former days this exclamation could never have been heard, but its reverse might.

In keeping with this state of feeling is the spirit of the song so exceeding common while I was in Denmark—a song written by the poet Heiberg at the commencement of the disturbances, and since then on the lips of every human being—a song of no great poetical merit, with a melody of no high musical worth, yet one so well adapted to the emotions stirring in the popular breast, and so well fitted to become popular and retain its popularity as long as the occasion lasted that called it forth, that it at once obtained universal applause, and was to be heard, year out and year in, while I remained in Denmark, from the throat of every man, woman, and child, on every pianoforte and every hand-organ, in every room and in every assembly of town and country,—viz., *Den tappre Land-Soldat*, (The brave militia-man). Such popularity as this ditty gained, might seek its parallel in the annals of occasional literature, even if the occasion were the existence of a nation.

We went one day to be present at an extra grand *folk-fête*, held in a wood, in honour of *our*

soldiers,—*i.e.*, of those who belonged to the district of country. It was a *fête* similar in its nature to one I mentioned as being held while I staid in Vordingborg. Some influential inhabitants of the good town of Præstøe had the principal hand in getting it up. The first thing necessary evidently was a suitable locality where it should come off, and so far the good people were rather helpless, for if no neighbouring proprietor had come forward with the offer of a fit piece of ground, it was clear the *fête* could not have been held at all. But from this difficulty, my late host, Baron S——, promptly helped the good people by frankly putting at their disposition the use of a large wood upon his estate, called the “Dutchman’s Wood.” It was a beautiful piece of forest scenery lying immediately upon the sea, with a tolerably large open space in its centre where the crowd was to assemble.

For many days beforehand, little was talked of in the district but the approaching festivity. Although one so similar in character had been held in the neighbourhood only a few weeks before, yet this was looked forward to with as much interest as if perfectly novel. The aim of each was indeed different; the first had been to celebrate the victory of Fredericia, the second was to show welcome to the returning warriors.

The day was very fine and warm, which, near

the end of September, was more than we could have counted upon. We left home about one o'clock. As our carriage rolled out of the entrance to the parsonage, we discovered, farther down the village, and farther up the village, a long row of peasant-carriages, all filled with peasants young and old in their best apparel. They were the inhabitants of our village, and of some of the courts round about. It seemed they were awaiting the appearance of their pastor in order to set out. Each conveyance was drawn by two horses, and occupied by from four to six persons. As we emerged from our gateway, the equipage farthest in advance, instantly started; it was evident they had kept an eye upon the parsonage gate. Immediately after, whips were cracked in regular and rapid succession, and by the time we had made up to the vehicle nearest us, it also was in motion. Then those behind began to roll; and in this fashion we drove all the way to Præstøe (four or five miles) with an advance and rear-guard of sturdy yeomen, in their chaises and pairs. I was touched with this trait of parochial affection for its priest; it said much for both parties, that the simple people were so desirous to show their pastor honour. It was one of the few opportunities they had to make a public testimony to the esteem and reverence in which they held him.

The effect of the pleasure-bent folks was right brilliant. In driving behind the long row of overflowing vehicles, it appeared one blaze of red and green ribbons, streaming in the sunlight. Neither Karen, nor any one else, had on her head the marvellous globe of jewels ; I was informed they regarded it as too valuable an ornament to be worn at an open-air party. But the girls only looked the better in their shining white caps with bright-coloured ribbons,—more comely than in the inverted pots.

We had to make a call in Præstøe ere we went to the scene of action. Something had to be arranged with the committee regarding the procedure, as the pastor was to deliver an address.

Hence we had to drive through the little town from one end to the other, and had an opportunity of seeing the preparations made there. Although no preparations were needed, for nothing was to be transacted in the town beyond the gathering of the procession, all the streets, nevertheless, were strewed with flowers, mostly dahlia-heads, and holly-hock blossoms, the only showy flowers to be obtained at that season. The doors and windows were hung with garlands ; flags were waving in all directions ; and, in short, such splendour had been extemporized that one regretted so few comparatively should see it.

At Præstøe we lost our guard of honour which

dispersed, partly to the wood, partly through the town. Our own business transacted, we proceeded to make a visit at the chateau. There we found the family about to proceed to the scene of action. We accompanied them along the beautiful way by the beach, and arrived early at the Dutchman's Wood. The commencement of the *fête* had been announced for four o'clock ; it was now about three, so that we had time to inspect the arrangements at leisure. The entrances were barricaded, and a sum of one mark (fourpence-halfpenny) demanded of each person, even of the proprietor of the territory. Money was to be raised to pay expenses, and to be devoted afterwards to the relief of the destitute surviving relatives of the slain, as well as to assist the wounded and sick, many of whom were badly off.

The open space within the forest had been prepared with great pains for the solemnity. In the midst stood a tall spire, — something like a May-pole, — covered with evergreens, and with various suitable inscriptions in flowers, hung with garlands, and surmounted, of course, by a Dannebrog. The completion of this shrine had certainly not been accomplished without toil. In front of it stood a shorter pole with a box upon the top for the reception of voluntary contributions.

Opposite this stood a tribune, or pulpit, erected

for those to station themselves in who were to harangue the assemblage : on either side of it was a place for dancing. These open air ball-rooms are simple wooden floors made of smooth planks, and laid down upon the ground with a railing about them ; the earth itself is too rough and damp for those enthusiastically comfortable dancers. In every tea-garden (and each small town in Denmark has its tea-garden in the outskirts), such a contrivance is to be seen. I suppose the two we had that day were new and provided expressly for the high occasion ; at least they looked unused, and otherwise entirely resembled ball-rooms in general, minus walls and ceiling.

On one side of the ground was a tent which proved to be the bazaar ; money was to be made in all ways, and, as a likely means of entrapping such persons as had coins to spare, a large collection of useful and ornamental articles had been provided, and were now to be sold at two or three times their value ; they were temptingly arranged inside the marquee upon a counter, behind which stood several of the Præstøe young ladies, also trying to look tempting. Many of the objects had, of course, been worked by ladies, as gifts, and presented much the same aspect as one sees at all ladies' fancy sales. Other articles, I was told, had already been sold and bought two or three times

at similar sales, for similar purposes, in different parts of the country, and were now generously exposed again by their purchasers to go through the same ordeal. In this way one purse, or reticule, might through time, bring a good deal of money to the sufferers in military hospitals ; and of my acquaintance, some that day bought articles avowedly for the purpose of having something to send as a contribution to a like bazaar that was to be held at a like *fête*, next week, in another part of Sealand.

Besides the already-mentioned erections, there was a long row of tables, benches, and chairs, that had been furnished to provide some accommodation for persons weary of standing, as well as to receive the provisions : of these latter there was, indeed, no lack. Everybody that could had sent contributions. Not merely the liberal-minded family on whose property the *fête* was held, but almost all the wealthy proprietors round about, as well as the better-off inhabitants of Præstøe, had vied with one another in furnishing hampers of cold turkeys and geese and other fowls, legs and quarters of roast mutton, joints of beef, hams, tongues, sausages, meat-pies, besides all manner of fruit-pies, puddings, rolls of preserves, pancakes and other cakes, bread in a plenty that might have supported a parish for a month, cheese, and fruit : besides, there was no spare supply of

liquid. I presume the wine had come in like manner with the solids ; meantime it flowed in a red flood that might have done good to the heart of Bacchus.

We had abundance of time to take a complete survey of all these arrangements ere yet the crowd had begun to assemble. Among some of the earlier arrivals were a few of our acquaintance from the great houses, who, not intending to remain the whole evening, had come to see the commencement and return home time enough for a late dinner. Much was uttered about the beauty of the preparations ; many compliments given and repudiated, and all the felicitations and gratulations exchanged that are common on such occasions.

The crowd did not arrive till four o'clock—it waited to come with the soldiers. Shortly before that hour, we heard the sound of martial music, and, looking from the edge of the forest above the ocean, we could see the procession emerging from Præstøe, rather more than half a-mile off ; farther than that we lost sight of it until it entered the ground, but we heard all the while the noise of the band.

The committee of arrangement, the soldiers, and as many others as could make out a claim to precedence, appeared first, the rest of the crowd following in a very orderly procession behind.

Each soldier had his sweetheart on his arm, or, if he had no sweetheart, his partner. And all the rest came in like manner ; men and women, two and two. The hearts of the young maidens beat high with pleasure, present and expected. Most of them had their lover or betrothed to lean on. It would be hard to say which were happiest, but the damsels *looked* it ; the young peasant fellows are somewhat stolid about the eyes and mouths in Denmark.

It was long ere the whole procession had entered the wood. It was indeed a large crowd. With those who were already present, and those who continued to come all the afternoon, there must have been upwards of two thousand people. And all these were to be fed !

As soon as four o'clock had struck, a national song was led off by the band, and joined in by the whole assembly. Papers had been given to each person at the gate, containing the different songs and hymns to be sung. The effect of the loud, enthusiastic burst of instrumental and vocal patriotism was quite imposing. The first note was striking, and ere the song was sung to the end, it had materially impressed the spirit with the feeling it was designed to convey. If a large number were giddy and bent simply on pleasure when they came, they were, by the chanting of this fatherland lay, filled with more serious

thoughts—thoughts of their country, its claims, its need, its enemies, its defenders, &c. All looked rather sublimer when they closed their mouths than when they opened them. Otherwise the mere sound was splendid, as it swelled up about the vast walls and roof of the natural cathedral in which we were gathered, and died away through the pores of these walls—sucked up, as it were, by the branches. The wind, too, from the sea poured over the top of the forest, and made a grand, deep accompaniment, always in the right key—major or minor making no difference to the elemental minstrelsy.

I had a copy of the strains raised that day, some of which I might have rendered into English, but I have lost it.

After the first song came an address from the minister of the parish, who mounted the wooden pulpit for that purpose. He harangued the valiant men who were now safe home from their perils, on the glories they had achieved, and the thanks due to them. Singing and speech-making alternated with each other for some time. The songs were always enthusiastic and spirit-stirring. The addresses were intended to be so too, but some of them fell flat I had to own. The best was that of my clerical and patriotic host, who was deeper read than most of his brethren in the ancient mythological-historical lore of his father-

land and knew how to apply it to present times and necessities. Such applications are now and then a little fantastic, it is not to be denied, but some of them are very just ; and at all times they are calculated to work upon a miscellaneous, and more particularly, upon a rural, thoroughly patriotic, saga-loving audience. The effect intended, and effect achieved, was that of, even more than before, stirring the people up to the overflowing point of national enthusiasm. I thought, indeed, that this emotion was encouraged to excess, or rather that there unluckily was an admixture of a bad element in all this patriotism ; that hatred of another people, viz., the German, was too much inculcated, and too essentially bound up in the idea of Danish love of Denmark. But whatever I thought and had to expect, the fact was, that, for that day at least, all the good folks assembled in the Dutchman's wood were inflamed with national exultation, and abhorrence of Germany.

The speeches and songs implied—nay, directly asserted—that God held his protecting hand at all times over their beloved beech-clad isles and Jutish peninsula, that He loved their country in a way He loved no other, and would bless it in a manner not signal only, but quite unique. Indeed, there was a religious turn, and a Christian tone given to one or two of the addresses that, so far, was very admirable, inasmuch as it had a

practical bearing upon the auditors. But it was not so admirable the idea that the land with which they were at war, their neighbouring country, Germany, was presided over by the devil, that God had forsaken it, and hated it, &c. Yet so far good men will go in their patriotism. And such was the reigning conviction in the minds of the masses assembled that evening for festive purposes. One has odd little reflections about the size and importance of the Danish state when one sees this glorification.

But we had no time to reflect. Directly after the intellectual exercises were brought to a close, "it went loose" upon the bodily refreshing. Many persons had been intrusted to preside over hampers and boxes, so that it was surprising how soon the vast crowd was all busy eating and drinking. Of course little ceremony was put in practice; plates were dispensed with, but knives were plied with the utmost rapidity by the *croupiers*, to put each person in possession of some bread and meat. There was more than enough for all. Indeed, the mass of provisions seemed so prodigious that I thought it a very needless scruple of conscience when I heard a thoughtful young lady, who was urged to partake of some sweetmeat, say, "I am afraid we are taking it from the people." The ladies and gentlemen present were expected to taste of everything, and

for myself, I had no fear of robbing the peasants. Many of the hampers' contents were excellent, I can answer for it.

As country-folks in Denmark rarely taste anything but *gröd* of some kind, either barley-gröd, or rye-gröd, or as a delicacy, rice-gröd, accompanied now and then by salt-fish, and varied by some kinds of soups, such as their much-prized "beer-bread," it was a no small treat to them (as far as rarity went), to partake of every kind of cold meat, and fowl, and tart, and pudding. They ate as if it were all pine-apple. The males displayed, as usual, little emotion, but the females consumed their delightful handfuls with an expression of consummate gladness, at least the younger portion; the more elderly women looked at raspberry tarts and puffs with more curiosity than pure enjoyment, as if they wished to know the receipt for making them, even although they should never put it in practice. I should have liked to think that a similar festival would occur soon again, in order that the enjoyment might be had more than once in a lifetime.

Upon the viands followed fast the wine. Now *skaals* were drunk. There were a few personal, but the greater part were public. Of course they were limited to knots and groups; it was impossible for the most stentorian voice to make itself heard in any proposal whatever over such a vast

assemblage which now was more dispersed than formerly, and in which nearly everybody was talking to his neighbour. But each division had its own toasts drunk with all the honours. Some of the soldiers themselves gave umbrage to their more national-minded neighbours, by shouting, "*noch ein mal*," for "once more;" a German phrase they had learned from their enemies in Schleswig.

It was interesting to see some enthusiastic maidens of the high-born visitors, in order to encourage their humbler fellow-rejoicers to hilarity, as well as to express a little of their good will to the returned defenders of Denmark's rights, take a foaming bumper, raise it to their lips, and then hand it to one of the rough-spun peasant-soldiers, saying, with a winning smile, "Be so good, drink!" Who could withstand being carried away by such agitators? One was ready to wish oneself in the place of those clumsy unemotional boors who had no other merit than that of having stood in their rank and shot at the Germans!

From all I could learn, there seemed to have been a good deal of traffic betwixt the Danish and German soldiers; more than one should have looked for between two hostile armies. Not only had the Danes learned to cry "*noch ein mal*," and a few more such phrases, but we were this day shown several Prussian dollars, which they had brought

home with them. It appeared that it had been by no means an unfrequent diversion for individuals of the two armies to exchange coins with each other. One would say to the other, "Give me a dollar of your country and I'll give you one of mine, and we'll each take home with us a specimen of foreign coinage." They thought it a nice present to hang by a ribbon about the necks of their true loves. In the newspapers I saw this procedure adverted to and reprehended, as showing much too great an intimacy between enemies. In the exchange the Germans made decidedly the worst bargain, inasmuch as a German dollar is worth three shillings, English, whereas a Danish rix banco is only worth two shillings and three pence.

The eating and drinking were transacted standing, and with a deal of noisy mirth. In fact, people had been silent so long, hearkening to discourses, that they split with sentiments. It was soon over, and then for a while a general dispersion and recognising of acquaintances took place.

It was now time to go to the bazaar which was speedily crowded by all the well-dressed in the wood. Everything was sold, and that right rapidly. Everybody had to make the other a present; I found a bottle of Berlin smoking-powder, for raising a fragrant odour in rooms, which I instantly bought, wondering to see it

there, and judging that, as I was the only foreigner, it would have remained unsold, owing to its German extraction, had I not come to the rescue. I had the pleasure of presenting it to a very Danish-minded lady of my acquaintance, who, as it came from the sale, was pleased to accept of the same. I had given me by the same lady a red purse with a brilliant white Danish cross worked upon it, which turned out to be the handicraft of another in the party. The virgins from Præstøe made good saleswomen, dictating what each person was to buy : I suppose they had settled it all ere they came there, and it saved purchasers trouble.

When we came out of the marquee, the next thing was to put a little of what money we had left into the box in the centre of the ground, beside which a man stood to keep watch, like a Scottish elder at the plate. With so many different appliances for gathering money, the gate, the bazaar, and the box, it was no wonder that, after deducting expenses, a considerable sum was realized by the day's festivity.

What with looking about us, hearing addresses, singing songs and hymns, helping the peasants to eat and drink and propose skaals, buying knick-knacks, and discoursing at great length with our acquaintances, the hours slipped quickly away. It was beginning to get dusk, and just then the wood

and vast assembly looked most picturesque. Everybody successively asked me whether we had such *fêtes* in England. We had had nowars of late, except in India and Africa, and I said we had certainly no such *fêtes* either. Indeed, it would be difficult for me to realize one of the kind in Great Britain. Yet we have assemblies of high and low,—witness in Scotland the gatherings at Braemar, &c. *En passant*, I should suppose few foreign gatherings can approach the Highland *réunions* for splendour and picturesqueness.

We were to dine at the hospitable chateau, and return to the wood in the evening. Invitations were issued to many others besides ourselves; it seemed as if the dining-room at the chateau was to contain everybody. Most preferred to go home at once, not intending to remain for the evening; and, indeed, some of them had a very long way to drive. As it was, with those who accepted the hospitality at —, the Baron and Baroness were accompanied home by a large body of guests. But in expectation that such would be the case, plentiful preparations had been made. Dinner took place at a much later hour than usual—between six and seven,—and, in spite of our hearty lunches in the wood, good appetites showed themselves as soon as we were seated at table, when we were ready, with noise and clatter, to do justice to the delicacies of the baronial *cuisine*.

Everybody was very tired with the amusements of the day, but eager, nevertheless, to go back and see what more remained to be seen. As soon as we had risen from table, we betook ourselves afresh to the Dutchman's Wood. By this time the moon had lazily got up; she shone clearly upon us as we sauntered along the shore towards the murky forest. Without it, all was dark and still, but within, everything was blaze and tumult. Dancing had begun in good earnest. As Chaucer says—

Tho mightest thou have karoles seene,
And folke daunce and merry beene !

The two ball-floors were as full of human existences as they could be. It was like masses of men and women, two-and-two, laboriously pumping each other up and down, and slowly moving round *en masse*. The pleasure must have been immense. "Will you dance?" said a young baron to a lady near me. "Yes!" They squeezed into the crush and disappeared. Hardly a minute had elapsed ere they were out again. "Is that all?" I said. "It is too crowded," I was told. One marvelled how it was the labouring swarm did not force out the railings.

The forest was very pretty in the evening. Lamps were hung from the trees, causing a right romantic effect. Torches were stuck in as many places as it was possible for them to find a catch.

Besides, there were one or two large bonfires flinging a lurid glare through the whole scene, and sending up immense volumes of smoke to the dark archways overhead. The moon had nothing to do with the illuminations ; she could not penetrate the leafy ceiling ; but when one looked upwards, it was possible to discern the pearly beams playing upon the highest branches. I walked away from the clamour into the forest's recesses to mark the effect at a distance ; but I met sundry other individuals and couples in the most solitary pathways I could seek, and therefore thought it better to return to my friends.

Our second visit did not last very long. We finally quitted the *fête* at nine o'clock, knowing that we should have some difficulty on such a night as this to get our equipage. And in verity we had to take up our quarters at the baron's again for near an hour. The blessed moon shone as serenely as ever, and lit us all the way home which we did not reach till late. And, as we afterwards learned, dancing was kept up in the Dutchman's Wood until five in the morning.

On getting home, not to-night merely, but every night, the first things that greeted us at the door were the huge house-dog "Humble," and his little companion "Nina." I cannot omit Humble and Nina. The former was a magnificent animal, like a St. Bernard, bearing the name of an old king of

Denmark. He was shy of strangers, and it was long ere he and I could have any intercourse ; for whenever I held out my hand, or made any other advances to him, he made a show of his teeth, and emitted a low growl ; but eventually we became good enough friends, and he was faithful in his attachments. Nina, on the contrary, the very first evening I was at the place, came waddling in (a little misshapen over-fed terrier she was), wheezing and puffing, and succeeded, after some exertion, in placing her fore-feet upon my knee, looking with her large eyes in my face as *empresé* as she could. As soon as I bestowed one or two kind claps, she threw herself on the floor with many contortions, glancing at my countenance from time to time. Finding that I did not follow her to the floor, she returned to my knee again, greatly disappointed. And this she practised every day, exhibiting one of the completest specimens of female vanity ever seen. At all times, when she thought any one was looking at her, she affected every kind of grimace ; when she was unaware of observation, she lay quietly and slept.

But just as the dogs differed from each other in polite society, so did they differ in another way in the company of common people. Humle's shyness of new acquaintance did not extend itself to those who entered by the kitchen door. During

the day he allowed every peasant and every wandering beggar to pass unhindered. At night, indeed, he was a good watch-dog, lying out of doors summer and winter ; but while it was light he rather liked plenty of visitors, so that they came in rustic clothes, and made no pretensions. While he growled at all "fornemme Folk" (genteel people), whether old or young, and indeed on some occasions had gone so far as to let them feel his teeth, he would allow the children from the parish school to ride on his back, and pull his ears, and tumble him about according to their pleasure. It was often shocking to see the liberties taken with him, knowing as one did how vicious he could be when he chose.

Nina, on the other hand, was a complete aristocrat. Ever ready to fawn upon the most unknown individual, if he or she wore a smart coat or gown, her anger at the lower orders knew no bounds. Not a soul in peasant costume (never to mention persons in rags), could enter the priest court without drawing forth such a storm of rage from the little terrier, that the house rang again ; and one wondered whether this prodigious voice could really proceed from the delicate little piece of affectation, that in the drawing-room looked as if it were an exertion to whine.

Both dogs made haste to meet the carriage as soon as they heard it, and when we got out we

were overwhelmed with caresses. Humle had a peculiar passion for accompanying the carriage, but as he also had a very inconvenient habit of barking at the horses, and thereby frightening them, his company was never desired, and he had always to be shut up when we were going to drive: of course he did not like this, and it was surprising how adroit he showed himself in avoiding it;—if he overheard the order given to harness the horses, it was enough for him—he understood it, and after that there was no possibility of catching him. Neither threat nor caress would induce him to come within arm's length; and, however many persons might be on the hunt after him, he contrived to elude them all. His love of barking under the horses' noses went beyond all his principles of duty and obedience. It was an amusing proof that dogs understand certain things said in their hearing, even when not addressed to themselves, and not accompanied by any external movement. Humle had heard the order to harness the horses given so often that he understood it as well as any Christian; the only occasion on which I ever saw him caught was once, when his company was even less desired than usual—his mistress ran quick to the court yard with a dish of tempting cakes in her hand, with which she advanced towards him: he came forward, stretched out his head to the cakes,

seized one on the point of his tongue, and was himself at the same moment seized by the ear. His look of dismay was most pitiful ; he understood at once the full extent of his misfortune, and cast a reproachful glance at his mistress—the person he loved best in all the world,—marvelling that she could be so treacherous and himself so trusting. He was then caught by attendants and led off to the stable, where they tied him up, and where he howled as he heard the carriage drive away.

The evil effects of early mistraining were visible in Humle ; it had been thought amusing, while he was a puppy, to have him bark as he ran, and he had been encouraged in it ; but when he grew big he both barked and bit, and then it was too late to turn him from it. Oftentimes had he set the horses nearly beside themselves, not to speak of his once getting himself under the wheel, and escaping death by a miracle ;—it was misery to drive with him, and it was absolutely needful to provide for his imprisonment beforehand. Generally when the carriage was ordered, it was preceded by a behest to lay hold of the dog. “ Catch Humle, and put-to the horses ! ”

CHAPTER VI.

He that perpetually reads good books, if his parts be answerable, will have a huge stock of knowledge.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

Ahora acabo de creer, que aquel castillo es encantado sin duda.

DON QUIJOTE.

My own private leisure was entirely filled up, everywhere in the country, with the studying of Danish literature. During those peculiarly tranquil six weeks, I made for the first time acquaintance with Holberg, and read almost all his comedies right through with much delectation. Some time afterwards, I became more familiar with him by means of seeing his pieces represented in Copenhagen, and by reading him again with equal delight. But there was something captivating in the first gush of fun. Besides Holberg, I read many of Oehlenschläger's tragedies, such as "Palnatoke," "Hakon Jarl," "Axel and Valborg," "Hagbarth and Signe," &c. I also read some of Oehlenschläger's minor pieces and small poems with less admiration than his tragedies. Farthermore, I continued to dip into Grundtvig, and, what was better, I now began to understand him. One of the first books in which I got some light on

the genius was his "Brage-Snak," which I read here. But it is tedious to recount all the books one reads.

Leaves *will* become yellow and red, and warm days *will* give over comforting us. I had reached Denmark near the termination of winter; now I found myself standing on its verge again, without any thoughts of going away. I rather rejoiced at the approach of winter as a variety, and an introduction to a new run of things. But if ever I dared to give utterance to such a thought, I was met by a significant admonition to keep it and the like of it to myself. "How could I be so perverse as to relish the idea of winter?" "Summer," I was told, "was given as a blessing, and it was almost ingratitude towards Providence to hint a liking for winter. In Denmark what they longed and prayed for was summer. What they travelled abroad for was summer. (I might judge of that by noticing that Danes, when abroad, never stopped short in Germany, England, or France, but pushed their way at once to Italy or Spain.) In short it was a sin to like the dead season, and be indifferent to the departure of the living."

I will myself go so far as to allow that love of winter is unnatural, but none the worse on that account, taking everything into consideration. We cannot do without unnatural things as long as we live so unnaturally; and the comforts, and the social life, and the hundred other items which we get up in winter, are not worse than other unnatural things.

Meantime it grew autumnal, and then it grew

chilly. Soon after October set in, we had some rather cold days, and measures were taken to meet them. It was not formerly customary in Denmark to heat the stoves until some day about the beginning of November ; but in these degenerate times more luxurious habits have crept in, and people often heat their rooms as soon as they begin to feel cold. Individuals mentioned to me dreary reminiscences of sad cold days in their parents' houses many years ago, when they as children used to shiver during the latter half of October, and not dare to speak about it. What was the reason of our forefathers being so perverse in this respect ? Similar things happened in our own country in regard to the lighting of fires.

Besides the relighting of stoves, carpets began to be laid down about this time, and curtains to be hung up. Sundry doors were shut that during summer used to stand open. We now abandoned the "garden-room," closing the door between it and the drawing-room, and restricting ourselves altogether to the latter. Between the drawing-room and dining-room were folding doors which remained open, as both rooms were heated.

Carpets are to be seen nowhere either in town or country in summer. The floors are very nicely kept, and look cool and clean ; but it has a grateful effect when carpets are laid down as the days grow cold. Window curtains are suspended and drawn close in the evening, adding to the feeling of comfort, but seriously darkening the rooms even by day.

When we made our visits now, there was a decided difference in the mode in which we were received and entertained. Instead of our constant exercise of sauntering and gambolling in the open air, we had to betake ourselves to in-door amusements ; more music, card-playing, chess, cross-questions, &c. The garden-rooms were, if not abandoned for the winter, very much transformed. The glass doors to the lawn were carefully closed and hermetically sealed ; in some instances a large wooden shutter was erected behind them, not removable till the following spring. Instead of the almost Italian freedom of look this room has in summer, it was now carpeted, and curtained, and muffled up like an invalid.

The last time we engaged in open air amusements was one evening at dusk, at a neighbouring parsonage where a large party was assembled, and where we played for some time at a peculiar kind of *tig*. Only two persons ran at the same moment, each endeavouring to reach a certain point before the other, while the rest remained behind to wait their turn. Besides this there were other points in the game, which it is not necessary to detail. We continued to run, two and two, for near an hour, partners constantly changing ;—the thing was for one to touch one's partner ere reaching the point. At length my reverend host and I were running together, and I had nearly gained the goal when he "touched" me with such force, that both our feet slipped, and

down we rolled upon the grass one over the other. When we got up again, our playfellows thought such a violent occurrence warned us to stop, so we broke up our game, and for myself I played no more that year.

Autumn is a glorious season, but the Danes scarcely seem to set the same value on it which we do in England. To be sure they have not the same occupations, nor, indeed, the same beauties ; where are the troops of red-coated huntsmen and hounds ?

In autumn the difference between the general aspects of the two countries comes out pretty strongly. There ought to be much the same amount of wood relatively, but it is very differently disposed of. In England it is universal ; one might think the whole country was a forest, because it is all sprinkled with trees ; in Denmark it is very definitely parcelled out,—the woodland and open country are as distinct as possible. Both have their beauties ; but certainly England has the claim of richness — luxuriance. When leaves become red the contrast is more perceptible. I go unwillingly to any town until the last trace of autumn has vanished in the country, and winter has fairly set in. In fact till after Christmas, it is most pleasant to linger among the fields. I therefore hailed the fact that I had another tour to make in the country before I returned to Copenhagen. I had promised my friends, Major —— and family, with whom I staid ten days in July, that I should pay them a second visit in the course of the autumn.

The Major's place lay quite on the opposite side of Sealand from where I now was. As there was no plenty of stage-coaches and similar conveniences across the island, I found it would be needful to travel by extra-post, or take a very round-about road by Copenhagen ! and I soon determined upon the first, as I wished to see more of the country. But when I began to talk to my entertainers at the parsonage about my journey, it turned out that they too designed to make a similar journey, to the very same part of the island ; they were going to visit their brother, who was a clergyman, not many miles distant from my destination. This news was accompanied by an invitation to go with them in their carriage. They intended to stay a night on the road at the house of a relative, also a clergyman, where I should also be made welcome. There was a seat in the carriage for me,—the seat I usually occupied ; and, if I would quietly wait till the day upon which they purposed setting out, they would be happy to take me with them, which would save me travelling alone and by extra-post.

After the usual scruples and objections faintly stated by me, I ended by accepting the offer, which was one much too pleasant in itself to be lightly put aside ; and I began to look forward with delight to a journey which would make me feel peculiarly at home in travelling about Denmark. The coincidence of our going the same way, at the same time, was very lucky.

Monday, October 15th.—This was the day fixed for our journey. We were to have started at seven in the morning, but some interruptions came in the way, and we did not actually set out till nine. But we were all astir betimes ; and I the rather was glad at the delay, as it afforded leisure for preparations, such as toasting of feet and mufflers, &c. The weather for some days had been intensely cold, as the first warning of winter often is, and it was very necessary to be thoroughly defended against the frost. The breakfast-room presented the sight of a number of chairs, all hung with mantles and coats, at greater or lesser distances from the stove.

Humle had been caught the first thing in the morning, and was now safely stowed away in some apartment which was not to be opened until we were fairly off. At nine the carriage drove to the door, and we proceeded to place ourselves in it. After taking in so much warmth, and putting on so many hot garments in the intensely heated room, it was a startling change to snuff the chill air. It required several hands to pack us into our seats. We put our feet into large tubs of fur, which came up to the knees, and then were padded closely about the legs ; they were more flexible than wooden tubs. We had each one such apparatus, which effectually prevented any one jumping from his place ; for they had to be drawn off by a party from beneath before we could stir. I had got used to them in the late cold evenings, though I have not described them

before. I had also got used to the appearance of my companions, in their fur mantles and caps ; therefore I knew them to-day.

As to myself, I had put on my light summer top-coat above my other clothes, and over it a thicker one ; then I wrapped a cravat about my throat, and on the top of it my tartan plaid. Then I packed down the fur receptacle at my knees with a thick railway blanket which I possessed : then I tied on a close fur cap about my ears. But, in spite of my best endeavours, when I looked round complacently to let my friends see how well I could manage with my own gear, I met with no commendation. They sat expecting what should come next. " This is all now," I said. " It is not possible you can travel with so little on : see how we are clothed ! You must have something of ours. Karen, fetch that mantle that hangs in the closet, &c." Karen brought a large cloak, thickly lined, which was flung round me, adding greatly to my bulk. Still nobody seemed to think I was by any means superfluously, or, indeed, sufficiently clad. But as little more could be done, we drove off, my friends hoping I would not chill down as long as the sun shone.

It was, indeed, a beautiful morning ; there was not a cloud in the sky ; but the sun reigned undisputed in the bluest of empires. The air was exceeding cold, but pleasant to the taste. The roads were as hard as rocks, and the horses' feet spanked dily along. We made great speed, and chatted

cheerily as we went. They say that exercise tends to warm people in cold weather, but I always notice that we sit peculiarly still when travelling in winter. People seem frightened to stir. This morning as we drove along, we sat very stiff, talking merrily however ; indeed we could not have moved if we had wished. We had not driven far ere we overtook old Sophie plodding her way quite contentedly in the frost. It was wonderful how far and how fast the old woman could walk. We exchanged "Good mornings," and left her behind. I marvelled where she might be going, but was told she was much in the habit of visiting in the country round about, and was not afraid of distances.

The country was beautiful. The leaves had not all fallen—in fact comparatively few of them ;—but they hung ready to fall at the next storm. They partook of every autumnal colour. As the forenoon wore on, the light became ever brighter ; it was one of the most perfect days of its kind. There was even warmth in the sun's rays after ten o'clock, and the cold grew perceptibly less. It was one of those days of brightness, and clearness, and purity combined with cold, that seem to penetrate all the system, and fan away many evil humours. The quick motion of our vehicle through every village and past every work of man was most exhilarating.

We drove about eighteen miles in three hours, and then turned in to take lunch at the house of a lady, a friend of my companions. It was a very

pretty country-seat lying not far off the road. I was not sorry to alight and re-enter a comfortable room, for I found that three hours' driving in the keen air had brought something very like an appetite. We were unexpected, but not the less cordially welcomed on that account, and after partaking of some chocolate, &c., we felt ourselves decidedly less vacant, less chill, and in a more natural state. Then I had time to look about me, and admire the place. The house was very spacious, and ornamented with some pieces of old oak furniture, and inlaid cabinets, such as one sees in many English rooms, now that such things have become fashionable. In Denmark they are less generally sought after.

It turned out we had come upon a day of great merry-making. The lady of the mansion was going to have a dinner party and evening amusements. The soldiers of her own estate with their families, fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, brothers, besides a multitude more of her peasants,—these entire dependents were to come after dinner, along with many others from the neighbourhood. The ovations offered to the returning soldiers seemed as if they would find no end. We had just finished entertaining them and ourselves in our part of the country, and here we landed on a fresh festivity. This was to be on a grand scale, and more *recherché* than any I had taken part in before, inasmuch as it was given by one individual, and was a simple private party.

We were asked to remain to dinner, and agreed, in consideration of its special nature, although we should thereby be made very late for prosecuting our farther journey. The banquet was to be served at three. The forenoon was spent in discoursing upon things connected with the war and peace. About two o'clock a neighbouring clergyman arrived—one remarkable for his extra patriotism. He had been invited to grace the proceedings. The arrival of our party was looked upon as a happy circumstance, for my reverend host was everywhere welcome as a speechmaker to the peasants.

Towards three o'clock the rustic visitors began to arrive. Peasants came in with their wives on their arms, and were cordially received by their hospitable lady and the other members of her family. "The men," however, looked as heavy and lumpish as usual, and the women a little uneasy, as if not quite in their sphere. (The stolidity of those Danish boors is really quite aggravating.) Many hands were shaken, and many kind words of welcome and encouragement uttered. In a short time arrivals became more frequent, so that ere long the handsome saloon seemed filling, and I began to wonder where a table was to be found large enough to hold us all. The contrast between the aspect of the guests and the place of their reception was a little violent.

By-and-by, when all eventually had arrived, it was time to go to table, and we were marshalled across the hall of the house into the library, the

largest room the building contained. The dining-room would not have admitted us. The library was furnished with two tables extending its full length, and at them the assembled company just managed to find places; I believe not one more could have sat down. As it was, we were squeezed as close as possible, but did not mind the inconvenience, for the sake of the novelty. It was an odd sight to see such a troop of rustics dining in the handsome mansion of their feudal lady. What the exact number might be I know not.

Dinner was in keeping with Scandinavian hospitality, not merely plentiful, but superabundant. It was a compromise between peasant-diet and a higher style of living. The former was retained to suit the taste of the guests who might not have relished a succession of dishes to which they were not used. But, in addition to green kale and bacon—a loved dish in Denmark, among high and low,—there were soups, and joints, and puddings, and salads, and preserves, of which Danish cottagers, and even “courtmen,” can be expected to know but little.

Wictaill thai had, baithe braid and wyne so cler
And othir stuff yneuch at thair dynner.

It was surprising what justice was done the eatables. The number of dishes as they came in and took their places, course by course, on the side-board, was appalling, but most of them went out no more. And the substantial fare was right acceptable, for I

had not recovered from the keen appetite my drive had given me.

I should have liked to ascertain how much food was prepared that day for dinner. I am sure we ate an ox and a pig ; and a herd of kine could not have made greater havoc in the garden.

Speeches commenced as soon as eating had advanced a short way. Dinner goes on but slowly in this fashion, but then we did not sit after it, as in England. Skaals had to be drunk to the king, the fatherland, the army, &c., and occasion was taken thereby, to descant on the virtues and claims of each. With the army as a text, our reverend gentleman took occasion to enlarge on the glories of the soldier's life, and to depreciate the sailor, the old boast of Denmark. He said the Danish soldier had wiped off the disgrace which the sailor had incurred at Eckenförde, — had wiped it off at Fredericia,—and more to the same effect, calculated to gratify them who heard him, but, in itself, I thought neither a just nor a generous sentiment.

Our hostess had been at the expense of having a sufficient number of leaves, containing hymns, printed off, so that each had the words before his eyes, which were sung after every speech. Without singing of a half-religious, half-patriotic kind, no gathering among ultra-national Danes is looked on as complete. In the room, the sound of so many unmodulated voices was rather powerful, but it produced on the more impressible an effect that brought forth tears.

Towards the close, an elderly peasant got up to make a speech. It turned out, the duty had fallen upon him of proposing the hostess's skaal. He was superior to the most of his brethren, and acquitted himself remarkably well, sketching, in very well-chosen words, the kindness and high character of their lady, and dwelling upon the gratitude all his compeers ought to show towards her. It was a speech in perfectly good taste,—free from the spirit of equality, a little too prevalent among peasants at this time. The toast we all drank with much sincerity.

That the banquet could not be finished in less than two hours is evident, considering the long pauses and intellectual fillings up between each course. Then we adjourned to the other saloons once again. By this time many more persons were arriving, so that four large reception-rooms were absolutely crowded in a very short space. Coffee was next thought of, and had been provided in gigantic cups for the real guests of the day; I was happy that we by-the-by people were waited on by a tray with cups of smaller size.

It was high time we should be off, however willing to linger. The party was only commencing for the evening; it was better we should start ere we got too much interested in it. Indeed, as it was, the question came to be whether it was not now too late to proceed on our journey to-day. But there were many good reasons why we should.

Our carriage stood at the door about six o'clock. Many guests turned out to the court-yard to see us off, and all the family assembled on the steps for the same purpose. The sun was down, and day declining, and any warmth the forenoon had offered was now quite gone ; it was setting in to be a thoroughly cold evening. We took our places. " Is that all the clothing you have ? " cried they upon the steps as they saw my coats, plaid, blanket, and mantle ; " it is impossible you can travel in such an evening as this with so little on. How could you be so ill provided ? You must borrow a fur-cloak from us." With that a servant soon fetched out an immense mantle lined throughout with the thickest fur, much larger than those of my travelling companions ; a sort of envelope for a fully-clad human being it was, that one man could hardly lift. I made many protestations against carrying away so valuable and much-needed a piece of dress, but my words would not be listened to ; the " pels " (fur) would not be wanted for some days, and could come back with my friends when they returned that way. As usual I let myself be persuaded. I contrived to stand nearly erect in the carriage (in spite of the skin tub that engirded my legs), while a man got up behind and let down the whole " pels " about me. After that I tried to seat myself again, and did manage slowly to bend the structure until I sank into my place, feeling like a solitary piece of porcelain in a hamper of straw, and marvelling that

there was room for anybody else upon the seat. Probably seeing me look a little wonderstruck, the ladies on the step kindly called out, "Can you move at all?" "Oh, yes!" I said, "I think I can a little;" and then we drove off with reciprocal greetings, but I could neither nod nor wave my hand.

As we drove out of the avenue, we met a troop of gaily-dressed peasant girls, each with a garland in her hand, going to the assembly. The garlands were for the soldiers. I presume the party was right cheerful after we went on our way.

We passed through several Kjöbsteds in the course of the day. Nestved is an old and rather interesting town, but we did not halt in it at this time.

It was six at our second starting. The clearness of the forenoon had disappeared, and now the heavens were filled with clouds of all forms floating rapidly about their face. Light shone vividly in the west, and for some time helped us greatly on our way, but it every minute grew less powerful. We drove at a moderate pace, for the horses had already come far and should go yet farther. For some time it was interesting to take note of the concluding avocations of husbandmen as they prepared to leave their daily labour, but by and by they disappeared for the night; they had gone under the shadow of their own roofs. We talked for some time, but by degrees began, as the dark-

ness fell, to commune with our own spirits. Naturally we turned our heads upwards where, if objects on earth began to become indistinct, all was discernible as usual. Large clouds of different colours from black to white, and of every variety of form, hastened across the heavens. Some were very near, some far, far away. In the evening, between day and night, it is always wonderful to look at the heavens, whether they are clear, or whether they are cloudy. Above all things, is the sight of those swift driving clouds remarkable in a calm evening. So we wheeled along as it became obscurer around us, and gazed up to the sky, feeling a wonderful union with all the Creation, as it stretched itself away before our view, lightening and darkening into infinity. The remotest tracts of space were opened to our glance as the clouds parted for an instant to unite again elsewhere, and we felt at one with them all—with the clouds, and the winds, and the air, and the light and darkness; and we perceived how glorious was the scene, while the white radiance of day just lingered and trembled far up in the heavens, and we passed along beneath it in earth's shadow,—as

“ Gradually the powers of the night,
That range above the region of the wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up
Through all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.”

About nine o'clock we entered the Kjöbsted of

Ringsted, an old town of great name some centuries ago in Danish history. I saw nothing of it to-night but the mere streets which were wider and grander than those of most other such towns. We halted and dismounted at the Guestgiver Court to refresh our horses and take ourselves a little tea. I half grudged dismounting, on account of the trouble in putting off and on. It was wonderful how much cold had penetrated my pels; I was not chilly, but quite glad of tea.

In driving out of Ringsted we naturally talked, as we had done in leaving the last place, discoursing on the beauty of our drive, and as naturally we subsided into silence after a little. It was now quite dark; there was no moon, and the sky was clouded, and we had to depend entirely on our own light. There was something so dreamy about passing along the face of the night-wrapt country, that I believe it eventually induced a species of sleep. Certainly the time passed more rapidly than any other time had passed that day, otherwise singular in driving by night in an open carriage. When we stopped, I was taken by surprise, wondering that we should come to a halt so soon; but it turned out this was our destination, that it was two hours since we left Ringsted, and now midnight. We were indeed later than we had intended when we left home in the morning.

Rousing at once, I found we were drawn up in front of a building which was evidently the one side

of a priest court. As yet, we all remained in our seats. Some dogs inside the building were barking furiously, and we doubted not that the sound of their voices would soon bring out a human being. The large gate of entrance to the court-yard was closed, which is always the case at night after people go to bed, but as we were expected that evening, we rather wondered at it. Our coachman soon got down to try what he could effect. He made an attack upon the gate, but it was locked. He happened just then to have so severe a cold that his voice was gone and he could not speak above his breath, much less call out to those within the premises. Besides, the dogs continued to make such a noise that they might have awoken the whole establishment. But we were on the side of the building farthest from the dwelling-house, and it began to look rather hopeless for us to make them hear. Meantime, we in the carriage shouted with all our might, but in vain. We began to wonder whether our friends, far from expecting us, had not in a body abandoned their habitation. We had now, for a good many minutes, been drawn up alongside of this large, dark building, in the middle of the night, in an out-of-the-way part of the country, some distance from the public road.

Coachman, groping about, ultimately found that he could effect an entrance into a barn, or cart-shed, through a hole in the wall. It was not a very safe hole had thieves come about, but we were glad of it, and, with some interest, watched him wriggling in-

wards. A few moments after he opened the portals, which he found were merely barred within. Then we drove forwards, crossing the causewayed yard, and stopped at the front door.

Here we thought it best all to get down, which we effected in the course of time, still no one appearing. On applying at the door, we found it unlocked; remarkable enough for a lone house in the country. So we effected an entrance, and went into the parlour, leaving coachman to find his way, as best he might, to the stables. Miss went immediately to some of her relatives' rooms, and soon came back with the intelligence that they sat up for us till eleven o'clock, when, not thinking we could come that night, they had gone to rest, so sleepy, that the noise of our arrival did not awaken any one; but rooms were prepared for us, and we could take possession of them at once. I was accordingly led to an apartment prepared for an occupant, and pleasantly heated; I was immensely sleepy, and soon dropped over, remaining unconscious till the next morning. Otherwise there was something so *uncanny* in the whole adventure—the solitary house, the dark night, our long waiting, the doors all seemingly shut and yet opening at a touch, our freedom of movement through dark passages and chambers, where neither a creature was to be seen, nor a sound to be heard—that, if I had not been so fatigued, I should assuredly have dreamt of ghosts and enchanted castles.

I awoke late next morning, and had just finished dressing, when my friendly pastor came in to see whether I would not get up. The cheerful breakfast-room, with a large and happy family assembled in it, had a most delightful effect on the spirits, and dissipated at once all vapours of the night. Here I had to be presented to master and mistress, and the younger branches, who were all right cordial in speech and behaviour. Of course, a great deal was said of our ill-starred arrival the night before, and of how they had expected us hour after hour, and at length at eleven had departed and gone to bed, and how singular it was nobody heard us at first. It was a fertile theme for both sides.

We spent the forenoon and dined at this parsonage, and then drove on to the other, not many miles farther,—the abode of my friend's brother. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived there, where I was again thrown on strangers' hospitality. I was anxious to get to my destination this evening, as I had written to let my friends expect me. So, as I could not, in such a rural district, obtain a conveyance to hire, the clergyman to whom I was introduced instantly offered to send me in one of his conveyances, an offer of which I was obliged gratefully to accept. I had farewells to take ere I set out, not merely of new acquaintance, but of my now old and valued friends, whose guest I had been so long. But I had the prospect of seeing them soon again in Copenhagen. Accordingly I mounted a

chariot once more, this time alone, and with many Godspeeds drove away.

In two hours I entered the same court-yard which I had driven into as a stranger in the month of July ; the first place in which I had made proof of Danish hospitality. But how different were the emotions then and now ! To-night I felt quite as if coming to see old friends ; then all was strange. This was the first time I arrived upon a second visit anywhere, and it had a remarkably comfortable feeling ; it was quite dark, — indeed near eight o'clock ; and an October evening was not nearly so beautiful as a July afternoon, but, nevertheless, I approached the front door with more sincere gladness than on the first occasion. The dogs barked just as before, and servants popped out to see who came, one carrying a carriage ladder as usual. Ere I had mounted the steps, the venerable Major appeared at the door, with the same cordial welcome as ever, and soon after some more of the family. It turned out I had arrived upon rather a large evening party, many of the members of which I knew. In a few minutes, I was seated in an agreeable circle, and prizing the circumstances that severed me from one set of friends only to bring me into another.

There *is* a very great comfort in coming of a dark evening to a country house, where one is known and expected. For that evening, I had enough to do, making and answering many kind inquiries.

CHAPTER VII.

One to welcome
Her husband with a rude unruly tongue.

SOUTHEY.

Jeg vilde ønske, at jeg var indsluttet udi et Kloster, thi jeg finder
kun liden Fornøjelse i Verden.

HOLBERG.

THE weather was so obliging as to grow much milder in the course of the following days. We had some more very beautiful weeks of a calm decaying autumn. The leaves dropped leisurely from the trees. There was just blast enough to make them spin merrily beneath our feet, as we trudged about the woods.

But the garden-room door was closed, and a stove heated in the drawing-room. The free airy aspect of Danish country-houses, that I had first here made acquaintance with, had entirely disappeared, and was succeeded by a thoroughly northern arrangement of closed doors and internal heat.

I submitted to the lazy-looking luxury of early breakfast in my own room. My friends suspected I did not much like descending even at seven in the morning, so I permitted the servant to bring me the

hot tea-water and tempting buttered rusks and biscuits which I used to dispatch in my solitude with great relish, whereafter, I leisurely read, wrote and dressed, and went down stairs to forage for some of the family any time in the course of the morning. We by no means abandoned the habit of taking a stroll before our ten o'clock luncheon.

Harvest was all past save the fruit harvest. This year there happened to be an unusual abundance of apples and pears, but the quality was inferior. The season had, on the whole, not been genial enough to ripen the fruit ; but the spring had been peculiarly favourable to its formation, and the quantity was quite prodigious. Owing to these two circumstances, many people did not think it worth while to gather their fruit at all ; they took as much as they might be likely to want, and allowed the rest to rot. In many of the gardens and orchards of our neighbours, we trod on walks covered with fallen apples,—a not very desirable or dry kind of gravel. The plenty was so enormous, I did not wonder at people becoming hopeless of ever housing it, or using it if they did. And it appeared that there was no market for so much fruit in Copenhagen.

There was no such scene in the garden walks of my host, who considered it as a despising of God's gifts to take no pains to reap the kindly fruits of the earth. Whatever might eventually be their fate. they were meantime to be husbanded.

For many days, nay, for weeks, there was no cessation in the plucking, bearing indoors, and stowing away of apples. The trees in the garden were, many of them, inhabited by one or two human beings, busy from morning to night, filling large baskets. Two men did nothing but carry the fruit to the house. Many times did I marvel at that constant carrying. Come down stairs when one would, and look through the window whatever time it chanced to occur to one, it was impossible to fail seeing the same two men marching from the garden-gate across the court-yard to a door on the other side, and bearing between them the same large hamper piled high with apples. It was as if the men, on reaching their destination, were transported back to go over the same ground again. I used to think it must be a pastime the mansion-owners got up for their guest's amusement, or that it took place by enchantment. I remembered the American superstition of Jumbieback,—the evil spirit who assumed the form of a vast plain or prairie. When travellers essayed to cross the seeming muirland, he allowed them to get on very well during the day, but at night, when they struck up their tents, he would give a quiet hitch, and transport them back to the self-same spot they had left in the morning, so that they might traverse the treacherous prairie till the day of their death, and never advance one step. I was ready to think my two apple-bearers had got upon Jumbieback.

Up, above the highest floor of the mansion, it seemed there was a series of attics which were used as store-rooms. There, one of the ladies presided for many days over the disposition of the fruit, until she announced that she abhorred even the smell of apples.

There was proportionally a like plenty of pears which were the only fruit we thought worthy of being eaten. In the forenoon and in the evening, we used to consume them as heartily as we could ; but we made little progress. Each day saw large loads afresh brought in ; so we fell upon a clever plan. In the morning, when we took our walks, it was resolved to bear a moderate-sized basket filled with ripe pears for distribution among such of our humbler neighbours as we might meet, or whose cottages we might pass. I carried the basket, but when a cottager hove in sight, I delivered it to one of the ladies, knowing that she could dispense its contents more wisely than I, and that they would be more welcome from her hand. In the course of our round, of whatever length it might be, we always contrived to empty our basket. The attention on the part of the gracious Misses was evidently very well received by their dependents. The first morning of this arrangement, we met, not far from the gates, a large-built peasant girl. " Will you have some pears ? " quoth one of the ladies, taking the basket from me, and emptying a good share of its contents into the apron that was at once held out to receive them. The girl

spake not a word ; but when she had bundled up her apron again about the fruit, with a somewhat theatrical air, as if her gratitude was too great for language, she seized the lady by the arm with her large fist, so that I thought she was going to put Miss's hand into her mouth ; but it turned out she was only going to imprint a kiss on it, after which she went on her way.

One Sunday, when we drove across to afternoon service at the parish church, owing to some error of the clocks, it turned out we had come nearly an hour too early. The clergyman had not yet arrived from his annexed church, at which he had been performing morning service. Coachman was bid to put up the horses, while the Major-ess asked me whether I would accompany her and her family to call upon the pastor's wife ; I acceded.

In stepping through the garden, I was made aware of the peculiarity in the good lady we were going to see, that, in spite of apparent perfect prosperity, and the absence of all outward calamity, she nevertheless found the world go evermore grievously against her, and her lot full of crooks, of which she was apt to complain bitterly to all who came within ear-shot. Sometimes she was in such a sea of troubles, that she would hardly admit a visiter.

We were, however, admitted.

"How do you do, Madame —— ?"

"Oh ! very middling ! Will you sit down, Major-ess ?" (Here the foreigner was introduced, and

made sadly welcome.) "I have just been in Copenhagen : returned on Friday. I ought to have staid longer for my health, for I have been suffering dreadfully from rheumatism ; but the weather became so cold after I had been away two days, and as I had left no word here for lighting the stoves, I knew—" (here she mentioned her husband), " must be sitting in the cold, for they could not get the stoves heated without me, and I was obliged to come back to see it done. I was so vexed when I thought of his sitting without fire ; I assure you when I thought of him sitting in a cold room, I grew so angry—I was so enraged—I could have—I don't know what I could have done."

Here the good woman wrought herself into a frenzy, and rolled about on her chair, while we thought she might have spared herself much of the suffering by allowing the servant (or her husband) control enough over domestic matters even to light a stove on personal responsibility. But the pastress did not suffer any one to rule or even advise in the house,—certainly not her goodman.

We tried to lead her from the painful theme of the stove, and talked, of course, of the weather, as a gentle change, and other cognate things.

"It has been an excellent harvest," said some one ; " there is a remarkable plenty of fruit."

"Fruit!" cried Madame —— ; " oh, such an unheard-of quantity of fruit ! Did you ever know such a plague ? I never saw anything like it. I am sure,

before I went to Copenhagen, I did nothing for days together but get the apples and pears taken into the house and put up in the attics ; I was so sick of them ! And while I was away the pears all rotted, and when I came back the juice had run down through the seams of the floor, and stained all the roof of the room below, and raised such a smell ! We have three great pear-trees in the garden, and they bore such a quantity this year. I wish they were cut down ;—I wish they were pulled up by the roots. Those wretched pears have spoiled all the ceiling of my room ; I wish I had never seen one of them ! And all when I was away from home !”

Just then the good pastor came in on his way from the one church to the other. He greeted us ; but ere he had time to say more, his wife cried out,

“ I was just saying, I must have those pear-trees rooted up. Listen, ——, I must have the pear-trees rooted up.”

The pastor looked mildly at his excited spouse who stood in the middle of the floor, suiting the action to the word, and grasping with her hands towards the ground, as if actually tugging at the trees. He did not speak, knowing that his consent to alterations in the garden was quite superfluous, but proceeded to take a slight refreshment ere commencing his second service. We all felt too deeply for the injured lady to find words.

It was time for service, and we followed the clergyman to church, but not till his wife had violently

reproached him for eating so little of what she had provided.

“He would turn ill in the pulpit ; he would grow faint. What was the use of setting things out if he would not take any of them ? Did we not think he ought to eat more ?” &c.

But we gave an undecided opinion, and hastened away from the pastoress, who was too ill and in too deep trouble to go to church. Poor lady ! the world went ill with her.

A few days afterwards, I overheard my hostess mentioning to another lady that, on the preceding Sunday, we had called upon Madame ——.

“Oh, indeed ! and how is she just now ?”

“She has too many pears,” was the answer.

All the clergymens’ families of the neighbourhood did not suffer so many adversities as our parish priest’s. Another, no farther distant, whose church also was on the estate of my host, asked us to go one day to be present at the wedding of a peasant, which was to take place in his priest-court. It was a proof of good-luck and good-will in his household, that the wedding was celebrated there. The parties engaged were poor, and to save them the cost of a brilliant marriage feast, their minister offered to have it in his premises—an offer gratefully accepted. Had there, however, been a great deal of sorrow and suffering in his domestic circle—by reason of pear-trees or aught else—it is not likely such a thing could have taken place.

We went, accordingly, to the wedding. It was a pleasure to see the pastor and his partner in life burdening themselves with so great an undertaking (out of pure kind-heartedness), and receiving and entertaining their visitors with the utmost good-nature.

The bridegroom was a returned soldier ; who the bride was, I know not. There must have been some good reason for their being signalled out by the clergyman's family ; it would not have done to treat many couples in like manner.

The marriage ceremony took place in church. There is, it seems, an old belief that whichever of the pair first puts foot upon the carpet in front of the altar is afterwards to enjoy supremacy in the conjugal relation. As the two walked demurely up the aisle towards the altar, in front of which the clergyman awaited them, I, ignorant then of this tradition, little dreamt of the anxiety reigning in both hearts to secure a step in advance. My companions, however, did not omit to observe narrowly what took place, of which I was subsequently informed. I have now entirely forgotten whether he or she came off with this earnest of future dominion. Everybody in church looked demure enough.

After the pair was married, we made all haste back to the priest-court. Dinner was soon served. The party was large, and three tables were extended in the garden room. The viands consisted as usual, first of rice-gröd, and afterwards of some other favourite dish.

As soon as possible, the tables were removed to make room for dancing which soon commenced, and was continued until long after we left. The bride disappeared for a space. When she returned, it was discernible she had absented herself to effect a change in toilet. The cap, of the usual bonnet shape, in which she had been married, was removed; it had been trimmed with coloured silk and ornamented with brilliant scarlet ribbons. The one in which she re-appeared was of the same shape, but trimmed and hung with ribbons of black. It appeared black was the proper hue for matrons, and an object of pride.

When the bride returned, she took part in the dancing. She danced with her husband—from him into a troop of her former companions, unmarried damsels, who received and detained her with much noise—and from their midst with some violence back into the arms of her husband again. The whole with much stir and din. It was a needful part of the wedding day's ceremonies.

All the afternoon the pastoreess was fully busy in another room pouring out coffee to her guests. Eight or ten matrons, men, and damsels, were invited to enter the coffee-room at the same moment, where they were supplied with large bowls of the beverage. I spent a good deal of time in the coffee chamber, watching operations and discoursing with the pastoreess and the ladies who assisted her. Most of the peasants belonged to my host's estate, but as

they pertained to a distant part of it, many of them turned out to be personally unknown to the ladies from the manor-house.

We left early, as we had to go to another party at a seat a good way off. Here we had to recount our experiences of the day. I owned the transition from the crowd of peasants to a civilized drawing-room was one of the more pleasing experiences.

It is not to be supposed the returned soldiers were allowed to be without their glorification in this quarter any more than in any other. It happened to be delayed until thus late in the season, wherefore it was found necessary to celebrate it under cover. I was not present at the merry-making, but I accompanied the major the day previously on an expedition of arrangement, which he, as proprietor of the soil, had much to do with. I saw all the grandeur of Dannebrogs and evergreens, &c., and had little curiosity, after so much gaiety, to participate farther in the rejoicings.

My delightful stay, on this occasion, extended to three weeks. The autumn was far advanced, and it behoved to return to the metropolis. Accordingly on the 8th of November, I bade adieu to my kind entertainers, and retraced my way to town by the same road I had traversed in July. I arrived safe in Copenhagen after an absence from it of more than three months—a time much fuller of novel incidents and impressions of a rural kind than it would be possible for me to convey even if the space

could be justifiably occupied. It was my first familiarity with the pleasant scenes of the green Danish isles. On my way back to Copenhagen, I took with me an impression of leafless trees and winter. Copenhagen was thoroughly dirty. It had rained much, and the streets were nothing but mire. There was no fog as in London, but everything else told of November. Oftentimes it poured while one walked, and at all times the ways were groundless, to the absolute disfigurement of our dress.

I first took up my abode in the Hotel Royal ; I had nothing but dismal remembrances of the *Angleterre*. The Royal lies opposite Christiansborg Palace, and is on the whole the best hotel in Copenhagen. I have tried all. At the close of a few days, with much difficulty, I succeeded in getting lodgings. Every house seemed filled, and I had to content myself with very second-rate quarters. The truth is, the Danish metropolis is now too small for its inhabitants, and is overcrowded. In the beginning of the winter season, all habitable places are speedily occupied. It is not the custom for people to change their houses, or even lodgings, except at the Flitting Day (*Flytte Dag*) which occurs twice a year, in April and October ; and I came to town after the Flitting Day was past. In some respects, so far well, for it is a most unpleasant day, when all the furniture of the town is exchanging quarters, and the streets are full of straw, feathers, dust, and every abomination.

My abode had, however, the merit of an agreeable situation. It was by the northern rampart, where I had no more of the town beyond me, and could speculate upon the persons walking on the Ramparts (when I had nothing better to do), as well as upon the country lying to the outside.

What everybody seemed principally occupied with, when I arrived in town, was a *fête* that was about to be given to the venerable Oehlenschläger, on occasion of his attaining his seventieth birthday. Said day was the 14th of November. I came to town too late to secure admission, inasmuch as the attendance was very restricted, and the *fête* of a quite private nature. I much regretted it afterwards. In the circumstances, I could have procured a ticket only by the kindness of some friend. The festival was in the form of a dinner, but was not, properly speaking, a public dinner.

It came off well, and we saw enough of it in the papers. Everybody of name in the learned world (save those of the opposite faction ; for in the Danish metropolis, the votaries of literature, science, and art, divide themselves into two utterly hostile parties), and a few individuals of the *great* world, showed themselves at the dinner in honour of the poet. In order to accommodate all, the place chosen for assembling was the shooting gallery outside the town, on the way to Fredericksberg, very near the place of Oehlenschläger's birth.

I suppose there was no great difference between

this and other such dinners ; from friends who were present, I could gather nothing very outstanding. A great deal of original poetry had been recited, of which I saw some specimens. The hero of the feast replied to the odes addressed to him, in a strain of some length ; but it was not striking. The only incident which has cleaved to my memory in regard to it was told me by several individuals ; in fact, it appears to have been the most memorable event of the evening. When Oehlenschläger tried to pluck forth from his breast-pocket the manuscript of his reply, it would not come—it turned out, the servant, in sewing as usual the orders and decorations upon her master's coat, had struck her thread through the manuscript placed already in the pocket : a knife had to be employed ere the poem could be liberated.—*En passant*, must not this constant sewing on and cutting off of decorations be rather hard upon the broad-cloth ?

This was Oehlenschläger's seventieth birth-day, and, therefore, celebrated with more zeal than any preceding : it turned out, also, to be his last.

A few evenings later, the students of the University held a *fête* in honour of the poet who was at the same time professor of *Æsthetics* in the University ; but at this he was not present—he was already attacked by the illness from which he never recovered. The day following his birth-day celebration was, I believe, the last occasion on which he went out.

It so happened, I never saw Oehlenschläger, who has universally been regarded as the greatest bard of Denmark during the present century. In the early part of the summer, soon after my arrival in Denmark, a friend of mine had proposed taking me to call for the veteran ; but he was then living in the house granted him by Queen Marie Sophie, in Fredericksberg gardens—an inconvenient distance from town. One and another thing had evermore come in our way, until eventually I went to the country. While at Baron S——'s, Oehlenschläger was expected there on a visit, and I already rejoiced in the prospect of becoming somewhat nearly acquainted with him. But he did not come. Friends from Sweden were with him, and he could not bring them to the country. Again I was disappointed. On returning to town in November, and finding myself too late to be present at the festival, I reminded my friend of his promise, and we continually planned a visit. But Oehlenschläger was unwell, and it would be better to wait until he recruited. He did not recruit. The illness was slow and unimportant for many weeks, but ultimately it assumed a more serious form, and proved fatal.

Thus I missed the father of modern Danish poetry, but on that account was not disheartened from making the acquaintance of others.

Every one who writes upon Denmark details the particulars of his introduction to Hans Christian Andersen. Mr. Andersen pays dear for his English

renown, since he must receive the visits of every stray British traveller, and run at the same time the risk of having a full account of such visits published in an English journal or book of travels. My own attempts to see him during summer had been fruitless, as I had missed him on my first visit, and he had soon after gone to Sweden. But on my return to Copenhagen for the winter, I renewed my attempts, and was more successful. I found him at home in his abode in Newhaven, a street that runs down by the side of a busy quay, where the poet has the constant view of fishing-boats and fishermen—a very bustling and lively, but not right beautiful scene. It is, however, hallowed by being doubtless Thorvaldsen's haunts as a child, when he hung about his father, the ship-carpenter. There is little of a settled or domestic aspect in Andersen's apartments—one could fancy he had just taken lodgings for a few weeks. He is unmarried, and spends, I think, little time at home. He is fond of society, and is never to be met with at his own habitation during the evening, nor in fact at any time but in the early morning. One wonders when his books are written ; but I believe he lays himself more out for that, during summer, when in the country. In winter, he spends many forenoons at the houses of intimate friends, and his evenings in company. His society is much courted by those who know him best ; and it requires a long acquaintance to know him at all well. He is not one of those who reveal themselves at once to a stranger ; on the

contrary, at first, it is difficult to recognize the wonderful story-teller.

But in the course of time, through a crust of formality, and civility, and worldliness, the spirit of the man begins to break forth to meet a fellow-man. All who knew him intimately told me of his amiability and spirituality, and, of course, I believed them, because I had read his books and knew what *must* be in him. But it was long, long ere I saw with my own eyes. Shortly before I quitted Denmark, he began to get accustomed to seeing me, and *then* opened a little of his heart. I thought, one half-year more would have made us acquainted.

I must not enlarge farther at present on the poet of fairy-land, lest I fall under the condemnation I have myself indicated with respect to travellers in Denmark.

One other personality I must advert to, because he struck me too much to let me pass him by. One day at dinner at a friend's house, not long after my return to town, in a pretty large party, my eye was at once caught by a man of most singular appearance, and after I had examined the rest of the company, my gaze always reverted to him. He was not old, but bordering thereupon, tall, but with a halt in his gait. His hair hung curiously about his large forehead, as if forming a back-ground to his eyes, which were wonderfully dreamy yet definite. It seemed as if one glance from him was enough to satisfy him about any object ; he then knew it quite

well, and did not use his eyes any more ; yet they were not purposeless, they looked quite "made to see with, not to be separated," as Grundtvig says. Altogether, however, he was about the most ghostly, unworldly human being I ever saw. It was the poet Hauch, I found, on asking my host. By and by I knew him better, and admired him all the more.

There is not much satisfaction in detailing one's first impressions of all the notabilities one sees. It is only a few years since it became the fashion to relate every particular connected with the personal appearance, dress, arm-chair, study-table, book-cases, spectacles, pocket-handkerchief, &c., of a poet or learned man, but already have we had such a superabundance of such detail that, however interesting it was at first, I am sure every one will be thankful to me for sparing them the infliction in this instance.

And this the more especially as first interviews with any person, whatever he might be, during the period I was in Denmark, were almost sure to take a direction towards the then all-important affairs of the Danish people, and not towards aught scientific or "purely reasonable." I remember, for instance, going one day with Professor Höyen, the historian of Art, to call for Professor Westergaard, the well-known Sanscrit scholar ; we sat, I dare say, an hour, and all the talk between the two learned men was about the war, the Rigsdag, the representation, &c. Just when we were rising to come away, the conver-

sation turned suddenly upon Oriental matters for a few minutes.

It was now the Copenhagen "season;" at least the forerunner of the same, which, properly speaking, commences after Christmas; but most families come to town in November. When I had formerly been in Copenhagen, town was "empty;" now it was; I can conscientiously say, "full."

Shortly after arriving in the metropolis, I made an agreeable commencement to the winter campaign by partaking of the kind hospitality of the British Minister.

It was also now that I had the honour of being presented to her Majesty the Queen Dowager Caroline Amalie. I was eager to see a Princess so distinguished for the virtues that can adorn her rank, (the earnest profession of Christianity marking and ennobling all the rest), as well as celebrated for that beauty of person which has so long been the pride of the land. Her Majesty has also claims on a Briton's tribute of respect, being so nearly related to the Royal Family of England. I was most graciously received. And it was, indeed, heart-moving to stand before a queen who had so beautifully realized the title of mother of the people, and who had also shown the possibility of a Queen walking humbly with her God. Her Majesty has all along chosen the better part that shall not be taken from her—even on a throne and in a careless court adorning in all things that doctrine she acknowledged—

and in later and most painful times, I doubt not she has experienced the peace that passeth understanding.

During the life of his late Majesty Christian VIII. I can easily fancy, how, during the travels their Majesties made in foreign lands, they were incommoded by the crowds that were attracted by the appearance of the royal personages. The late King must, by all accounts, and by the portraits still left of him, have been a singularly handsome and commanding man.

“ That fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometime march,”

and “the beauteous majesty of Denmark” united, made an impression in strange lands; and I have been told they were often nearly mobbed in different places by populations drawn together merely by the rumour of their personal appearance.

CHAPTER VIII.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obeyed
And revered by it, so much the rather
By how much he delighteth more to lead.

CHARLES HARVEY.

I ENTERED the churches of Copenhagen with a greater familiarity with the language and worship than before I went to the country. The metropolis is not ill-provided with faithful preachers. In this there has taken place a change since the beginning of the present century. Formerly, there was a universal Rationalism ; now, in the pulpits, there is a great proportion of evangelical truth. I say "in the pulpits," because the change has principally been effected *there*. The movement towards Gospel-Orthodoxy commenced with, and went out from the clergy. This was, perhaps, so far well, and the right and natural order ; but it has had the effect of placing the clergy on a point proportionally far in advance of the people, and the people too far in the rear of their clergy. At the same time, it is to be expected that in the course of years, the influence acting downwards will produce its blessed effects ; already has there been in the present century a vast

amount of fruit, and it is to be hoped that the impression will become more and more pervading.

There are still churches in the metropolis in which nothing but the driest and deadliest morality is preached in place of the Gospel ; at the same time these are not more than two or three in number. Owing to the practice of placing several ministers as colleagues in the same church, a curious mixture of light and darkness has resulted in some instances. The place of worship in the metropolis best provided with godly and gifted men is the Palace Church. This is a large, handsome, but ill-built place, not at all like a Christian temple. Its regular pastor is the Reverend Mr. Paulli, Court Chaplain, a very admirable and popular preacher. He, however, officiates only once a fortnight. On the alternate Sundays, the pulpit is filled by the Bishop of Copenhagen and Professor Martensen.

The Palace Church is the most fashionable place of worship in Copenhagen ; and it is thus a peculiarly happy circumstance that its preachers should be men of such influence and power. The large building is always full and usually crowded. The audience is the highest in rank and importance, many of whom, go, doubtless, for fashion's sake, whilst the rest of the church is filled by a more miscellaneous throng. In every way it is a matter of high moment that, just in this church, such splendid displays of the Christian Truth should be never-failing.

Other churches which can also be mentioned as supplied by a Gospel ministry are Holmen's Kirke and Trinitatis. They are always very full. So is the Garrison Kirke ; all which seems to betray on the part of the population a certain desire for good.

One other church, small in size, and mean in appearance, as well as remote in position, which, nevertheless, has in recent times borne a weighty part in the development of spiritual life in Copenhagen, must not be omitted in an enumeration of the evangelically-supplied churches. I mean the chapel of the Vartou Hospital. Grundtvig's position in Copenhagen is as Chaplain of this Hospital, for which cause he preaches every Sunday, nominally to the aged and infirm pensioners of the wards, but in reality to a numerous, though most select company of his own earnest admirers, those who, having received spiritual good by his means, are the constant and devoted attenders on his ministry, never dreaming of hearing any other preacher. All who have been converted under Grundtvig, have generally at the same time received an entirely peculiar direction in Christianity, which, although excellent in many ways, has the unhappy effect, among others, of causing them to separate themselves in the spiritual life, to a great extent, from their fellow-Christians in their country. At the same time, Grundtvig's influence on the spiritual life of his native land is as great as if there were the completest communion between him, or rather his

followers, and the outer world. In fact, strangers, both of town and country, drop continually into the Vartou Church, and doubtless carry away deep impressions. But, setting aside all such passing influences, and the stronger influence that Grundtvig exercises by means of other clergymen who, moulded by his hands, preach the faith in much the same style in different places, after all, the best and highest use of the Vartou Church in the metropolis of Denmark is in these years as a signal witness against the want of faith in the nominal church. It would certainly not be a desirable consummation if all faithful people were to take the same direction, for, earnest and genuine as the Grundtvig party is, and valuable as its strong grasp of the faith is (as a witness), still the tendency of the school is in the *form* of faith to hide the Gospel. Grundtvig has done much to crush and quell unbelief, and he and his immediate friends are full of the spirit of Christianity, and it is on this account that this peculiar development of Christian truth and life is valuable. But there is a purer Christianity and a more excellent way; and, blessed be God! Denmark does not want now for manifestations of the purest Gospel!

While rejoicing, however, in the churches to which I alluded above as places where Christianity in its freeness and simplicity is made known, I cannot but highly prize the ministrations of the Vartou Church, were it for no other reason than

that they have acted as so powerful an antidote and so restless an awakening force. Otherwise, to any one it ought to be a *treat* to hear a sermon there.

To us English, it is a curious custom, that of advertising in the daily papers the names of the clergymen who are to officiate in the respective churches on the coming Sunday. Yet in many continental places this is done; for instance, even in Berlin, which is a large town. In Copenhagen a list appears in the Saturday paper of the various churches, with the officiating minister in each, which of course varies weekly, as so many churches are collegiate. It is a very convenient custom, as one always knows whom one can hear. I suppose each church sends an announcement to the newspaper office,—at all events the lists are always correct. In London it would be scarcely practicable, for the announcement of every church and chapel would fill a paper of itself. We should at first think it a very odd thing to seize the paper eagerly on Saturday, as the Copenhageners do, in order to read the pulpit-list.

I have thought it worth while to copy from an old newspaper (of 1840) which I have laid hands on, one such list as a specimen. It will be noticed, communions are announced in some instances, but that is where they occur rarely; in most churches they take place so often that they are not advertised.

Mark also the old Catholic service designations :—

To-morrow,
Sunday, the 19th April.
PREACHERS.

MATINS.

Our Lady Church, Mr. Budde Lund, 7 o'clock.
Holmen's, Mr. Gottlieb, 7 o'clock.

HIGH MASS.

Palace Church, Bishop Mynster, 10 o'clock.
Our Lady, Diocesan-Dean Tryde.
Holmen's, Dean Holm.
Holy Ghost, Mr. Wolf.
Trinity, Mr. Rothe.
Petri, Mr. Johannsen.
Our Saviour's, Dean Schack.
Frederick's, Mr. Thun.
Garrison's, Mr. Brorson.
The Citadel, Mr. Petersen, half-past 9 o'clock.
The Reformed, *German*, Mr. Hamburger.

(COMMUNION.)

The Reformed, *French*, Mr. Raffard, 12 o'clock.

(COMMUNION.)

Vartou, Mr. Grundtvig.
General Hospital, Mr. Rönne, half-past eight o'clock.
Abel. Cathr. Foundation, Mr. Rönne, 10 o'clock.
Dome-house Chapel, Mr. Visby, 12 o'clock.
Blue Tower, Mr. Jörgensen (student).
Fredericksberg Town, Mr. Holsöe, 1 o'clock.
Swedish sermon in the English chapel.

EVENING SONG.

Our Lady, Mr. Budde Lund.

Holmen's Mr. Riis.

Holy Ghost, Mr. Candidate Jörgensen.

Trinity, Mr. Ollgaard.

Petri, Mr. Stapel.

Our Saviour's, Mr. Tage Schack.

Garrison, Mr. Glahn.

In all respects, the majority of the Copenhagen clergy are a much-to-be-admired set of men. With my arrival in town for the winter, my personal acquaintance with them may be said to have begun. In private, in daily life, one only learns to value them more, by seeing that there is nothing contradictory to their public activity.

Not long after I returned from my autumn's rustication, I had the great pleasure to be introduced to the reverend and much-honoured head of the Danish clergy, the Lord Bishop of Copenhagen, by which I commenced an acquaintance which I was with great kindness ever after allowed to cultivate and reap the advantage of. As I had from a time very soon after my arrival in Denmark learned to venerate the character of the distinguished prelate, and as a closer familiarity with his writings, and a growing acquaintance with the eminence of the place which he holds, and must ever retain, in the history of Denmark, had taught me, during the half year or rather more of my sojourn, to venerate him only the deeper, it was with eagerness I grasped at the

kind offer of a friend to present me to his Excellency.

The episcopal palace or "Bishop's-court" of Copenhagen, stands at an angle with the university, occupying another side of the square, of which the centre is filled by the Church of our Lady, and in fact right opposite the grand portico of the church which is surmounted by a beautiful *bas relief* of Thorvaldsen, representing St. John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. From the windows of the episcopal residence, this *bas relief* is constantly visible. The palace itself is a modern and not very handsome building, and is joined at one end to the street that runs from the square.

We proceeded one forenoon—a good lady and myself—and rang the outer door bell. Being admitted, we proceeded across a vestibule and through a large stone hall, where my conductor pointed out to me a number of Egyptian and other remains built into the wall, giving to the place the look of an entrance to an antiquarian museum. They were placed there by a deceased bishop,—I believe indeed by the late Dr. Münter who was renowned for his historical and archæological learning. Now they have a curious and pleasing effect. Passing through the entrance hall, we ascended the stairs, and were soon ushered into the drawing-room, where I was presented to the members of the Bishop's family.

When we had sat and chatted perhaps about a quarter of an hour with some other visitors who

were present, my friendly guide, having ascertained that his Excellency was disengaged, told me we should now proceed to the *sanctum*. Accordingly we quitted the drawing-room, and traversed a large saloon until we reached a door on the opposite side. Here we halted. "I must always draw breath ere I knock at *this* door," quoth my conductress. Then the knock was given, and immediately responded to by a mild voice from the interior (the tones of which I recognised), calling "come in." We entered, and were at once welcomed by the room's occupant who rose from his writing-table to meet us. It was a presence that inspired reverence ; one of the most dignified figures, and one of the benignest countenances I had ever seen. I was introduced, and received the right hand of cordiality, whereupon my good conductress withdrew, telling me not to stay too long, and she would wait for me in the drawing-room ; then we were left alone. Seated beside the Bishop, I was soon engaged in unrestrained conversation till I had almost forgotten the injunction. In leaving, every previous sentiment of admiration was deepened, and that of affection added thereto. Save the warmth of heart, and dignity of character, and holiness of life manifest at the first contact, there had been nothing to remind me that I was in the presence of the Primate of Denmark, and a renowned divine. It was the pure loveliness of a human soul fashioned into Christ's divine pattern—a fair and fitting example of the renewed man in whose heart the

image of Christ was formed, the fruit being holiness—love to God and man. A beautiful pattern for the flock of which he had been appointed overseer. Remembering what he had been to Denmark, I was full of pleasure at having been in the aged servant of God's presence, hoping to have imbibed a little resolve also to be of faith and its fruits. I have always found that the very contact with a great and good man, raises one's whole existence.

Otherwise, it is seldom that a life of long toil is carried forward with such undiminished strength unto the years beyond three-score and ten. Looking at the Bishop's vigour and ardour and many labours, at the present moment, it was difficult to realise that these labours had been going on for half a century ; but it brought to mind some old promises about the righteous man flourishing like the palm-tree—about those who are planted in the Lord's house bringing forth fruit in old age.

CHAPTER IX.

Eet Spørgsmaal har jeg dog at gjøre Alle :
 Om Noget er saa dansk i Aand og Smag,
 Saa ret fornøieligt, af Harm ublandet,
 Som Julen i en Præstegaard paa Landet ?

PALUDAN-MÜLLER.

At Christmas, I again went to the country. On Monday, the 24th December, I found myself starting in the dark early morning to get out of town. Paludan-Müller avers that, to enjoy Christmas in Denmark, it must be spent in the country and at a parsonage. Therefore, I the more readily accepted my former clerical host's friendly invitation to pass the festival season with some more town visitors at his roomy court.

In town, it was a dismal dark morning. I had to be up sadly betimes, for the way was long, and I behoved to arrive as early in the evening as possible to witness the solemnities of Christmas eve. A single cup of tea was all I had to infuse heat, and I stood in much want of more ere many hours passed. The discomforts of setting out in a winter morning cannot be overrated.

The railway was available for a few miles, but at the second station I had to forsake it for a

coach. All the morning, forenoon, and afternoon, I gave myself to simple misery in the woful diligence. At the changes, there was time for some refreshment, so-called, but it only chilled one to get out and in again. The weather was very severe.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, as daylight had given place to darkness, our diligences availed us no farther. I found by this time that in the second coach, behind the one in which I was seated, two young men, students from Copenhagen, were travelling to the same destination with myself. Our coaches, as I said, availed us no farther. The road branched off; but here, at the post station, a Holstein conveyance from the parsonage was waiting our arrival to carry us to our journey's end.

In thick coats, and mantles, and shawls, and the usual skin receptacle for the legs, I soon found myself again sitting bolt upright, firmly packed to my seat, and whizzing through the air at a rapid pace. The roads were none of the best, for the hard frost had only frozen the deep ruts, but we pushed on as fast as we might. We were to have reached the parsonage to dinner, but I began to think this problematical. As one half hour gave place to the other, the question came to be, whether our friends would continue to wait for us. I own I was desirous to come in time. Coachman seemed no less so; he thrashed the horses most admirably. I had never driven at such a speed before in Denmark.

One of my student companions told me the good fellow was as anxious as we to come in time for a share of the Christmas Gröd. It seems the whole Danish nation eats rice-gröd on Christmas eve.

Rather before half-past seven, we at length entered the quiet village, in every house of which, family parties were soberly, but right happily, making themselves comfortable round the suppertable, with rice, and talk, and smoke. Through chinks in some windows, I could just catch glimpses of the domestic holinesses within. The day's outdoor avocations seemed conclusively brushed aside, and all was snug and in waiting

“ ’gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.”

At the door of the priest-court, a pleasant word of welcome was spoken from the step. Master, mistress, servant, and hound, were all speedily forthcoming. It was right pleasant to be divested of cold garments, and to enter some delightfully warm rooms. Carpets laid, and curtains let down, and lamps lit, with heated stoves, gave a *perfect* idea of comfort.

We had been preceded by another party from Copenhagen—a pretty large family, giving more diversity to the group than we could yield—who had arrived some hours before, and were to spend the week under this roof. We had thus the promise of a numerous and apparently well-pleased circle for the holidays.

Dinner, I was delighted to find, had not been tampered with. I dare say, we said we were sorry to have kept them all so long waiting, but in reality I know I was very glad they *had* waited ; it is most disagreeable to dine in detachments. In a few minutes, we were seated round the table, a merry talking party, doing justice to the Christmas Gröd, and some more substantial dishes that followed it. Much was detailed of our respective journeys out, and of our kindness in coming, and of our host's kindness in asking us ; and I believe all was said sincerely. We were a complacent, hungry, cheek-blown, thawing, happy company.

After dinner, our hostess disappeared for a little, and then returned, inviting us to follow her to the garden room which had as yet been religiously kept unopened. The folding-doors were now thrown apart, disclosing in a flood of light the brilliant Christmas Tree, ornamented with all beautiful gewgaws, stuck thick with candles, and surrounded by the gifts designed for each individual. Here was a seeking and an admiring ! The foreigner had the luck to find on the floor beneath the tree, a very gorgeous travelling bag, upon one side of which, in Berlin wool, was wrought a brilliant design of roses.

The Christmas-tree was not new to me, because I had already passed a winter in Germany. On this account, I shall spare the description and panegyric which one usually meets in the works of authors who are taken by surprise, and overwhelmed

by the beauty of the custom. Such descriptions are getting a little too common. The tree has been of late years introduced into England ; and therefore, seen by many who have never travelled from home. But in England, it is an exotic, and seems to have brought none of its original significance along with it.

: Round the tree we sang a hymn ere the lights burned quite out, which they were not long doing. Then we extinguished them, to save the boughs from injury, and returned to take coffee in the drawing-room. Ere long, we were content to go to bed, tired and sleepy with travel and feast.

On Christmas eve nobody has company abroad. It is looked on as a particularly *still* evening ; and, besides such visitors as may be in-dwelling, no strangers are asked. Each family spends it apart under their own roof, and round their tree.

Christmas day dawned rather drearily. It so happened that the weather at this time was very dull. The days were short and not bright. The ground was white with snow, and the sky was completely overcast with clouds that now and then let fall more snow. At night, however, the clouds often cleared away, and left a bright blue heaven with the stars and moon shining splendidly. At this we were glad, for clear nights were of peculiar importance for the visits that we had to make and receive.

Early on Christmas morning, we of course went

to church ; and next day also, and a good many days during the subsequent week, we again went to church. On Christmas morning the congregation was large, and every day it was respectable. The services I liked much, and I enjoyed altogether the frequent attendance in the place of meeting. We always had a sermon with the usual liturgical service and much hymn-singing ; the hymns being mostly taken from a small collection expressly designed for the time, and very original though pleasing in their character.

One serious drawback to our attendance in church was the cold. By midwinter the building had got thoroughly cooled down, and as the weather was of the chilliest description, two hours' quiet sitting in the comfortless, stony, windy edifice, was enough to freeze every vein in one's body. Although no one left the parsonage without a hot cup of tea and thorough warming in the dining-room, yet, by the time we re-emerged from church to come home, our limbs were scarcely able to bear us over the ground. It is not to be denied that, interesting as the public worship was, one thought most prominent in our minds on our way back from service was the anticipation of lunch ; the comfortably heated dining-room, and the cup of hot chocolate or coffee. How it smoked, and how it tasted !

After lunch we used to employ what of the day remained in a smart long walk. We set out together ; but some soon turned, others diverged in

various directions, and we generally found our way home in ones and twos. The more adventurous remained out till long after dark; perhaps paying visits, or gossiping with peasants, and only returning in time for dinner. Sundry individuals preferred retiring to an out-of-the-way corner of one of the rooms, and round a little table arranging a quiet morning game of whist or *mariage*, while the chess board was in requisition all day. These players, however, were not allowed to pursue their sport without being admonished by every one who did *not* play, as to the impropriety, the shockingness, the dissipated look, of being so engaged in the forenoon. Many were the fortunes sought and ascertained in a bundle of cards. Among our morning toils, smoke, reading, and music, gave an air of variety to the rest.

If no other person's conscience misgave him, mine sometimes misgave me, that we should all pass the blessed hours and days of the good season in such frivolities, while our hospitable host spent his hours so differently. I knew that in his quiet book-lined sanctum, he sat all day (when not in church), by his high writing-desk, leaning his head on one hand, and now and then writing quickly the sermon we were to hear next day from the pulpit; his sole diversion being the thin line of blue smoke that constantly proceeded from his mouth.

The most charming and delightful description I

ever read of anything on earth, with a few exceptions, is Paludan-Müller's description, (in the first canto of the first volume of *Adam Homo*) of Christmas in a Parsonage in the country. Let those read it who can spell their way through the Danish. It was the first thing that inflamed me with the wish to pass this yule at a country parsonage ; and when the season was past, and my visit ended with it, I only found his account the beautifuller : everything had been realized.

A single defect was felt and observed by all, but only observed to be obviated. In no land is Christmas like itself without children. They are somehow a component part of the merry festival of Christianity. Now in this otherwise model parsonage, there was not a single dear child, unless the two little cowherds might be counted as such. Perhaps, indeed, from the account I have given, many wise people might be disposed to think we could ourselves have passed for very tolerable children ; but this was not our own opinion.

Our splendid tree on Christmas-eve we had been forced to enjoy as best we might, without witnessing the wonder and ecstasy of juveniles, which is usually the most entertaining part of the observance. But on Christmas-day, in the evening, a whole troop of boys and girls from the village made their appearance by invitation. During the forenoon fresh wax-lights had been fastened upon the branches of the fir, and now we had the whole magnificence in a second

edition. When the matches had touched every taper, the hall door was opened, and in walked the astonished children with eyes and mouths agape. They were too much upon ceremony to display the same boisterous pleasure the infants of a family take no pains to hide, but their enjoyment was equally observable nevertheless. They were marched in pairs round the room, their little heads all the while steadily turned towards the centre where the blazing pine-tree stood. Presently a psalm was started which was vociferously sung. When it was finished, the kind-hearted lady went round the apartment with a large basket, from which she distributed to each an apple, or orange, or cake, or other good thing. With these in hand, the infantry marched away, bearing with them, doubtless, a prodigious impression of an almost supernatural splendour. We all felt much happier after their visit, as if it had been the thing wanting to complete our pleasure, and resolve, by satisfying, all our nameless little yearnings.

When a clergyman's house is the focus of the whole parish's pleasure, it is what it ought to be ;— I had almost said, more than it ought to be, it is so seldom the case. But here it was a general dispensary of food, medicine, and happiness—three very good things.

One forenoon, Miss and I left our party of promenaders to step in and call upon old Sophie. She, good soul, had retreated before the frost like a rabbit into

its warren. She was neither able to attend church nor go anywhere else, but was spending the winter as motionless as possible in her little hut. I never knew a human being more in terror of cold than she. When we visited her, she was in bed, huddled beneath her quilt and whatever else of coverings her stores could furnish. Her room was a very confined, dark, wretched place, in which one had barely space to turn. The stove, however, was well heated, so that the air of the place, by warmth and utter want of ventilation, was scarcely to be breathed. Yet old Sophie was under the blankets suffering from cold, and in fact very poorly. Extreme age and illness made her seem to me like a dying person ; I did not fancy she could recover. Though suffering, she was abundantly content. There came nothing from her like the hint of a complaint ; she seemed to be continually with God. I whispered,

“ Ask her whether she is happy in the prospect of death ? ”

The question was put in a rather different form :

“ Whether would Sophie rather get better again or not ? ”

“ It is not for me to decide,” she said in a low voice ; “ but, to be sure, if it were His holy will, I would rather depart.”

With many other questions we did not molest her, and, indeed, it was scarcely possible to endure the air of her room. We naturally asked how Peer Kok got on without Sophie's attentions.

“Oh! Peer Kok!”

“We had touched the only string that jarred.

“Peer Kok does not behave himself at all; he has no sense.”

Poor old Sophie celebrated rather a doleful Christmas-feast, ill of cold weather as she was, and confined to that dark airless hovel. It turned out nothing more serious than frost ailed her, for, when the spring returned, she rallied.

Almost every evening during the holidays, we either made or received visits. It was surprising how willing people were to expose themselves to cold rides, and how invariably no one was a whit the worse for it. Ladies in Scandinavia have an admirable kind of evening bonnet which does not derange the hair, and prevents all frost from approaching the head. It is shaped by the milliner like any other bonnet, but being composed merely of wadding and an outward pellicle of thin silk, minus all stiffening elements, by the time it comes to be worn, it is of no shape at all. It is very soft and very thick, and, I doubt not, very warm. And in this helmet of down, any Scandinavian lady will brave the coldest night to pay a Christmas visit.

We had a large party one evening. Complaints were uttered that many neighbouring families had gone to town for the winter, and that thereby our company would be thin. But when the evening came, I thought, for the country, there was a very

tolerable muster. The hours of assembling were much the same as in town, and before the guests dispersed, a very respectable portion of the night was gone. Such hours are not otherwise in vogue in the country ; only at Christmas, people make exceptions to their usually early habits.

It was prodigious, after everybody had arrived, to pass through the hall, and contemplate the heaps of travelling garments our visitors had divested themselves of. On every side against the wall were piled up stacks of cloaks, coats and head-dresses,—a very *réunion* of warm clothing. One was inclined to think that people who had laid so much off could scarcely have retained anything on ; yet in the well-filled apartments were a number of very elegant costumes.

Motion of the limbs—alias dancing, was the chief occupation of the night. But it was varied by card-playing on the part of all elderly men who found a room on one side completely at their own disposal. It was farther varied on the part of some younger persons of both sexes by sundry attempts at *tableaux vivants*,—attempts which were wonderfully successful, if we may judge by the plaudits bestowed by the rest of the company. We also had a room to ourselves in which our preparations were carried on ; when a *tableau* was ready, the intervening doors were flung open, and the assemblage called on to come and admire. For draperies for a knight-templar, or castle-born lady-

ove, or old Northern god or goddess, or Hebrew prophet, we made very free with the heaps of our visitors' clothing that lay doing no good in the lobby. It was surprising how successful we were in imitating our forefathers—or at least our ideas of them. The groups were picturesque quite to our own and others' satisfaction; the only difficulty was, after our postures were all taken, and the right expression of countenance assumed, when the spectators were summoned, to refrain from a most inappropriate smile or fit of laughter.

Some of our Copenhagen friends left the parsonage at the end of a week. We had to be up in the dark, cold, snowy morning between five and six to see them off. The students went two days later, and the same thing had to be done. I stayed last of all, but in a fortnight from the day of my arrival, I too returned to town, leaving my host and hostess quite alone, and looking somewhat solitary in the midst of the snow. I had a villanous cold journey in six different conveyances back to Copenhagen, and arrived worn-out, late in the evening, taking up my quarters once more in my look-out by the northern Ramparts.

CHAPTER X.

Det er underligt at være Skjald.

GRUNDTVIG.

As one of my own chief errands to the North was to gain a familiarity with Scandinavian literature, ancient and modern, I must say a few words on modern Danish poetry. I suppose it would not *do* to pass the matter over in entire silence, although this book is professedly not a literary history. But I have felt inclined to omit this and many other things, and in fact *have* omitted the majority, finding how impossible it was to compress any more than I have done. My limits will not allow me to refer to a thousand things which would perhaps have made the book more interesting.

It is in general useless to express surprise that this and the other great foreign author is unknown in England, considering how much time, in the nature of things, must pass before one literature penetrates into the ken of another. But I own to feeling wonder that Holberg is so little known amongst us. It is now a century since the time of his activity; he is one of the great authors the world has enjoyed; his works will endure until the

day of judgment and sifting of wheat and chaff, ever of highest value for us mortals in our incapacity to judge infallibly of the good and the bad ; yet he is little known in our land for one. Most literary men have heard his name, but what more do they know of him ?

Dr. Latham says, "with the exception of the first (and only the first) men of Italy and Germany, no foreign writer has given me greater delight than Ludwig Holberg." This is precisely my own experience, and it is therefore I quote Dr. Latham's words.

I have found that I can re-read Holberg as often as I have opportunity, which says much, as I have his volumes always beside me. I read him for the first time in the autumn of 1849, in something like an ecstasy of enjoyment, jumping from my seat every now and then to clap my hands at one and another page of most brilliant, most unfailing geniality. He is as fresh now as he could possibly be the year after his appearance.

I begin with Holberg, because he is so outstanding a man, that he casts into shadow all his immediate predecessors who were not men of great power ; and modern Danish poetry cannot date very far beyond his time ; and indeed the Danes themselves never think of going further back, unless they are absolutely in search of poets.

Yet Holberg himself is, after all, not a born Dane but a Norwegian. He never trod the Danish soil

till he was well on for twenty years of age. Still the Danish nation claims him as its own, and whatever he himself was, his poetry is not Norwegian but Danish. Here let it be borne in mind that the two languages are identical.

His activity must have been great. His comedies are numerous enough to have kept a man at work a lifetime. In the splendid new edition of them now in the course of publication by the Holberg Club, in Copenhagen, they will fill seven large volumes. Besides his comedies, he wrote plenty of other poetry—witness the mock epic, “Peder Paars,” a production quite equal to the comedies. Over and above all this, he was a diligent prose writer, and is the author of a History of Denmark.

It is now a century since Holberg's time. He died in the year 1760. One might expect that his comedies might bear the stamp of that era too much to make them vital at the present day. They *do* bear the stamp of the period in every line of them, for indeed much was written to lash the follies of the time; but they are, notwithstanding, as full of life for the present day as heart can desire. In all external matters, they are formed in the mould of that generation, just as every work must be formed; but in internals they betray the ever-young, ever-renewed spirit of all time.

One thing is needful,—to know the Danish language very well before reading him, and, if possible, a little of Danish existence. A learner will not be

carried away. But it is well worth while to learn the language for the mere sake of reading Holberg ; and I take this opportunity to recommend any one who is disposed to learn languages, to apply himself to the Danish with this end in view, promising him at the same time, after he has mastered the language, and enjoyed Holberg, a great deal of farther enjoyment from some more authors in the same language.

After Holberg comes Ewald. This was the great poet of the early part of the latter half of last century. Of a totally different character from his predecessor, Ewald is, in great measure, grave to a degree that is depressing. He died young, comparatively, and had a very unhappy sort of life. He seems to have suffered in mind, but still more in body, and to have been ill consorted with this world. He had no justice done him while alive, but since his death I think ample amends have been made. I have never been able fully to appreciate Ewald, although I have tried at different times. He is chiefly a tragedian, and there is an air of grandeur about those dramas, as well as abundance of single beauties, but then again, they are of the last century, and quite last-centuryish. One can read and admire, but not again and again. It would not occur to me to deny that Ewald was a genius, all the while I would rather be excused having much to do with his works. Just as I would not call in question the genius of such a man as Pope, while at the

same time I would rather not have his books thrust into my hand.

I believe Ewald's tragedies are still occasionally performed at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen ; but I do not think there was an instance of such being the case while I was there.

There were plenty of minor poets towards the end of last century. But now they ought to be forgotten, if they are not, for we have no time to read everything. Historians ought to keep up their acquaintance, but I am not even at the present moment, while giving this account, an historian. Yet here and there, scraps of genius do move across one's path, and such scraps cannot be too carefully gathered up.

From Ewald, we may almost jump to Oehlen-schläger as the real representative of modern Danish poetry. But there are other poets, not internally so Danish, who must never be forgotten. For instance, Baggesen. A man of great wit,—“a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy!” But he is not at all distinguishingly *Danish* ; he did not design to be. We might almost say, anything of his might have been written in another language, and have read as well ; this we cannot say of Holberg, or the modern poets. But Baggesen was a gifted man, and is a treasure to the language. His travels are written in a (for that period) wonderfully charming style ; I was much surprised to light on a book of travels of the seventeen hundreds, that could have

been written by some reflective "subjective" poet-wanderer of the present day, at the same time that they are very sprightly and full of incident.

Another man of that time seems to have been one of those blessed erratic geniuses (to myself very interesting,) whom very few people understand. I mean Schack Staffeldt. He also does not commend himself as peculiarly Danish. Perhaps, on this account, people have not wished to understand him. Certainly a large volume, purporting to be a life of him, written by Molbech, which has, within these few weeks, been sent to me from Copenhagen, does not cast any pleasantly satisfactory light on him. It is a drowsy-frowsy biography. I have always perceived the savour of something peculiarly interesting about Schack Staffeldt.

As I said, Oehlenschläger is the first of the century who takes place as a great poet, and he seems to be likely to keep his place in his countrymen's estimation, at least for the meantime. He has now finished his labours; it is only within the last two years, that we can look on his course as a completed thing. He was born the 14th November, 1779, and died in January, 1850, having attained his three-score and ten. And certainly it would be unjust to say—or, as the Danes themselves would express it, "it would be a sin to say,"—that he had not, at all events, been diligent during his earthly term. He began early to write verses, and continued to publish until within a very short time of his death.

In an evening party of young men, near the beginning of the present century, the conversation fell upon poetry. The brothers Oersted were present among others, and so was Oehlenschläger. Some one lamented, that the poetic art in Denmark since the time of Ewald, had sunk so deplorably. Oehlenschläger bolted up, all on fire, stepped into the midst of the circle, looked them bold and proud in the face, and shouted, "Yes! 'tis true, it is sunken, but it shall (or I'll be ——) raise itself again." Some of the party took this for a prophecy, though the youth was then little known; and certainly soon after that, he caused his native land to stand amazed at the unfolding splendour of his genius.

Some of Oehlenschläger's earlier works are his best. His tragedies, "Palnatoke," "Hakon Jarl," and the romantic drama, "Aladdin," were scarcely ever surpassed. His works are prodigiously voluminous, filling nearly thirty volumes in the collected edition: the tragedies alone fill ten—it is needless to enumerate them. I may mention "Axel and Valborg," as one of my own favourites among the latter, and, I believe, a general favourite. He wrote all sorts of poetry, and upon all sorts of subjects. In prose he wrote some novels and tales—some of them very good. Perhaps I ought not to include his prose sagas among the tales, such as "Vaulundurs Saga;" this last is a very happy attempt. But I think him, generally speaking, much greater in me-

diæval subjects than when he attempts the old Northern Mythology.

There are, certainly, few really great poets (and such I reckon Oehlenschläger to have been) who have written so much purely worthless as he has done : of those thirty volumes, a large portion ought to be burned. It was curious to see him every now and then publish something of absolutely no value, and soon after something of positive immortality. I myself got acquainted with his works in a most unfavourable way. The first thing of his I read, which was very soon after I went to Denmark, was a production called, ‘ Hroars Saga.’ I was just at the same time reading a Danish translation from the Icelandic of “ Nial’s Saga,” and I could only read with the frequent help of the dictionary ; but even then, the living brightness of the old Saga shone towards me from every page ; and when I turned from it to Oehlenschläger’s piece—nay, there was a contrast ! This Hroar’s tale of his is the washiest, insipidest performance to be thought of in any language : the men are mystics, and the ladies are nervous blue-stockings, flinging up their arms and crying “ Ah ! ” and gasping, and speechifying, and clasping their hands for joy at every event. In the old Saga, I need not say, there is no such pantomime. I was in absolute disgust with “ Hroar’s.” A friend came in, and I showed it him, saying I did not admire Oehlenschläger. When he saw what it was, he was going to fling it to the other corner

of the room, till he noticed it was a lent copy, whereupon he only flung it upon the table. "What made you read that wretched book? get quit of it, and have 'Hagbarth and Signe,' or 'Axel and Valborg' in its place, if you will know Oehlenschläger." I took his advice, and was glad I had done so.

But many of Oehlenschläger's works are pure gems. My own favourite among them all is "Aladdin;"—here he has Oriental scenery, but scenery was nothing with him when he was inspired—he took life and wrought therewith *sans* scenery: for this very thing he has been much blamed. His dramas on Old-Northern subjects, we are told, are not conceived in the Old-Northern spirit. Well! what then? if they be poetry it makes no matter. Oh, yes! it does matter, say the opponents. If he could not treat them in the Old-Northern spirit, let him choose other subjects. I acknowledge I do not sympathize in this opposition; I fully allow that Oehlenschläger never at any time entered into the mind of Old Scandinavia; but why should he not take his themes from that far-away time if he chose? His dramas, &c., are, most assuredly, as unlike the ancient sagas, in everything but the names of heroes and heroines, as two things can be; but they have the spirit of poetry, if not that of the Old-North, and this is more important. Does everything lie in reproducing ancient forms? Oehlenschläger chose to take Old-Northern themes; I think

no one had a right to hinder him ; and if he was *himself* in his treatment—that is to say, in his *poetry*, for the *treatment* is, after all, the *thing itself*—I should like to know who should lay down rules to him.

In his poetic nature, Oehlenschläger was thoroughly Danish ; he *was* the poetic form of Denmark for a long time—long ere the nation quite acknowledged it. Whatever his *subject* might be, Old-Northern, Mediæval, Oriental, his expression was his own ; he was a Dane of the present day, but a poet ; consequently, the spirit of his poetry is the poetic spirit of present Denmark ; only, like every man of genius, he was not only immeasurably above, but immeasurably ahead of his place and generation.

I cannot dwell, as perhaps I ought, on this man, whom his people acknowledge as the great poet of their generation. In many of his writings I have had great delight. And as I promised to those who should learn Danish for the sake of Holberg some farther compensation for their trouble, I hereby offer them Oehlenschläger as a good reward.

His influence has been undoubtedly immense, and will still go on for some time.

His personal history he has himself given us pretty fully, first in his “*Life*,” published about twenty years ago, and secondly in his “*Recollections*,” published since his death. He travelled much, and was a well-read man in modern literature. There is much interest in the “*Recollections*,” from the anec-

dates in them of other men. From them, one can gather many things belonging to the history of Danish literature.

Of a very different stamp from Oehlenschläger is Grundtvig, who, even during the life of the former, was by a certain party regarded as a far higher poet. Now, we may safely accord him the first place in his country. I own, I might, under certain circumstances, myself have joined the Grundtvig party, but let us abjure all parties ! There is, unquestionably, something marvellously spirit-moving about the man's utterances. But then Grundtvig's poetical utterances (and it is of poetry alone that I am now speaking) are, with the exception of his hymns, very few in number ; they are like momentary ejaculations between years of silence. Or rather like one thunder-storm in a summer ; for Grundtvig seldom speaks but he thunders.

“ It would be a sin to say ” that Grundtvig is the embodiment of the floating poetic spirit of present Denmark. One would, on the contrary, almost be disposed to look on him as a most magnificent anachronism. But neither would be correct. The truth is, he is a seer. He beholds things far away, behind, before, above ; but it is almost unreasonable in him to expect his fellow-creatures with one consent to understand him.

Certainly Grundtvig can take upon him the spirit of the Old-North, although Oehlenschläger could not. There are some of his productions which might just

as well, the language excepted, have been written, or spoken, by one of Scandinavia's former Skalds. And it is on this account that Grundtvig's admirers have fallen so foul of Oehlenschläger, forgetting that there can be good in more ways than one. I delight in both. I shocked the one party by saying that I admired in Grundtvig what I admired the absence of in Oehlenschläger, and the other party by admitting that Oehlenschläger had nothing of the Old Northern spirit, which however was the simple truth, and by no means to his discredit.

The two veterans were on friendly terms, nearly throughout, I believe. I know they had abundant veneration for one another. In years, Grundtvig follows not far behind his now departed fellow-Skald.

The next to them in age is Ingemann. He is different from both, and can scarcely take so high a place as either. He is distinguished as the best novelist of Denmark. His "Valdemar Conqueror" is a very brilliant historical romance. He is also most voluminous. The "Holger Danske" I have referred to. I cannot refer to anything more melodious in language than it is, at the same time that there are many very rare thoughts sprinkled up and down.

I have also spoken of Hauch. Perhaps his works are not exactly of the nature one should expect from his appearance; they are not dreamy although deep. Hauch will always be philosophical, and "dif-

ficult," as his landmen call it. He makes poetry with a sounding-line in his hand, but as the abyss he tries to measure is for the most part "that thing called 'life,'" he has not yet measured it out and out. He is, indeed, a very searching writer—a remarkable man. I should not say he excelled in feeling, but he does in thought. Most of his things are dramatic, which indeed is the fashionable sort of writing in Denmark. His little thing, "The Sisters of Kinnekullen," is very beautiful. But there hangs a mystery over some of his works; they are not all published with his name, and some people believe the anonymous productions to be by a different hand.

Hauch is a remarkably accomplished man. He filled a chair at Kiel till the disturbances broke out, when he returned to Copenhagen. He is one of the more learned poets.

Heiberg is a very popular author in Denmark,—more so than he should have been had I been the public. Not that I do not admire a portion of his works, and in particular some of his supernatural, fairy-furnished dramas, but the writings of his which have met with most applause are the vaudevilles and comedies, all of which derive their fun from absurdities of the passing hour; they have no basis in humanity, only on the appearance humanity presents in certain masks; herein the difference betwixt Heiberg and Holberg. He is the comedian of the present day in Denmark, and certainly has been suc-

cessful, having at last become director of the Theatre Royal. He has much wit and satirical power. He sees what is absurd from the laughable side. Perhaps he sees it from other sides too, but, if he does, he keeps it to himself, and lets forth only the former; and herein lies another mighty wrong. I should fear that his satire may not effect great good; one cannot see how it should be able. How far he wishes it, I do not know.

I did in nowise admire a performance of his that was thrust into my hands from all sides, entitled "The Soul after Death!" He made fool of a Copenhagener, dying in the belief he had done his duty to admiration on earth, and must be admitted to bliss on the other side the tomb, where, however, he finds himself mistaken. There were endless touches of exquisite satire, but, on the whole, I found the piece simply profane. I half regretted the encomiums it drew forth.

Of Hertz I know less than I ought — less than of most Danish poets. Yet in England, he happens to be pretty well known by means of his "King Renè's Daughter," which has been translated and acted. I have seen it admirably represented in Copenhagen. Hertz is, undoubtedly, quite as original a man as the last two or three I have named. His "Svend Dyring's House" took my fancy much. A play of his called "Tonietta" appeared while I was in Copenhagen, and met with great applause. He is not so very voluminous a writer as most

others. Yet in England we should think him abundantly so.

A poet whom I have prized high among the Danes is Christian Winther. He writes particularly touching songs which have been beautifully set to music by Hartmann, Rung, and other Danish composers. Every one who has spent many evenings in Copenhagen drawing-rooms must be familiar, from constant hearing, with "Fly, bird, fly," and others. A wonderful tenderness and pathos stream through these songs, while others are very mirthful, and, in fact, very harum-scarum. But Winther's masterpiece is the little collection which he has named "Wood-Cuts." They are scenes from Danish rural life, and are, in their way quite faultless. There is nothing to add to them and nothing to take away. They are fresh, green, sunlit patches of existence, cut from the Danish islands: I have met with nothing of the sort more beautiful. Professor Winther's labours are not voluminous, and we could afford to want a good deal even of what he has written; and the fact is, in recent years, he seems to have come to a halt.

H. C. Andersen has written a good deal of verse, and may evermore be reckoned among the poets of Denmark, although it is in prose he has shown himself the man of genius. Him we know better than most of his landmen, and I do not dwell upon him. Yet I must express my true admiration for this singular genius. In Denmark he is not done justice

to, and although much read in England, I question whether he is done justice to here either. I look on him as a most original soul, one whom his country ought to cherish as among its rarest possessions. It is very tedious to hear the reactionary parrot-cry against him, simply because ignorant people at first prized him for qualities he had not, and not for those he had, and then discovering that the imagined elements were wanting, wisely concluded he had no elements of genius in him at all. I believe his fables will bear their novelty and originality with them down to the end of time.

But among the living poets of Denmark of the younger generation (and except Grundtvig and Ingemann, I include all I have mentioned among the "young," though some of them date from last century), the one whom I value and admire far above all the rest is Paludan-Müller. He is a very extraordinary man. Were it not for the contracted bounds within which his native language is spoken, he must needs take his place (and that ere long) among the poetic celebrities of Europe. But I feel painfully that the aforesaid drawback runs a strong chance to hinder this.

His earlier works of weight, "The Danseuse," and "Amor and Psyche" were of themselves quite enough to build a reputation upon. The former displays an almost frightful perception of what is to most people hidden beneath the veil of the human heart. It is severe, sharp, piercing to a degree

which is painful, the more so that it will not allow one to forget that it is steeped in the well of truth. The latter, again, is quite different. For beauty of versification, it has few competitors in the Danish tongue, and is all through teeming with love and "loveliness." Form and spirit combine to leave on the reader's mind an impression of all that is beautiful.

Paludan-Müller's great work is "Adam Homo," of which the latter volumes appeared first, and the commencement not till afterwards. It is in three volumes altogether. I believe it made an uncommon sensation even in Copenhagen, when it appeared. Some one writing to friends of mine in the country, when the first volume came out a few years ago, said, "Nothing is talked of here but the Duchies and Adam Homo." It was just then the disturbances commenced.

Adam Homo is the account of a man—but a man as he is, a man of the world, we should say. He is the son of a country clergyman, but rises above that sphere by a lucky marriage. He marries a baroness of fortune. He is remarkable for nothing at all: he has good parts, good education, good appearance, but *remarkable* he is not. Every *peculiarity*, so to speak, is carefully taken out of his character. He is the representative of men as they are, and as they live; *but without all higher principles*. And he is conducted from his cradle to his grave—*voilà tout!* This is the whole story, and in three volumes; yet

it is a book of the deepest meaning of any I know in the Danish language. It is a sermon on the vanity of human life, when there is no hold on eternity in said life. It is the story of Time. Only, the impression is much weakened by an unlucky conclusion. Otherwise, we should have been left to form our own conclusions, which would have been more effective. And this is all I have time to say about "Adam Homo," hoping only that the poem will one day, by some means or other, be made better known to those who should wish it.

Paludan-Müller is still writing. What other production he may bring forth to eclipse Adam Homo, yet remains to be seen. For *real deep* satire, for intense tenderness, for humour, for bright fancy, none of his countrymen surpass him.

There are hosts of younger poets. Plenty of versifiers for the million in Denmark, as elsewhere. Let no one suppose the press does not teem with rhythm. Some of them I ought to have mentioned as full of promise, but I have said enough.

The Danes read their poets pretty diligently. They are also well acquainted with a good deal of foreign literature. Translations appear every now and then from English, German, French, &c. Of English poets of the *present* century, they know Byron and Moore best. I spread Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, &c., in all directions. The first was not understood, the second very partially. Tennyson met with a better reception than I expected,

considering the extraordinary difference between him and anything now existing abroad. But I think they liked the Talking Oak, and such things, much better than Locksley Hall. As to the "Princess," I should never have ventured her introduction—yet perhaps I should, if I had had the volume with me. As it was, my books were in continual circulation. Of our English present century poets, there is the most exasperating ignorance, with the two exceptions I mentioned. The joke is, people fancy that which they do not know does not exist.

Apropos of translations and foreign literature in Denmark, I was amused to read in a book called "Leith to Lapland" (published last year), a statement to the effect, that the Bishop of Copenhagen had, during the winter of 1849–50, published a translation of Ossian! I remember this translation very well; it came out while I was in Copenhagen. It was by a man of the name of Mynster, and I believe a relation of the bishop; but the venerable prelate has something else to do than be translating Ossian. I mention this as a specimen of the errors constantly made by Englishmen when they speak of what is going on in the literary world abroad. The mistake was natural; but people should be sure of their facts before they print them. Had I collected them, I should have had a rare number of similar mistakes, which I have read from time to time; mistakes which are never observed in this country, but which are very glaring in the eyes of foreigners.

I might go on long on the subject of modern Danish literature, telling what is done in many branches of learning—in philology, for instance, how the labours of the great Rask are now followed by those of Madvig, Westergaard, Molbech, Gislason, and others ; how in history, Werlauff, N. M. Petersen, Molbech, Allen, &c., are diligent workers, and so forth, through many kinds of knowledge. But I have no love for reading accounts of what learned men do ; I had rather read the things themselves ; therefore I will not write such accounts. Suffice it to say, there is plenty of learning, and plenty of diligent labour in Copenhagen. No intellectual land can thrive without something of the kind.

CHAPTER XI.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited.

HAMLET.

Apropos Madam! maa jeg vaere hendes Galand i Dag, og føre hende paa Comoedien?

HOLBERG.

"Do you go to the comedy (literally, *on comedy*), to-night?"

"I was at the comedy last night."

It is the Danish fashion of talking about visits to the theatre, whether the piece performed be a comedy, or the most dreadful tragedy in the world, or an opera, or in short anything else. They never talk about "going to the theatre." I believe it would be understood, if you spoke so, that you were going to turn actor. This expression "the comedy" has an incongruous effect when it is no comedy that is performed. But it seems to indicate that the original character and design of the theatre in Denmark were laughter, for had the ends been serious people could scarcely have hit on such a manner of expressing themselves. But, nevertheless, in the interior of Copenhagen Theatre Royal, right above

the stage, the four words, "Ei blot til Lyst" (not merely for pleasure) are displayed in large characters.

Zealous goers "to the comedy" the Copenhageners are. And not merely the Copenhageners, but all the Danes. When folks come from the country or small towns to the metropolis, a chief aim is to see "the comedy." And when they return home they talk long about it, and tell all their friends every jot and tittle of the pieces they saw. And, as I said, the regular inhabitants of Copenhagen frequent the theatre continually.

There is one principal theatre in the metropolis, and two inferior in rank. The former, called Theatre Royal, stands in Kongen's Nytorv. The name, Theatre Royal, was still kept up when I left Denmark, although the place had ceased to be directly under the King's jurisdiction. Formerly, during the times of absolutism, it was quite an appendage of the Court, a circumstance which was in many ways much in its favour, but after the Constitution was granted in the summer of 1849, and during my stay in Denmark, it was thought very desirable to relieve the Court of the burden, and put it under the care of the City. The immediate consequence was certainly a change for the better. There took place a change of directors; the former director, the over Court Mareschal, resigning—a man, whose other avocations connected with the Court left him little time to attend to this matter—the directorship was

intrusted to the poet Heiberg, a man of genius, and successful dramatic writer. Great things were expected from Heiberg's official career, but it is hard to please all parties, and it may argue no incapacity upon Heiberg's part that there have since been many discontented voices.

As it is the only chief theatre in Copenhagen, the representations have to be of every kind—comedy, tragedy, opera, vaudeville, ballet, and whatever else may be enumerated in such a list. The number of artists and other *employées* engaged is therefore very great for the size of the building. For it is by no means a large theatre—much too small, in fact, for the present population of Copenhagen, at least for a population so addicted to dramatic performances. The available room is almost always fully occupied ; it is the manifest fault of the direction if it be otherwise. When a new or popular piece is to be performed, the ticket-office is literally besieged on the morning of the representation.

Unluckily, the pieces most sought after are vaudevilles which, after all, are the most rubbishy things connected with the drama. But what shall one say to a population's taste ? It is impossible to change it by main force. At present there is no attempt made to change it by any means, for the new director has himself an abundant favour for vaudevilles, he having excelled in that kind of composition. Oddly enough, Heiberg seems positively to discountenance tragedy, by which he bids fair to prove

true the Danish manner of speech. And this, with all the native tragedies by Oehlenschläger and others lying before him. He was compelled to humour the higher public taste by letting a "sorrowplay" (as the Danes call it) be represented now and then; but I occasionally heard him accused of getting it up as ill as possible, and choosing the least loved in order to wean people from their liking. Probably this was a needless accusation. But certainly I was surprised at the poverty in this department.

One good work which Heiberg has accomplished is the revival of Holberg's comedies. I believe a few of the best known have never at any time disappeared from the stage, but the great mass have had leave to lie on the shelves of libraries. I was much pleased that this revival took place just during the winter I spent in Copenhagen, for I by that means had the advantage of making Holberg's acquaintance as I could not otherwise have done. There are some artists who represent Holberg to admiration just now. Phister and his wife, Madame Phister, make never failingly to perfection the serving-man and clever, shrewd, impudent lady's-maid, who figure in most of Holberg's comedies.

The most gifted actress of the present day in Denmark, is Mrs. Heiberg, now the director's lady. She is perhaps happier in comedy than tragedy; still I have seen her in some *rôles* of the latter kind very powerful. But in all that is graceful, charming, amiable, humorous, she is peerless. Witness her

representation of Holberg's heroine, "The Fickle One," (Den Vægelsindede), one of the most difficult to be found in his writings. I believe it has never been represented, because never understood, from Holberg's own era until the spring of 1850, when it was brought forth with Mrs. Heiberg in the principal character, and made an absolute *furore*. It was, indeed, a bewitching "interpretation."

In serious pieces M. and Madame Nielsen are the first performers. They are both getting a little too old, however, and will probably not continue much longer on the stage. I once saw them make a very good "Macbeth" and "Lady Macbeth," though not quite after English models.

In opera, which must be first-rate or not at all, the Danes are not able to furnish much at present, if at any time. It is to be supposed, a great singer would go abroad as soon as he or she had finished the needful education, Copenhagen cannot present sufficient inducements. Nevertheless, operas are constantly performed, and meet with great applause. I have actually seen "Don Giovanni" in a Danish dress, given to a full house. In vaudeville, which is quite another affair, they may be as strong as they please, for aught I know.

The Danes consider their own ballet the first in the world. The point I have no wish to enter upon, though there might be sundry weighty reasons alleged to the contrary.

There is a man of French descent, but of Danish

birth, Bournonville by name, who for many years was solo-dancer in the Copenhagen theatre, and was received with much applause abroad when he chose to travel, being in fact one of the great solo-dancers of Europe, who has written a curious book within the last few years. Afraid of growing stiff in the legs, and thus losing his reputation, he wisely retired from public life about three or four years ago, ceasing to display himself on the stage, though still retaining his situation as ballet-master. On his retirement, he published this volume, entitled, "My Theatre Life." The first half is an account of himself and his labours ; the latter half is poetry, showing that he can do more than exercise his joints. Some of the verses are, in point of fact, very pretty. But the former half is that which gives its title to the book, and it is in some way an interesting production. It conveys to one's mind the idea of a man of considerable mental calibre, who, finding himself, at the age when a young man usually chooses a profession, fit, from the education bestowed on him in childhood, for nothing but dancing, and with his legs, from constant and severe training, in a state of almost preternatural suppleness, makes up his mind to his fate ; believing that it would be hard for him, at his age, to make preparations for striking into a new line of life, and perceiving that all his up-bringing has been forced into his leg-joints, he resolves to make his legs the foundation of future fame. This he does with a sigh of sorrow both for the past and

future ; and, indeed, it must be rather crushing to a youth of aspiring thoughts to see that from earliest childhood he has been taught nothing but how to dance,—that he has gone through a severe course of training, and suffered more from flogging and caning than most of his years, and the whole result is ability to skip about like a piece of mercury. But Bournonville made up his mind that he would not turn aside from the path the Fates had carved out for him, and having once come to this conclusion, he was to make the most of it.

He had ambition ; he wanted to be a great man ; so he determined to be a great dancer, and not merely that, but a great *man* while a dancer. He was to be a celebrated artist. So from the commencement, he made as if he looked on dancing as a most important fine art. All this peeps through his pages. He overdoes his profession, while trying to exalt it among the Arts and himself with it. He has composed many ballets, but, fearful that they might not enough prolong his fame, he has written this book to help them, which is a history of his art, and himself as an artist. It is a little curious to have a book at all from a dancer.

It is impossible to deny that he is a man of great vanity. I once was in company with him, and had some conversation which showed this, though at the same time it was evident that he possessed a quantity of very various talent and accomplishments. He spoke English well, but his talk was mostly of

theatres and actors. His form and posture reminded one too vividly of the *figurant*. All the time he stood by me, he held his heels and legs so firmly pressed together, with his toes slightly turned out, that I every moment expected him to dart into the air far above my head, and then descend to perform a stupendous *pirouette*. Yet he seems a man well received in society in Copenhagen, which speaks for his general acquirements.

I remember that evening being introduced in the same party to two very different men,—this Bournonville, and ——— Martensen, the most original theologian Denmark possesses! It is almost irreverent to mention him in such a chapter as this.

The hour at which the theatrical representations commence is seven o'clock, and they are generally over about ten. Formerly it was from six till nine, after which it was possible to go to an evening party; but now this is scarcely practicable with Copenhagen hours, unless it be a very fashionable party or ball. Yet I have sometimes gone into one or other intimate friend's evening circle for an hour after coming from the theatre.

Besides the Theatre Royal, there is the Court Theatre in Christiansborg Palace, which for many years has been occupied by an Italian company of musicians. But the winter of my stay was to be the last of theirs, and I do not know what use the locality might be put to afterwards. In former times, whilst there was a Court at Christiansborg,

this theatre was much employed, and was the scene of many brilliant festivals. Now it looks lamentably. The Italian company was a poor affair, and could never have struggled through, had they not had a considerable support from royalty. Whilst I was in Copenhagen, many persons went to the performances knowing that it was to be the last winter ; but from the specimen I had on the single occasion I troubled them with my presence, I should judge the public was poorly entertained.

Thirdly, there is another building in which dramatic performances are given, called the "Casino." It is not used for this purpose every evening, having been erected for very miscellaneous ends. It is a new and withal spacious and brilliantly finished hall, with right good accommodation. The dramatic representations are, for the most part, of a light and amusing kind, not pretending to be of so high an order as those in the Theatre Royal. Yet they draw large crowds who gain admission at a cheap rate. A raised tier of seats round the sides, and a balcony above, afford seats for the great folks, who therefore are supposed not to require as good places as their humbler neighbours, all the while they pay much dearer.

The first time I entered the Casino was to see a new piece by Hans C. Andersen, called "Willie Winkie," (*Dan.*—Ole Luköie). Mr. Andersen had kindly provided me with a seat next to himself, so I had the benefit of his elucidations as the per-

formance went on. It was of a very different sort from the generality of pieces given in the Casino, and, in fact, rather more serious than the public there altogether liked. It was the only dramatic composition of Andersen I ever saw represented, and I was interested to observe how that very peculiar genius would suit the stage. There was much in it of his own irrepressible tendency ; and, in fact, I found that Andersen in the drama was even solemnner than in the story, and that his own curious beauty floated over it all ; the while that so much of the supernatural in daily life was hardly suited for a large and promiscuous assembly.

I was very much struck in Copenhagen with the good *taste* shown in all minor matters connected with the drama,—such taste as I must acknowledge I have never seen surpassed *anywhere*. I believe “some people” might learn a great deal by a visit to Copenhagen, and a minute inspection of these matters. In costumes, decorations, and all the endless concerns not authoritatively laid down by a dramatic writer in his play, the people in office about the Theatre Royal seem, by a happy instinct, to light upon just the right and proper thing. There is a completeness, a suitableness, an external unity, that gives the feeling of a perfect piece of art to every evening’s performance. It is invaluable to have all minor matters in right trim.

One peculiarity about which there might be diverse opinions, is the disposal of light. During

every performance, the body of the house is darkened (the great chandelier in the centre being drawn up into the roof), and all the light is upon the stage. The effect, in my opinion, is admirable, but as I said there may be different views of the matter.

The Danes are enthusiastic playgoers. And the theatre in Denmark is a more perfectly unobjectionable institution than it is in some countries of Europe. It is so far from having the most distant tendency towards demoralization, that it is rather to be looked upon as an important agent in the cultivation and improvement of the people. And it is so looked upon by the best and most enlightened of Denmark's sons, among others, by the most influential evangelical clergy. As it exists in Denmark, it is a very valuable institution. Unfortunately, it is only too difficult for other nations to copy the best points in the constitution of the Danish Theatre, for such must rather grow up from within.

One thing I may mention is, the general estimable character of the performers employed at the Copenhagen theatre. Morality is as strictly demanded in actors and actresses as in any other people. The reverse of morality would involve immediate dismissal. Hence the position which members of this body generally assume in Danish Society.

During the present winter of 1851-2, by letters from different friends in Denmark, I learn that a new star has appeared in the dramatic horizon, in the shape of a young actor. The accounts unite in

representing him as something quite unequalled—in fact, a wonder of the age. But, although two correspondents have written to me about him, I have not been able to decipher his name in either letter. As Hamlet, he has made his *début*, and driven the entire population into ecstasies. I hope it may prove a lasting talent.

CHAPTER XII.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

TENNYSON.

It was in the year 1479, that the university of Copenhagen was opened for public instruction. It has thus a pretty respectable standing for antiquity among the European seats of learning. Before that time, Danish youths were sent abroad for their learning,—to Cologne, Paris, Bologna, &c. It seems they did not grudge long journeys for the sake of science. But in foreign lands, it is to be supposed they picked up much that was undesired at home—naughty customs and fashions, which made it an object of solicitude to provide them with a place of letters in their own country.

At most times, the Copenhagen university has enjoyed a very large share of renown. Certainly, at present, its lectures, and examinations, and men, and general standing, cause it to be regarded as a very important university.

Notwithstanding its fame, the fashion did not entirely die out, that sent the wealthiest and distinguished of Denmark's youths to seek their breeding at distant universities. Last century it was

still not uncommon. Scions of nobility and their imitators proceeded in large numbers to Germany, and, I believe, to France also ; just as young Englishmen, a few years ago, took it into their heads with one accord, to study at Göttingen. Now, indeed, there is hardly a vestige of such a custom in Denmark, it seems to have died a natural death ; for I do not think that the war has had much to do with its abolition. On the whole, the fashion of going abroad for education is a good one, and ought to be cherished ; but the wonderful nationality of our present day has laid it everywhere under the ban.

I approve of foreign education, simply because it involves the necessity of travel and seeing round about oneself, and because university up-bringing is not in itself of so much value as to make it of any moment whether a man have received it at one university or another—in one land or another. Unluckily, people run away with the idea that a “liberal education,”—*i.e.*, so many years’ attendance on certain lectures, and so many annual examinations,—is the one thing needful in order to enter on “Life.” Life, indeed!—the “education” system is oftenest the thing that—as beautifully as the veriest knowledge-worm could wish it—kills in its sprouting the heaven-sent spirit ; gently, but with a fearful steadiness, preparing and fitting the man to pass through his earthly time without living a single day, and with never a misgiving that, whereas he is dead, he might be alive,—a dead man burying his dead.

It is a shocking process, the everlasting "reading" of our early years.

The University of Copenhagen enjoys, as I said, a very high renown ; that is to say, science in every department is prelected on and studied with the most prodigious diligence. But alas ! our present-day science is for the most part but a poverty-stricken thing !—it is the merest, deadeat, nakedest, knowledge-*germ* —Wissenschaft.—*Dan.* Videnskap. Once on a time—no very distant time—knowledge was animated and clad : now, there has been a lifeless pause ; but already it has again received breath, if not raiment, though the animation has not yet penetrated into seats of learning, notwithstanding such men as Alexander Von Humboldt have been living and working for more than half a century.

Having myself, from early experience, a due dread of college lectures, although I have subsequently lived a good deal in university towns (from a desire for the personal society and private advantage of learned professors), I have never been a diligent attender on the good gentlemen's public prelections. Accordingly, neither in Copenhagen did I help much to crowd the class-rooms. Now and then, of course, I dropped in to hear one or other lecturer, but I soon was satisfied that the style of things was not very different from that elsewhere in Europe. The *character* of the lectures is, of course, much the same as the German ; although even a bird's eye view will show some few differences, approximating

more to the English. But the appearance of the class-room is precisely identical with the German auditorium ; the students are furnished in the self-same manner with large note-books, in which they write without ceasing. These so-called "sheets" are carefully preserved.

One peculiarity of the Danish University struck me rather unfavourably, viz., the unheard-of number of the vacations ;—it was not their length, for I should not suppose, after all, that Danish students have more holidays than their southern neighbours ; but the circumstance of their constant recurrence. I have heard both professors and students complain of this ;—no sooner had they begun to lecture and get a little into their theme, than it was time for them to stop again : and no sooner, in summer, had they gone to the country to rusticate, and were beginning to enjoy returning vigour, than it was time to return to the city and dull class-rooms. In fact, all the year round it seemed to me I heard nothing but, "the lectures commence next week," or "the holidays commence next week." This mal-practice, with many others, has a chance to be abolished ere long, inasmuch as there is a violent talk about university reform, likely to be carried out in these times. Already within the last few years, sundry changes have been effected ; but whether for the better or the worse may be questioned.

Many, very many, professors connected with the Copenhagen University are most estimable men,

equally distinguished for acquirements and amiability. I have enjoyed much time in the society of some of them, though I did not frequent, and could scarcely do otherwise than regret, their lectures. Most whom I knew seemed sadly burdened with work of all kinds ; many things being by the Government laid on their shoulders, little connected with their profession and demanding much time. The salaries of the professors seem in general to be tolerably sufficient.

Danish university education is heavily burdened with examinations. Altogether, a man destined for a learned profession in Denmark has a course of examinations to go through which, one would think, must leave him pretty thoroughly known and understood by his examiners. The process of sifting exceeds all precedent. Until you are thirty years old, or mayhap, for aught I know, till you are fifty, you are not safe—if you wish to make any change in your way of life—from being summoned before a board of examiners, and overhauled from stem to stern, being questioned about everything under heaven. In early life, every step is attended by an examination. Leaving school, entering college (or “becoming student” as the Danes express it), leaving college, whether for ever or only for the session, choosing a profession, studying for one, trying to enter upon it, success in entering upon it, &c., in the university, and out of the university before other examining powers, all is preceded or followed

by a complete searching with regard to one's knowledge of what has been, is, and shall be.

The great number of wearisome lectures young men are forced to hear, and write down, year after year ; and the extraordinary number of examinations for which they must study very hard—for they are not child's-play—naturally deaden the spirit. Hence one may not wonder at the great monotony of character among professional men in Denmark after a certain time of life, and their curious idea of knowledge, as a goddess to be worshipped, doubtless, but one of the unloveliest divinities ever set up—a dry, dead, senseless thing. Better not think of knowledge as a goddess at all, but let her retain her vital spark : and better, I think, not have so many *examina* and *tentamina* at the time youth should be rejoicing itself in the bright careless life which God has given it, taking all the good at His hand, and neither asking nor answering questions.

Here let me remark, I have met many *individuals* in Denmark, who formed delightful exceptions to the above rule of monotony, but they were only *exceptions*. And I thought, how strong their spirits must be to have sailed clear through all this ocean of upcast mire and dirt, and now to be passing over the bright expanse of life with their heaven-given rigging in wonderful keeping.

The present building that contains the university is modern and spacious, though not yet carried out behind as far as is intended. It stands on one side

of the square which is occupied by the Church of our Lady. It contains one very large hall, which is used on public occasions, and is often let out for concerts and other meetings. The great staircase and entrance-hall are in the course of being decorated with some frescoes from Greek Mythology, by Constantin Hansen. They are very fine ; he is one of the first artists of whom Denmark can now boast.

Much of the university building is occupied by museums, and some of it by residences for the professors who have charge of the museums, as well as for one or two others. Most of the professors, however, have to find their own houses. The dwellings in the university are very pleasant. I visited frequently in the family of a learned friend who lived in one of them. In summer the roomy court-yard to the back, and the fine old garden behind it, with a pleasant garden house, where we dined in hot days, were quite charming, and not at all like town. But my friend told me he expected to lose his garden by and by, when the proposed additions to the building were made.

Not very far from the university is a curious large old building called the Regents. It is a four-sided erection, with a large court in the centre. This is a foundation for poor students, who have free lodging and a small allowance besides. I once visited it in the company of a theological candidate who, for aught I know, had once lived there—at all events he was familiar with its penetralia. I forget how

many inhabitants it contains, but as the rooms are not very large, there must be a good many of them. We looked in upon two youths who dwelt together in two small chambers. One of these they had turned into a sleeping room, and the other into a study. The furniture was of the most unpretending kind, but there were a few books and plenty of tobacco smoke. The students are usually paired in this way, which allows them to make more of their accommodation, but it implies some unity and brotherly love. Their daily allowance is very trifling—altogether insufficient for creature wants, but the free quarters are in themselves a boon. There is a large reading-room in a corner of Regents, where the daily newspapers are taken in : when we were there it was almost empty, but I have at other times through the window seen it crowded, every one busy with papers or books, and the air almost opaque with smoke.

In the centre of the court stands a magnificent old tree.

The whole place wears the look of great poverty and cheerlessness. Altogether this strikes an Englishman as the characteristic of most foreign students. And the Danish—even those who live in lodgings for which they pay—do not in general belie this rule. Of course, there are a few in independent circumstances, but the mass even of those who live in Regents, eke out their support by private teaching—just as poor students do in Great Britain.

CHAPTER XIII.

A very ancient and fish-like smell.

TEMPEST.

THE Icelanders ! Humph ! what shall I do ? The name really calls up a host of recollections, ready to overpower me, not to be disposed of in this chapter, —what shall I do ?

The Icelanders, indeed ! Truly glorious recollections. But why *should* I be called on to deal with Iceland in a book on Denmark ? I will let the heroes and heroics alone.

Certes ! at all times has existed a close enough connection betwixt Iceland and Denmark. Just at the present day, it seems restricted enough, limited to externals, this same connection. Still a connection there is, inasmuch as Iceland forms part of the Danish dominions just now. It adds another (and the biggest) to the number of islands of which this same Danish dominion is, *par excellence*, composed. A big and burly hanger-on it looks ; profitless, yet somewhat dangerous, like a Berserk. One almost wonders that the gentle little Sealand is not frightened to have such a grim retainer who never smiles, and who knows nothing of her winning arts

and tender airs. A stern, proud retainer ; never forgetful of ancient stories, and furnished with unbroken tracts of snow-mountain, one of which at least is actually as large as all Sealand from end to end.

As I said, the *present* connection between the two lands is that Iceland lies under the sway of the king of Denmark. The former band was quite different ; it might be called literary, if any one will, but at all events it was *internal*.

But then,—why then—why, humph !

One of my chief ends in Denmark was to acquire the Icelandic tongue. Icelandic I call it, in spite of everybody. People say Old Northern, Norwegians say Old Norse, and some of the old writings themselves say dönsk tunga, but just now it is Icelandic in law and in equity. Is that grim isle not the only land that has found meet to keep the ancient tongue, when Denmark, Norway, and Sweden chose to fling it away ? Then, if its inhabitants be the sole possessors and meritorious preservers of Scandinavia's once universal speech, they *have* acquired a right to hear it named after themselves.

At all events, when one wants to learn the language, one is forced to apply to an Icelander if it is to be learned as a living tongue. This is a fact that may not be gainsaid.

I was in no hurry to set about Icelandic till I was pretty familiar with Danish, and therefore did not begin till after my return to Copenhagen for the

winter. In Copenhagen there are a good many Icelanders. I was fortunate enough to be directed to a very able man for my instructions, T. G. Repp, Esq., a scholar known in England, among other things, for his Danish and English Dictionary (the only good dictionary of the kind in existence), and his work on trial by jury. Many persons may be surprised to hear that he is an Icelandic; such, however, is the fact, although, at the time of my acquaintance with him, he had not been in his native country for thirty-five years, many of which years had been spent in Great Britain.

Not Danish, but English, was the medium through which I acquired my Icelandic, a circumstance for which I am now grateful. They were right pleasant hours, those spent in sharp-shooting at that strong old tongue. It is a harder language than Danish, this same Icelandic; let no one beguile himself to suppose that the analogy of modern Scandinavian dialects will hold here. There is a grammar-system, a declining, conjugating, and parsing that remind a man of his boyhood; and that is always an agreeable reminiscence, even though school days and gerund grinding are not the most smiling recollections in our early years. Sometimes, when construing painfully a sentence of the Jomsvikinga Saga, or Snorro's Edda, I looked up half expecting to meet the impatient glances of my old dominie (ah! far in the past), instead of which I would set eyes on the exceeding patient countenance of my friendly

instructor, Mr. Repp, who, indeed, was not a severe master, but made the hard things of Icelandic as easy as they could be made, and possessed neither cane nor tawse, at least did not make use of them ; I daresay he thought it would be dangerous to try.

In so vast a literature as the Icelandic, not much progress is made in one winter, but enough to give great enjoyment, and allure farther. By far the most spirit-stirring hours during all my stay in Denmark, were those wherein I became acquainted, from the original documents, with that long ancient history. I must own, the contrast between that history and the present condition of the country which has become, in course of time, the possessor of the fountains of Scandinavian historical knowledge, was not favourable to the Danish state. It so happens, that Copenhagen has become the focus of Scandinavian learning. The old manuscripts exist now in the libraries of Copenhagen ; hence, many Danes of studious habits turn their attention to them, and hence the budding there in recent times of that kind of knowledge. Iceland is part of the King of Denmark's dominions ; hence the reason why natives of the learned isle are more to be found in Copenhagen than in any other Scandinavian chief town. Altogether, circumstances have brought about the fact, that Denmark has become the principal protector of Old Northern lore. Whether it might not have been a worthier possessor of those treasures is another question.

I do not enlarge farther on Icelandic literature just now. I hope for more fitting places and seasons.

When we had finished our lesson, Mr. Repp and I invariably wandered into a discourse upon matters of a public kind, for he was more of an Englishman than anything else. I look back with pleasure on those two-handed chats in which we arranged admirably the affairs of the whole world. But from him I gained more insight into the real state of things in Scandinavia than from any other man there, whether Englishman or Dane, probably because he was neither.

There are a good many Icelanders in Copenhagen, most of them youths attending the University. Comparatively few remain after ending their studies, and passing their innumerable examinations. At that happy period, they generally seek to return to their native isle.

The relation between the Icelandic foreigners and the Danes is, generally speaking, none of the best. There are, unfortunately, some good reasons why the former should be displeased with the latter, and then there are a great many *bad* reasons which, after all, have the powerfuller influence of the two.

One item, that certainly has much effect upon the Icelandic youths in Copenhagen, is the fact of their being there at all. If an Icelandic will *study*, it must be in the Danish metropolis. If he will enter

a learned profession, or obtain any official appointment in his own country, he must pass through his curriculum at the university of Copenhagen. There is no university in Iceland, and the Danish government will not permit its official men, even though they be of foreign speech, to be educated at any university but the metropolitan. Young Icelanders have complained to me of this, pining for liberty to seek the seats of learning in other parts of Scandinavia, or in Germany, or perhaps, even in England. Whether the Danish government be in the right or wrong on this point, I find it difficult to decide. But the bare fact that they are *forced* to be where they are (all the while they are not at home), has the effect of irritating the Icelanders, and making them snappish towards their Danish fellow-students and fellow-townsmen.

Consequently, the Icelanders in Copenhagen form a society quite by themselves. The English public has lately been studying a leaf from a curious book—a chapter of the history of a people living quite by itself in the heart of Denmark,—as related in the novel “Jacob Bendixen,” which Mrs. Howitt has rendered from the Danish. There we have a peep at Danish Jews. I believe quite an odd book might be written with “Icelanders in Copenhagen” for its subject. They live just as much by themselves, and look down just as much (generally speaking) on their Danish neighbours ; but here the analogy stops. They certainly are not persecuted in like manner.

with the Jews ; only in learned circles there is mutual recrimination, as much as heart could desire.

Towards an Englishman, all Icelanders are disposed to be very friendly, though I vow I know not why. The first time I spoke with one was not more than two months after my arrival in Denmark, whilst I was still pushing my way into Danish, and into the acquaintance of Danish *savants*. I was sitting one fine morning in early summer, doing something or other—I know not what,—when I heard a tap at the door. “Come in,” (Kom ind.) The door opened, and I beheld a fair-haired, bright-eyed youth in the entrance, smiling most graciously upon me. I was half taken by surprise ; there was something so sunny, so lightsome, so beaming, in my visiter, that he looked like some good vision. But I was to dispel the illusion. He spoke in a low tone a few words which I did not understand, so I instantly, like a barbarian, assailed him with,—

“Sprechen Sie Deutsch ? Ich kann noch kein ondentliches Dänisch.”

But he responded gently in my own mother-tongue.

“Yes, I speak a leetle German, but I also speak a leetle English !”

“Ah ! come then !” quoth I.

He then went on.

“I bring you a greeting from Etatsraad Rafn, whom you are acquainted with. I am from Iceland.”

“You’re an Icelander !”

Hereafter we were excellent friends. He was a superior specimen of an Icelander. He was pursuing his studies, at the same time that he aided in superintending the publication of the books edited by the Arna Magnæan Commission. This patriot left a fund for the publication of Icelandic literature, part of which was to be laid out in salaries to two young Icelanders of talent, who were to be brought from their native isle to revise the editions, and at the same time to pursue their education at the university. These are chosen (for their superior acquirements and talents) by some board in Iceland ; they enjoy the salary as long as they attend college, after which they are succeeded by two others. It is an excellent arrangement. The editions are very splendid. My new friend was one of the Arna Magnæan stipendiaries, which spoke for the opinion his landsmen had of him.

But I am wrong ; this was not the first Icelander whose acquaintance I made. Very shortly indeed after I came to Denmark, I was introduced to Mr. Gislason, a distinguished philologist. In bodily semblance he differed marvellously from his last-described countryman, for his very dark complexion reminded me almost of an Italian. He is one of those who have lingered in Denmark long after the period when most of their countrymen quit it, and now he has earned for himself (though by no means beyond the prime of life) the reputation of a very

eminent scholar. After Madvig and Westergaard, I have heard him even by the Danes counted as their next most eminent philologist. He fills the post of professor extraordinary in the university.

Mr. Gislason has, for some time, been engaged on a work of no small import, I mean the Icelandic and English Dictionary which was begun by a lamented countryman of our own. During the life of the latter, Mr. Gislason was his constant assistant in the work, and after his death he inherited the MSS. with the charge of completing it. As it was already in a pretty forward state, many persons have wondered why it should not have appeared earlier, but Mr. Gislason has been burdened with many labours of his own, which he has (I think justly) chosen to complete ere he proceeded to the work left in his hands by another.

Meanwhile I trust the Icelandic Dictionary will not be long delayed. From the pains bestowed on it, I am assured it will prove a far superior production to what we might have expected from a first attempt of the kind. It will be a boon to those who desire to learn that valuable tongue, and I hope it may act powerfully in setting the tide in that direction. At present we have to content ourselves with Biörn Haldorson's venerable performance, a meritorious book for that period, but most imperfect, and with Latin and Danish meanings. One of the last times I saw Mr. Gislason, he spoke very modestly of his labours, asserting that he did not

expect his work to prove a standard Lexicon, but should be content if it stirred up any other individual to compile a better. But I am confident that it will, at least for long, supersede all efforts of the same sort.

Meanwhile we must leave the Icelanders in the metropolis of Denmark,—strangers in a strange land. It is to be hoped that the younger portion of them (which is the discontented half) will find good appointments when they return to their native isle, to compensate for their long detention on foreign ground. One must not wonder at any man's love of country, though there *are* things that might make the Icelanders prize a visit to other lands, for without this, they would remain their life-long ignorant of much that most people think necessities of life. To instance two articles, I will mention bread and wood,—both of them usually looked on as pretty indispensable. Yet in Iceland they have no bread, but salt fish, and no wood but what the sea drifts to them! The fish they salt and dry thoroughly, and then eat as we do our quartern loaves, calling it by the name of “bread.” Whether they butter it in like manner I am not informed; I daresay it would make very elegant slices to hand about at tea time. Very likely they have “salt fish butter toast” and muffins, and biscuits, and buns, all excellent, and made from the same dried ling. I fear it would not do so well for sweet cake. But of this fish-bread the Icelanders are so fond, that they prefer it

to all productions of the harvest field. Even when they come to Denmark, they shock the good Danes by altogether despising the beloved rye-bread, to say nothing of the beautiful wheaten rolls of Copenhagen, and by eating dried fish instead of it!

This constant consumption of salted and smoked ling has one obvious and most unpleasant effect; it communicates a not-to-be-got-rid-of odour to the persons who eat it. In Iceland it must be shocking, to judge by even the mitigated smell that attends Icelanders in Copenhagen. Not merely the persons, but their abodes get penetrated with the perfume. Old tobacco smoke is nothing to it. The Icelandic bread causes quite what the Germans would call a "stink." It is at once very penetrating and adhesive; I should suppose it would never leave the clothes of one who had saturated himself with ling. It is a serious drawback upon intercourse with the fine fellows. I own to having felt disgusted on calling upon an Icelanders to find the air of his room redolent of salt fish, the laden air coming against me like a sirocco. Out of their own apartments their savour never annoyed me; it was only in the confined atmosphere I found it troublesome, not so every other person. I suppose my olfactory nerves were not so delicate as those of a learned professor connected with the University of Copenhagen, one distinguished for his love of elegance and his observance of the lesser graces of life (if I mistake not it was Oehlenschläger

himself, who, as Professor of *Æsthetics* might be supposed to have a very delicate perception of all that was in keeping with strict taste, or the contrary), who, as I was told, being faultless in his own person, absolutely dreaded an interview with any of his Icelandic students on account of the odour they carried with them, and who, therefore, had himself always provided with a handkerchief steeped in *eau-de-Cologne*, which he called into requisition whenever an *Icelander* was announced, holding it before his nose during the interview.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEECH SHALL WAIT FOR HIS LIEGE.

As full of infirmity, yet as full of a wonderful life-power, as the history of the church in other lands of Europe, is the story of the Christian Church in Denmark and the north. It is now for a thousand years that these lands have enjoyed the knowledge of God ; and during that time, in the midst of innumerable backslidings, the Word has been paving for itself a free course to the hearts of the children of the north. At this moment, it has oversprung many walls of separation, but there are still many remaining over which the Word must leap.

The propagator of Christianity in Denmark was St. Ansgar. Others aided him, but he did so much alone as to entitle himself to the name of the Apostle of Scandinavia.

The Odinic worship was what Ansgar had to contend with. It was a mighty foe ; but the Cross was powerful enough to subdue even it. Fierce was the struggle. Long did that nature-worship fight for its natural life, its natural ascendancy, its natural dominion. All the powers arose to stand by it ; all on earth, all in man. But the Cross inclined tran-

quilly over the elected lands, and no missile that its adversary directed against it did any hurt. It was a pure symbol, and having laid aside all alloy, all earthly dross, no element of nature could injure it ; waters would not drown it, fire could not burn it ; its very purity was hateful. " White Christ ! " should He, by mere presence too, slay a whole national religion ? Yet so it was. The death struggle of the old faith was terrible ; it wrestled for life with the hearts of men in its hands ; but with a tremendous throe it died. All at once, a number of pale shades were seen to flit away from the worship of the north ; no one knew whither they went, but they fled shivering from their pierced bodies. And for a while after that, there was a great silence in the lands, whilst the missionaries of the Cross went about to build up where they had pulled violently down.

It is one of Grundtvig's vital convictions that the ancient religion of Scandinavia (viewing it in its length and breadth) *could* have given way before nothing but Christianity. I think it hard to controvert this position.

Well ! St. Ansgar, as an *ἀπόστολος*, accomplished great things. There is a fearful solemnity about that early planting of Christianity in Scandinavia. So silent was all after the storm, so still, so pure, so irresistible. The old faith lay in its blood on the stricken plains, and the new one walked spiritual, spotless, in white raiment about the land, as if

taking it in possession. The hated white Christ proved the conqueror, but a gentle and loving Lord. It was found that in perfect purity only, the true fire of love did burn. This was a strange law for the people, but the isles had long unwittingly waited for this law, and now they began to receive it.

Afterwards, in the age of symbols, the symbol of Christianity, the Cross, a pure white cross as it had appeared to the isles, was placed triumphant on the red field of its victory ; and this figure, the dominant cross with a red background, became the national banner of Denmark, as it remaineth unto this day. The Danish flag, even now borne in battle, is a white cross upon a red ground.

The story is that this flag fell down from heaven into the arms of the bishop, during a battle of the Danes against the heathen in Russia.

Meantime the Church took root. During the many centuries before the Reformation, it had its tale of degeneracies to the full. It had also its less apparent holinesses. There is much in the annals of Christianity in the north during the Middle Ages to enliven one's heart.

But the hierarchy grew too strong for the faith it ought to have cherished, and in time almost smothered it. We find hardly anywhere records of a more aspiring hierarchy than that in the north.

Denmark was at first under the sway of the See of Hamburgh, but afterwards an archbishopric was

founded at Lund, in the province of Scania, in Sweden, which part of Sweden belonged at that time to the crown of Denmark, and the Archbishop of Lund became primate, not merely of Denmark, including Scania, but of all Scandinavia. Other archbishoprics were established at Upsala in Sweden, and at Trondhiem in Norway, but they were respectively subordinate, however unwillingly at times, to the Archbishop of Lund. Denmark thus took the lead in ecclesiastical matters in Scandinavia, although its archiepiscopal see was situated in a province that by nature, if not in fact, belonged to Sweden.

From their powerful position as Primates of all Scandinavia, the Archbishops of Lund speedily became right assuming in their pretensions. Towards their sovereigns, the Kings of Denmark, they took and maintained a very stupendous demeanour, encouraging their suffragan bishops and the inferior clergy to do the same towards the nobility and common people. The laity, from the King downwards, generally fought desperately against the pretensions of the priesthood, but with wonderfully little effect. The influence of the clergy, as their consequence increased, was exerted not for the right ends;—*this* is the sad point. It was not for the Word of God, but for the ecclesiastical body they strove. There can be no denying that for a long time during the latter Middle Ages, Denmark was priest-ridden.

Ecclesiastical annals of that period are full of the squabbles, or rather serious contentions, between the Kings of Denmark and the Archbishops of Lund. Very often the latter came off with the most flying colours. But the Danish monarchs had no desire to be dictated to by the ghostly power, and they resisted vigorously.

It so happens that many of the Primates were personally very admirable men, whose private lives are beautifully edifying. Their subordinates were oftener mere worldlings in sheep's clothing. But they all worked together for the power of the church.

As displayed in individual prelates, the church-life of Denmark then took quite a colour of its own, which ought to prove an interesting subject of comparison and investigation for church historians. It was not a mere reproduction of something existing elsewhere.

I have found the lives of sundry Danish ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages full of a singular interest, well repaying the trouble of perusal. I believe little is known of this branch of church history in other parts of Europe, but there is no reason why it should be a *terra incognita*.

The man in whom, on the whole, the type of a Scandinavian churchman of that period may be seen to pretty fair advantage, is, I think, Archbishop Absalon, the third of that rank in the see of Lund. He is well known as the friend and patron of Saxo

Grammaticus. In him, many of the good, and some of the bad, elements of episcopal character may be traced. He was a man of commanding intellect, with great talents for ruling his diocese, and the affairs of his country, both temporal and spiritual, which talents he found ample opportunity to exercise. In private life, he must have been very estimable, although from a natural hastiness of temper, he was often betrayed into acts which he had reason afterwards to regret. His piety and learning were great, and he does not seem altogether to have been personally of an ambitious nature, inasmuch as he was most unwilling to forsake the bishopric of Roeskilde, which he held, for the higher dignity of Lund, preferring the peace of comparatively private life to the very exposed situation of the primacy; although, after he had been almost forced to accept the archbishopric, he never hesitated to extend its greatness by every means in his power. For his time, he is on the whole, a very admirable character. One must always remember he was a churchman.

In his life, and in those of his predecessors, Adzer and Eskil, as well as in those of many other ecclesiastics of that age, the student fond of such things, will find plenty to interest him. They often combined with great outward activity, and what one must regard as unwarrantable ecclesiasticism, a delightful degree of deep devotion, and "pure contemplation." The inner life was not unattended to; they were men of faith and prayer.

One fancies that the pulpit ministrations of that era must oftentimes have been very charming. But indeed, so they were everywhere at that time ; in this respect, I presume, Denmark differed less from other lands.

Thus in vicissitudes the church held on from its foundation until the time of reformation. In the beginning it was very good ; afterwards it deteriorated ; but at all times it had spots of light here and there, shining more or less brightly as they drew more or less straight their illumination from the white cross St. Ansgar had extended over the lands.

At the Reformation there was much to clear away, and it was pretty effectually managed on the whole. It was doubtless at the time an immense gain to Denmark that it enjoyed the labours of Buggehagen, the great German reformer, because at home they had no one fitted to head such a movement, most of the superior clergy being against it ; but in some respects it has not been an advantage that they so directly received the Reformation from Germany, inasmuch as it gave a much more German *direction* to the Danish church than it had had before. This direction it did not lose for ages, if even now the impression be quite effaced. Connected with the Reformation in Denmark are sundry curious points for the student of church history, such, for instance, as the fact that it sprung to so great an extent from the court, and neither from the people nor clergy, &c.

For two centuries and a half after the Reformation, the church of Denmark followed the course of most others; a course well known not to have been a subject for gratulation. Many godly persons it doubtless had in its communion, but fewer and fewer as the time went on. What traces it has now left of its vitality during that period are small in number. That among private persons in particular, there were many faithful is doubtless, but they were more numerous at first than afterwards.

Two very costly inheritances from those centuries, to which the modern church has succeeded, are the volumes of hymns by the Bishops Kingo and Brorson. These two productions are great treasures now for evermore, and the church that had the first use of them cannot certainly be said to have been poor. The effect of such hymns is quite incalculable; how many times they have sustained faith, and expressed believers' sentiments, when such sentiments must have expired for want of expression, is what we can never know. It is a good thing that hardly any nation is without a treasure of hymns. But it is an odd enough thing that every nation thinks no other church can be as well off in that respect as its own. In Great Britain, we believe our own hymns to be the best in the world. Ask the Germans whether they do not think the same of theirs? And I can answer for the Danes being firmly persuaded that scarcely any language is so rich in hymn literature as Danish.

Towards the close of last century, the progress of

stupor was complete, and vital Christianity seemed to have departed from the land. Formalism was at its height, and, oddly enough, bigotry appeared to accompany it.

But with the century, men slept their sleep outright. The beginning of the present beheld a change, and that of a vital sort; though, perhaps, the generation that then was, discerned not what grew up in their very midst, and what the future was to unfold. But the airs of heaven had blown over the generation, and had breathed life into some of its young and receptive hearts.

The man who unquestionably has had most to do in this work of replanting and rewatering the Faith of Christ in Denmark during this now completed half century, is the present venerable Bishop of Copenhagen, Dr. Mynster. Him the Head of the church has honoured to be the first and the chief in the exalted mission. In the second year of the century, he commenced his regular office as a preacher of the gospel, which office has been uninterrupted till the present moment.

His own heart being kindled by the inspiration of the spirit, and his intellect being wide awake, he felt himself impelled to proclaim to his countrymen the same gospel which had wrought such a gladsome change in himself. So he began, with the word put in his mouth, and unmindful of what other men might object, fearlessly, in simplicity and godly sincerity, to preach that redemption by the blood of

the cross which had so long been concealed and kept in silence. The results have been very wonderful. Many have been turned from darkness to light ; but in particular, the effect upon those who should enter the ministry has been invaluable. *Now* the everlasting gospel is again proclaimed in many churches over the length and breadth of the land ; this was not the case a generation ago.

One can fancy that it was not without misgivings and self-questionings that a young man commenced a course so different from that of his fellows. Should he alone be right ? In our ages, direct commissions from on high are not given ; the more difficult for a messenger to be sure he is sent, and what he is sent for. Yet the clearly revealed word of God allowed of no doubt.

In a youthful letter to Oehlenschläger about some poems of the latter, I find Mr. Mynster, saying, "I also design, God willing, to open my mouth, and that in divers ways, certainly first to try what echo will answer my voice ; but it shall not be quite in vain, for I know that I am among the called, and I muse day and night, in watching and prayer, that I may also become one of the chosen." This object he speedily attained ; and from that time until the present, there has been no cessation of that gentle but loud and solemn voice persuading men everywhere to repent. In speaking and in writing, Christ crucified has been the beginning and the ending, the first and the last.

Dr. Mynster's printed works are pretty voluminous. I remember, soon after reaching Denmark, being advised to read his "Contemplations," as "one of the finest things in the language." This is true, especially as far as prose is concerned. It is a book which has been peculiarly useful, in making men see something *attractive*, something *beautiful*, in true Christianity. In its solemn and elevated tone, it reminds me now and then of Hervey. But it is entirely different in design, as Dr. Mynster's "Contemplations" go over a large surface of Christian truth. Many printed sermons are even finer than the "Contemplations." In fact, a few of Dr. Mynster's sermons are in their own way quite matchless.

Dr. Mynster was at first a country clergyman. After that, he was removed to the much more influential position of incumbent of the church of Our Lady in Copenhagen. Finally, he was elevated to the See of Copenhagen, and Primacy of Denmark, which station he has now filled for a number of years.

Grundtvig, also, has been a remarkable agent during the present century. He commenced about the year 1810. At that period, Rationalism was as yet little shaken, and he set about with might and main to attack it. He had previously occupied himself solely with poetry; when the Faith laid hold of him, and it seemed to him a sin that he should be taken up with mythology, while the pastors of God's flock were neglecting their duty. So he stepped for-

ward as polemic, asserting the faith against all human might and reason. He was too loud for the times, and got into difficulties from the enmity of the Rationalistic party. In fact, for many years he was not a pastor of the National Church at all.

But these matters which, after all, have not directly to do with the revival of religion in this century, I must omit, as it is far too extensive a subject. Besides, Grundtvig's position, his controversy with Clausen, and other things, have been repeatedly put in print in England, which makes it the less needful for me to do so.

Grundtvig has always had, and retains to this day, extraordinary powers as a preacher. He is what one would call *stirring*. In fact, this quality of *stirringness* (the raking and shaking through of everything) is characteristic of him altogether. His sermons, even now when his voice has become very feeble, are sometimes extremely exciting. He has remarkable *views* of truth.

Besides the power which his preaching has had in commending certain parts of truths to men's minds and in making men *think*, the great influence which Grundtvig has exerted has been as a controversialist. He has from first to last fought against Rationalism in every form. Doubtless this was also a very important vocation in such times, and we must bear it in mind when looking at Grundtvig as a theologian. He has gone into extremes which he could scarcely have done had he not been obliged to oppose the reverse

in others. He entertains many views which evangelically-minded men must regard as having a tendency towards error, and some which we would altogether pronounce false. For instance, his extraordinary ideas of the *forms* connected with baptism as necessary to the valid administering of that rite, the "seven questions," &c., as if aught more *could* be *necessary* than the form our Lord laid down, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The questions and profession of faith may be very good and excellent, but certainly they are not *necessary*. His views about the "living word," the all-importance of preaching, and many others, bear also the stamp of exaggeration.

Grundtvig is eminently not *critical*, but *traditional*. This is also by way of opposing the Rationalists. There is much worth investigating in the tendency of his views, but this book is evidently not the place for it, and perhaps I have already said too much. He has been a very valuable man as an opponent and destroyer of unbelief, but he has not succeeded so well in building up. There is too much of the Son of Thunder in him for the latter purpose; indeed he has often knocked down theories of his own very soon after he had raised them. And, in fact, he has too many theories about the church, missions, reading of the Bible, &c. He does not himself put the Bible into the hands of an unconverted person, because there is no hope such a person can understand it. It was written for the church, and must be

expounded orally by a believer, because faith cometh by hearing, &c. Hence he does not think the Spirit of God doth instruct in the reading of the Word.

Grundtvig's great idea is that of "The Faith once delivered to the *Saints*." To preserve this in its purity is his grand aim. His errors must be forgiven on account of the useful work he has done. There is something very splendid about the man's power. And I must again comment upon his hymns as those of this century, which raise its rank to that when Kingo and Brorson sang. Many of Grundtvig's are the finest in the language; others, again, are in bad taste.

Dr. Mynster's grand idea I should call, "The Gospel, the power of God unto salvation." I have said Grundtvig's was "The Faith once delivered to the *Saints*." I think from these two sentences, in some measure, a fair idea may be had of the difference between the two men. And it will be perceived how much more fitted for all times and eras the former is, how much more universal it is; while the latter is for an era, a limited time, a time of controversy.

I said there were many devoted clergyman now. Some are zealous disciples of Grundtvig, but his views are not fitted to make a lasting, though they do make a deep impression.

Among younger theologians of the orthodox school, the most distinguished is Professor Martensen. His "Mester Eckhart," and his sermons, and other writ-

ings, had earned him a high name, even before his "Dogmatik" appeared, which took place during my stay. He is striking as a preacher as well as a professor. Martensen seems acknowledged even by the German divines, who are not in general very frank to own foreign merit, as a theologian of high significance.

The former history of the Danish church has been learnedly written by the late Bishop Münter, a very accomplished man. I have derived a great deal of information from his volumes, "The History of the Church in Denmark" (written in German), and the "History of the Reformation in Denmark." But the former work he left incomplete; and it were to be wished that there was a history coming down to recent times.

I ought to have mentioned that when Scania was cut off from Denmark, the latter country, as a necessary consequence, lost its archbishop, and now the Bishop of Copenhagen is Primate of Denmark. And the see of Lund, from being the seat of the primacy of all Scandinavia, dwindled down into a simple bishopric, subject to the archbishopric of Upsala, which is now the metropolitan see of Sweden. Denmark has now eight dioceses.

There is a man whom it is impossible to omit in any account of Denmark, but whose place it might be more difficult to fix; I mean Sören Kierkegaard. But as his works have, at all events for the most part, a religious tendency, he may find a place

among the theologians. He is a philosophical Christian writer, evermore dwelling, one might almost say harping, on the theme of the human heart. There is no Danish writer more in earnest than he, yet there is no one in whose way stand more things to prevent his becoming popular. He writes at times with an unearthly beauty, but too often with an exaggerated display of logic that disgusts the public. All very well, if he were not a popular author, but it is for this he intends himself.

I have received the highest delight from some of his books. But no one of them could I read *with pleasure* all through. His "Works of Love" has, I suppose, been the most popular, or, perhaps, his "Either—Or," a very singular book. A little thing published during my stay, gave me much pleasure, "Sickness unto Death."

Kierkegaard's habits of life are singular enough to lend a (perhaps false) interest to his proceedings. He goes into no company, and sees nobody in his own house, which answers all the ends of an invisible dwelling; I could never learn that any one had been inside of it. Yet his one great study is human nature; no one knows more people than he. The fact is *he walks about town all day*, and generally in some person's company; only in the evening does he write and read. When walking, he is very communicative, and at the same time manages to draw everything out of his companion that is likely to be profitable to himself.

I do not know him. I saw him almost daily in the streets, and when he was alone I often felt much inclined to accost him, but never put it into execution. I was told his "talk" was very fine. Could I have enjoyed it, without the feeling that I was myself being mercilessly pumped and sifted, I should have liked very much.

CHAPTER XV.

His place amongst us is empty, he is gone hence to behold more closely that which was shown to him here in holy visions. For what the Artist sets forth in his works—what stands before the poet's eye when he seizes his harp—they borrow not from the reality here below; it is revelation from a higher world,—it is foretaste of what the morning of the resurrection shall bring.

BISHOP MYNSTER.

SHORTLY after Christmas, the great concern on the public mind was Oehlenschläger's illness. He had long ailed, but since the festival on his birth-day in November, he had become much worse, and about the new year it began to look serious. The rejoicings that followed the grand birth-day feast had hardly ceased (for they were held in many different places), when it became known that the poet was in danger.

For about a week before his death, no more hope was entertained. When I inquired day by day of those who frequented his house, the answer was, that he still lived, perhaps a little better, but he could not hold out much longer. His door was besieged by persons inquiring. In his own room he saw only his family, and a very few most intimate friends. His two sons were all of his family who

could be with him. His wife—the much beloved wife of his early years, of whom we hear so often in “his Recollections,” Christiane Heger, with whom he had got so *naïvely* engaged—was dead long before, and one of his daughters, a gifted daughter, with something of her father’s nature, and, I believe, his own pet, had also been laid in her grave, and the other daughter had married, and gone with her husband to Norway, where she then was, so that it was impossible to procure her presence in Denmark, owing to the slowness of communication and difficulty of travelling. As I said, his sons were alone to wait upon him.

When I went one Monday to call on a friend, the first remark was, “You have heard of Oehlenschläger’s death?” I had not heard, and, though well prepared, yet the first news that all indeed was over, was deeply affecting. Oehlenschläger was quite too much associated with all that was stirring in the intellectual life of Denmark, not to give to the tidings of his departure for ever, a feeling that a mighty man and a chief had fallen that day.

He died on Sunday evening, the 20th January, at the age of seventy years and two months : he was well aware of his approaching end, and met it with calmness. One of the last things he caused his son to read to him was a passage from his own “Socrates,” on immortality. It is the opinion of those who ought to be able to judge, that he had a better hope for immortality than such as Socrates may be

supposed to have cherished. This is a pleasant fact—the “hope in death;” else, indeed, one would contemplate the poet’s dying couch with infinite pain.

All classes heard of the death with emotion. There were some among the highest in the land who had long been the poet’s friends; and there were multitudes of the lower ranks who were familiar with him as with their own family. Her Majesty the aged queen-dowager, Marie Sophie, had been one of his earliest, and had, certainly, remained one of his steadiest patrons; for many of the latter years of his life were enriched by her kindness. Oehlenschläger, as a youth, was brought forward at the court of Frederick VI., where he was made much of; and it was remarkable that, when nearly half a century afterwards, he expired full of days and honours, regarded by every one as belonging to a past generation, the much more aged queen of Frederick VI. should survive him, I believe sincerely mourning his loss.

In worldly matters, Oehlenschläger’s life, for many years, was not merely free from care, but affluently provided for. His works yielded him considerable sums, though not as much as they ought to have done, and he enjoyed different salaries.

His death made a visible effect on sundry public concerns;—the newspapers which contained the announcement were bordered with black, almost as if for a royal personage. The Theatre Royal was for

one or two evenings closed—a rather remarkable expression of sorrow. The public meeting of the Scandinavian Society was delayed for a week, &c.

Many persons wore mourning.

The body lay as it were in state for several days, and was visited by many friends and admirers of the deceased. The funeral was fixed for Saturday, and preparations on the largest scale were made for it. On Friday evening the body was removed quite privately from the house in Amalie Gade to the church of Our Lady, from which it was to be carried next morning. As Oehlenschläger had been a professor in the University, the funeral was to be conducted in the form usual for a professor. In the University the company was to meet, and proceed from thence to the church of Our Lady, where the service was to be conducted, after which the real funeral procession was to form and accompany the remains to the church of Fredericksberg, two English miles distant, where the poet had chosen his burial-place.

As I had not succeeded in making his acquaintance in life, I was only the more desirous to see something of the last of his connection with earth. I found there would be some difficulty in gaining admission to the church of Our Lady, as the number of persons who had in one way or other a claim was enormous; but, on speaking of it to a friend, a professor in the University, he volunteered to do what he could: still he held out little prospect of success, and I was not sanguine;—in fact I made up my

mind to join the crowd upon the street, and witness the passing of the procession, and so go home again.

But just as I had got up on Saturday morning and was dressing, the kind professor knocked at my door, and demanded admission in all haste. He had run himself out of breath to tell me that he had spoken with the gentleman who was for the day master of ceremonies, and that this latter had agreed to admit me to the grand hall of the university, where I should have a place assigned me in the procession to Our Lady Church. It now depended upon what haste I could make, if I wanted to be in time.

I need not say I made what haste I could, and then ran from my abode to that of this zealous friend, who was waiting to accompany and introduce me to the master of ceremonies, after which he had to take his own place with the other professors, as colleague of the deceased. The large "Solemnity Hall" was nearly filled, and became quite so ere many more minutes had elapsed. All imaginable people were there—professors, artists, poets, literati, naval and military men, courtiers, priests, physicians, princes, &c. Each took his place in a strict order. Those whose professions made them most nearly connected with the deceased had the foremost rank, and those most remote from him the farthest back, so that the men of highest rank, the gentlemen and lords of the bedchamber, generals, &c., came in the rear; I had a position given me about the middle.

Now the procession began to form and leave the hall. We had only to proceed across the square. Many had already entered the church before the others had quitted the university. All the near friends of the deceased were already in church awaiting this arrival. A multitude of other individuals had obtained tickets of admission, so that there was little room left for the assembly from the university, except the middle aisle and the space about the centre of the building. The immense church was crowded from end to end, above and below. Yet all these human beings had obtained admission with much difficulty, and many more would fain have been there. I did not succeed in advancing above half way up the aisle, and many members of the procession must have been altogether unable to get in.

By barricading every window, the light of day had been carefully and completely excluded from the church. From ceiling to floor, the immense building was entirely hung with black, a work which must have cost great pains. One or two large candelabras with numerous wax-lights hung from above, only serving to cast a feeble light through the edifice, the result being in the highest degree sombre and funereal. The effect of the statues of the Apostles, with this black drapery, and the feeble illumination, was quite ghastly. The aspect of the whole thing was that of some tremendous and awful solemnity. The great crowd, with the feeble candle-light,

and the black walls, produced this effect. Had it not been for the crowd, the fearfulness of the place itself would have been insupportable. It was difficult to believe we were above the surface of the earth, for the absence of daylight and sound was complete.

When the building was as full of people as could be deemed possible, the silence was broken by the tones of the grand organ. They were sufficiently solemn. The gifted composer and organist, Hartmann, presided at the instrument. Grundtvig, with his usual enthusiasm, had succeeded in writing, immediately after Oehlenschläger's departure, a singularly beautiful dirge, which Hartmann, with equal and more surprising celerity, had set to music. It was now played by the latter, and sung by the band with admirable taste ; and the effect of its numbers, falling from the great height of the organ-gallery upon the immense and awe-struck assemblage in the dim cathedral, was most sublime. It was a long, low-toned requiem, and before its conclusion its notes had entered every heart.

The bier stood about the centre of the church, and was encompassed by the chief mourners for the deceased. When the dirge came to an end, the Bishop of Copenhagen began the address which he had been requested to deliver. He and the deceased had been friends for half a century, preserving their mutual affection unchanged through many differences of opinion. In his autobiography, Oehlen-

schläger dwells upon the benefits he had as a youth received from the young clergyman, Mynster, who was some years his senior;—I have reason to believe that these benefits were of a weighty kind. There could have been no more natural, and certainly no more touching, arrangement than that the bishop should speak the oration over the body of the chief singer, although to himself it was an almost too affecting task. As he stated “the years that he had in advance” might have given him the expectation that his friend should have done for *him* what he was now doing for his friend; but the younger was taken and the older spared. The oration was delivered in a voice too subdued for me to hear, at the distance at which I stood, but it was evident the speaker was much moved. When I afterwards read the address in print, I was struck with the admirable taste with which all mere narration of the deceased’s activities was kept out of it, and its embrace restricted to a reminding of the assembly of what they had lost—of what they had to mourn, and of what they had to think—with a very full and a very noble tribute to the worth and significance of him who now was gone.

Although I could not hear, and although doubtless a great proportion of the congregation heard no better, what was *seen* was of itself solemnizing enough. We were reminded that the fathers were passing away: those who had founded and built up the age in which the present generation was enjoying

itself were being taken from the world. Here lay one in his coffin, and another stood over him to pronounce the funeral oration. Already had some of that splendid band, who, at the beginning of this century, united to lay a new era, been removed—and how few remained! It was an instructive and solemnizing spectacle to the younger generation which had succeeded to all the wealth the fathers had created for it. How much reverence ought not to be shown them that remain!

When the address was ended, the organ again sounded, and this time they sang a hymn of Oehlen-schläger's own—one of his happiest, the effect of which again was very touching.

It commenced—

“Teach me, oh wood, rejoiced to fade,
As late in autumn the red blade,
A better spring is hasting;
When the Tree of Life shall glorious stand,
And strike its roots deep in the land
Of summer everlasting.”

Then they lifted the coffin and bore it from the church. It was followed by the chief mourners, his sons, son-in-law, and others, among whom was his Royal Highness the heir-apparent, Prince Frederick Ferdinand. The coffin passed quite close to me where I stood, in the middle aisle. It was richly ornamented, and laid with garlands.

From the church of Our Lady, the funeral procession proceeded slowly to the church of Fredericksberg. I did not accompany it, neither did many of those

most nearly connected. However, there was a very great crowd, although the day was wet and cold. A dirge by H. C. Andersen was sung as they entered Fredericksberg. The incident of the funeral passing the humble house where the poet was born, must have been touching. It was also near his summer residence, and near the place where his birth-day festival had been celebrated. Grundtvig delivered an oration at the grave, and therewith the services of the day closed.

Since this chapter was written, I have heard of the death of Oehlenschläger's early patron, the venerable Queen Marie. Her Majesty was the last survivor of a generation otherwise long extinct, and herself not far from numbering ninety years. It is more than two ages since she arrived in Denmark as the wife of Prince, afterwards King, Frederick. Her life seemed remarkably tranquil, though it certainly was not free from trial.

CHAPTER XVI.

O, that he were here to write me down—an ass! but, masters, remember, though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.

O, that I had been writ down—an ass!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I WAS told a sweet story of an incident that took place at the court of Copenhagen a few years ago.

There is a well-known lady in Copenhagen, who has for many years been one of the chief authorities in matters of fashion—a ruler, indeed, in the fashionable world, and one who is held in great awe by all, young and old, who wish to stand well and observe the latest proprieties of polite circles. Said lady has not arrived at her eminent position by fortuitous circumstances, but by a regular unremitting course of commanding every one, by which she has eventually taught the whole *beau monde* to submit itself to her opinion. She is not an unconscious potentate, but one fully aware of her exalted authority, and is most impatient of contradiction, and intolerant of anything like insubordination or neglect. Wherever she appears, she is treated with the veneration and distinction due to one so re-

spected. She is apt to express herself in strong language when offended.

Now there is also in Copenhagen a curious and interesting male specimen of high birth in the shape of a Prince ——, one of the German grandees, who before the breaking out of the war found as natural a home in Copenhagen as anywhere else. He is an *attachée* at the Court, though in no way connected with the Danish Royal Family. By Nature he has been really most unwarrantably unprovided with parts, and in fact is, I regret to say it of so high-born an individual, quite what in Germany they should call a Dummkopf. In Copenhagen circles, they make very free with the understanding of his highness, so much so, that I should be inclined to think his stupidity was overdrawn by an evil-speaking world, only I never could hear of a single instance in which the prince had comprehended a remark made to him on any other subject than the weather, if even it was always clear to him. One learns to venerate titles, when one sees them of themselves sufficient to exalt a man when they are not merely unsupported but absolutely warred against by his other qualities. Of all things, I may remark, the good Prince naturally is most unable to perceive a joke.

During the life of his late Majesty, there was one day a dinner party at the palace, at which these two individuals were present. It fell to the lot of Prince —— to lead Madame —— to table, but somehow or

other, when the time came that the company should move in procession to the dining-room, the good Prince forgot his duty, and trudged quietly off by himself, leaving the great lady in speechless indignation in the drawing-room, the only lady unprovided with a cavalier! When nearly the whole procession had reached the dining-room, she was forced to rise and follow, and ultimately found her way to table in a state of mind one can imagine.

After dinner, one of the princes of the blood-royal, who had noticed and doubtless enjoyed the little scene, politely asked Madame ——, how it came that she had been left to sit in the drawing-room. She exclaimed, “Oh, Prince —— was to have taken me, but he is such a blockhead, he went away and forgot me!” The royal questioner was not averse to causing a little fun, and he resolved to amuse himself at the cost of his serenity, the blunderer. Accordingly, he went to him, and said, “Only think what a rude woman Madame —— is! When I asked her why you had not conducted her to table, she said it was because you were such a blockhead! Did you ever hear of such an ill-bred woman? I would tell every one, if I were in your place, what a rude woman she was. To call you a blockhead!” A word was enough for the wise. All the evening, after that, the poor Prince made the round of the whole company, saying to everybody in succession, “Did you ever know such a rude woman as Madame ——? She said that I was a blockhead.”

I do not think that society in the metropolis of Denmark presents any remarkably interesting features. People say that "good society" is much the same all over the world. In one sense this is self-evident—may be regarded as a truism; but in another sense, I beg to enter my protest against such an assertion.

The aristocratic circles of Copenhagen, I must own, I look on in general as exceedingly tedious. This opinion is shared in by several English persons with whom I have exchanged sentiments on the subject, and who had had much longer opportunity to observe than I can pretend to. It would be untrue to say that there was not a certain number of highly intelligent individuals among the Danish nobility; but I must add, there is a vast number of singularly stupid and intensely uninteresting people of rank in Denmark. The general tone of society is very unintellectual. There is little of a literary nature, although, on the other hand, there is some feeling for art. In no country, I suppose, is music received with indifference; in fact, we are farther back in this matter in England than people are almost anywhere else. Thorvaldsen did a little to make sculpture fashionable, but his influence has not as yet penetrated far below the surface. On the
 these things are more simply a fashionable
 an a component part of that for which
 interest themselves. And, altogether,
 cy greater emptiness and frivolity than

is found in the tone of conversation among the upper ranks in Copenhagen, as far as my experience goes. I scarcely ever heard a remark made (except by a few individuals who formed honourable exceptions), which might not just as well *not* have been made, or which it was possible to remember a short time afterwards.

This ignorance is the more remarkable as his late majesty, Christian VIII., was not only a patron of literary men and artists, but himself a very enlightened man, who loved to be surrounded by rational beings. One can hardly fancy that the same amount of tediousness could exist at his court, yet I have no reason to believe the contrary. His reign was too short to produce a decided effect on those about him. His present majesty's fondness for antiquities has no other effect on his courtiers than that of producing a kind of stupid wonder, and polite acquiescence upon their faces. The various members of the royal family are unquestionably much more intellectual than most of those about them.

A feature particularly obvious to an Englishman is the abhorrence in Danish "good society" of all personal peculiarities. The high born and bred are most intolerant of "eccentricities," as we in England felicitously have denominated a certain set of phenomena. One's mode of behaviour is ordered by so strict and all-embracing a rule, that hardly the smallest freedom is permitted. If a man display an "eccentricity," they call him insane or ill-bred. All

our numerous eccentric characters would be at once banished as mad. Indeed, I have heard very estimable English individuals assigned to the mad-house as their proper place, because they were "a little peculiar." One may fancy the monotony that arises from this law.

There is plenty of gaiety in Copenhagen. But I look on festivities—balls, assemblies, &c.—in the higher circles, as rather pompous and stiff. There is a want of freedom and *gladness* about them—and certainly a great want of intelligence. And, of course, the scale is smaller than in the greater capitals of Europe. But vast advances towards freedom and unexclusiveness have been made since last century. *Then*, Copenhagen was a more important metropolis than it is now, and its pomp was in proportion. In Sir R. M. Keith's correspondence, we have a dismal account of polite frigidity and positive inhospitality. Then, the distinctions of rank were invulnerable. Now, there is neither as much power nor as much wealth, and stiffness and stateliness have yielded, to a great degree, along with them.

When we come down from these serene and "high-well-born" regions to other classes of society, we land upon a very different style of things, at whatever point we effect our descent. There are specimens of all kinds of society in Copenhagen.

I was, particularly at first, much amongst the *savants*, and literati, and artists of Denmark. In their society, I found a great deal to interest me,

more than amongst any other class of people. They live very much by themselves, either not wishful or not able to mingle to any extent with other conditions of men.

Learning has long flourished in Denmark, and the tone of learned men's conversation is that of a high degree of cultivation. Much may be acquired in their company. The state of science is, on the whole, more life-like than in many other places. But there are drawbacks to the society of the learned and artistic world, which become most harassing to a foreigner on longer stay. At first he perceives nothing. But afterwards, he becomes aware of the most extraordinary amount of party spirit that he ever met with in the course of his life. When admitted behind the scenes, he finds that the whole intellectual world is split up into opposing sections, or rather into a number of coteries that range themselves respectively on one or other side in the grand divisions. They hate one another heartily, and this it would be painful merely to witness; but no stranger can show himself long upon the scene, looking interested, and be allowed to remain a mere spectator, or at least have peace in doing so; he is expected to join one or other side. He is called on to admire and defend everything done by certain persons, and to ridicule and scorn all that certain other persons execute, as well as to hate and abuse the latter individuals. "The evil spirit of Party" has gained a victory in Copenhagen; and much intel-

lect is frittered away in its service that might be better employed. It has contrived without doubt to paralyse and frustrate a great deal of effort.

Genius of the first rank, or of pure water in any rank, always rises above party-spirit. I refer not, therefore, to genius, but to a lower power in the walks of intellect. It would be ridiculous to think of Oehlenschläger or Grundtvig, or any such man, as actuated by motives such as those which may impel mere *literati* and professors; still it is painful to see how far even the former may be at times infected by this malignant disease.

At first, one might wonder what party-spirit had to do with science, art, poetry, &c. But it is the fact that it has seemingly a great deal to do with them.

Another peculiarity of the thinking world of Copenhagen is a pretty general political direction of a certain kind. The men seem almost all to be democrats. It might be still more difficult to find out what democracy had to do with knowledge, and with thought; I found this peculiarity disturb me quite as much as the other. With one accord, all learned men execrated what was aristocratic. Just at the period of my visit to Denmark, politics had taken possession of everybody's head, and in addition to the general discourse upon Schleswig-Holstein, &c., the scientific world talked morning, noon, and night, about "constitution," "abolition of titles," and who knows what else? I could have wished that my visit had fallen at another time. What those good people

chiefly detested was "fornemme Folk" (genteel people); "Fornemhed," (gentility" I can translate it in this connection by no other word): it is what they execrate on all hands. One would marvel what the poor "fornemme Folk" had done! For, indeed, they are a much too inoffensive class.

I own to having been a good deal irritated by this foolish ultra-liberalism, as I could not discern what it had to do in the sphere where it now showed itself. And, rather than assail rank, it might not be unadvisable for the savants of Denmark to appropriate to themselves what is really attainable belonging to the upper classes. All over Germany and Scandinavia, men of learning want very much in external polish which they are also pleased to undervalue, because they fancy it beyond their reach. But it is not so. If the higher classes excel in anything it is in this; and why should not the wiser, or at all events much more learned class I have been speaking of, adopt it?

Certainly, on the part of the titled world, even unto the present day, an absurd idea of its own sacredness exists, and this is fitted to irritate those who do not belong to it. I was told a story of a young lady of plebeian extraction who had been married by some chance to a Count—a thing, by the way, only now beginning to be tolerated. Whilst I was in Copenhagen, she and her husband dined one day at the house of some acquaintances of mine—the family of a professor in the university. The young Countess had become since her marriage much more

of an aristocrat than many born with a title. During dinner, something was mentioned as having happened in a neighbouring civilian family. It was in itself an out-of-the-way occurrence, though now I forget its nature. Her grace tossed her head, and said—

“ Oh, I suppose such things are not uncommon *in the other world*.”

The rest of the company, her entertainers among the number, sat amazed at the piece of insolence, as the speaker was almost the only titled person present. But her husband instantly caught the thread of discourse, with—

“ How do *you* know what takes place in the other world ?”

And thus turned the conversation. The phrase had luckily two meanings ; but it is often used for civilian society by the great world of Copenhagen.

It is quite possible to have some very agreeable society in Copenhagen, if one takes pains in seeking it. The merely high-born, or the merely wealthy, or the merely intellectual will not always be satisfactory, but there are modifications and mixtures in the Danish metropolis, as well as in every other, which must needs gratify. There are rich and noble persons, themselves gifted, who delight to see gifted people about them, and there are persons in every station who adorn their sphere : and, as I say, people *mix* enough to give some variety, though not any more than is absolutely needful. But there is enough of mind, enough of station, enough of wealth,

enough of refinement, and, finally, enough of piety (though of this latter too little in the abstract) to form very agreeable society, some of which I have enjoyed greatly.

To borrow the Danish phrase, "it would be a sin to say," that the Copenhageners are as hospitable, or at least as frank, as their landmen in other parts. It calls for personal exertion to get introduced in Copenhagen, and this is scarcely the case in the rural districts. One must ask to be introduced to this and the other person when in the metropolis, if one wants to know and be known, and visit at houses. Neither introductions nor invitations will come flying in to you through the window, to or from persons you never spoke to ; although from a great deal of nonsense, which is written and spoken, one might be ready to suppose this. I should say, on the whole, the denizens of Copenhagen are shy towards strangers. Early in my residence there, I got acquainted and intimate with a few very delightful and hospitable people, whose friendship I retained throughout ; but this I believe to have been good luck, inasmuch as I did not add to the number of my intimate friends as quick as I expected from this fortunate outset. Most people looked at me a long time before they would open their doors more than a third or a half ; and it was not until my residence in the metropolis was drawing very near an end, that I began to feel at all at home there. Had I remained another winter, I doubt not I should have

found it remarkably pleasant ; but from having to find out entirely for myself who were the pleasant people. I made comparatively little progress during my one winter (the foregoing summer season was not to be reckoned at all), particularly as, after all, from rather low spirits, I was myself most careless about society, and sought it only from a conscientious feeling that this was my sole chance to see it there, as it was unlikely I should spend another winter in the Danish metropolis.

I should think, to any one who did not know the *right* people, but was fond of society, Copenhagen would be an intolerably tedious and stupid residence ; but, in certain circumstances, it may be quite a pleasant place.

One very agreeable feature of Copenhagen society is the system of evening visits which any one is at liberty to pay to any family he knows. Every evening, it is lawful to go to see people ; but most families have one night each week on which they are "at home" to their friends, or a limited circle of the same. I had the freedom of several houses in this way, and those hours in quiet cheerful family society were the most enjoyable I spent. I met usually much the same people in each house, with now and then just enough of strangers to give a feeling of variety—it made one inevitably fancy oneself at home. Such "family circles," generally assemble between eight and nine o'clock, and break up at eleven. At the latter hour one meets many

knots of people wending their way home through the streets, sometimes with lanterns. A few carriages lumber on the causeway ; but they are in greater requisition when " parties " break up, which is at a little after twelve, or when balls are dissolved at a more advanced hour of the morning.

The weekly circles at some houses assume a very learned shape. In one family of my acquaintance, the most distinguished artists in Copenhagen used to assemble once a week, and there I have heard interesting talk. In another house, we had regularly recurring musical evenings, which sent me home in a delectable state to sleep.

But evening is the time for making every kind of visit. I was told ladies were not presentable until one o'clock in the day, and that then they took a walk or a drive, returned to dress, dine, drink coffee, &c., then receive visitors, and that I was not to invade people's houses in the forenoon. As far as the not being in a receptive condition till one o'clock is concerned, it is in some cases a calumny, for I have repeatedly visited and been admitted to the dear ladies, in true German fashion, as early as eleven or twelve o'clock ; but, still, the proper and fashionable time is the evening, and, as a general rule, between eight and nine o'clock. And if people are at home, and not particularly engaged, a visit may be extended to a much greater length than in England ; if one be intimate with the family, one may stay for hours. Danes, and other people who

observe similar customs, are so fond of this usage, that they miss it extremely abroad ; and there certainly is something right homely about it. In that very pleasant and readable though bulky book of voyages and travels, Commander Steen Bille's " Voyage round the World," the author complains, when in England and India, of the emptiness of British evenings, owing to the system of morning visits and the lateness of the dinner hour, which prevent people going quietly to pass an evening hour at a friend's house.

There is an old-fashioned custom from which I derived some amusement. When people enter a room, they ought to go up to the hostess, and say, " Thank you for last time," if they have not seen her since they formerly partook of her hospitality. This usage is fast dying out. I never observed it.

During the winter, different sorts of evening amusements took place, which varied life a little. A series of symphony concerts were given by the band of the Theatre Royal. The music was strictly classic, and the performance admirable. I was a faithful attendant of those concerts, going generally in the company of some musical friends to whom I was indebted for obtaining a ticket ; for the anxiety to procure admission was so great, that all tickets for the season were very soon sold out. The audience was large, and the intelligent attention of the crowd showed how genuine the feeling for classical music must be.

The Danes stand pretty well in the matter of

music. Gade and Hartmann are their chief composers at the present moment, but there are lesser, such as Rung and others, who write pleasant songs. Some of the best Danish musicians are dead, and others have gone abroad ; for instance, Willmers, who is now court-musician to the emperor of Austria.

When I was in Berlin, in the winter of 1850-51, I was a little surprised to hear a composition of the Danish musician Gade, performed by the orchestra, one evening, at one of the great Berlin Symphony Concerts, just between a symphony of Beethoven and another of Haydn, if I mistake not. It was no disparagement to Gade's piece that it should appear a little tame amid such inspirations, but the wonder was, that the Berlin musical authorities should condescend to go so far from home for a performance.

In Copenhagen, a very favourite amusement during the winter were the masquerade balls that were given in the large hall of the Casino. It so happened that I never honoured any of them with my presence, but I heard enough of them from all quarters. They were patronized by every class, members of the royal family being now and then present. I suppose they were much more respectable than such things elsewhere, although there were no restrictions on the admission. The reason of their superior respectability may be easily explained by the fact, that they were new. Masked balls had been for long almost entirely unknown in Copenhagen until two or three years ago. In ancient

times they were frequent, but owing to some unpleasant circumstances, they entirely lost their renown and were discountenanced by the Court ; indeed, if I mistake not, public masquerades were forbidden. The embargo was withdrawn not long before my visit to Denmark, and then this kind of amusement became quite the rage with high and low, and as long as it is not common-place, it will maintain its rank. Doubtless, in a few years, the character of the balls will have degenerated, and then they will be forsaken by the *beau monde*, just as every such thing loses its place when it has lived its day.

Balls of every kind are much favoured in Denmark. During the winter, I found that individuals of my acquaintance were dancing almost every night at private parties.

Sometimes, evening employments of very different kinds are combined in one. There was a series of *soirées* which I attended regularly once a week all the winter, at the house of a wealthy merchant, at which there was first, at eight o'clock, a lecture on Icelandic History and literature, and afterwards dancing, music, and supper. The lectures were by a very gifted and enthusiastic professor, a friend of my own, the best lecturer, by far, of any I heard in Denmark. His subject was for some time, the place which woman held in former times in the North, of which subject he wove a course of prelections that captivated all the men and women who heard him.

The admission was by tickets for the course, which gave a right not merely to hear the lectures, but to remain every evening and partake of the hospitality of the large-hearted host and hostess who threw open a large suite of very spacious rooms to the crowd that gathered. As I said, the "young folks" let themselves loose in dancing in the Lecture Hall, after it was abandoned by the professor. And there was in other rooms music, and then refreshments; so that the evenings offered an abundantly miscellaneous, but withal, most pleasant entertainment. The lectures were too full of thought to be easily shaken off; and when I walked home after all the gaiety was past, I recurred with alacrity to the topics of the early evening, and this, I believe, most other persons did too. In fact, many people left immediately after the lecture, in order to prevent the impression being disturbed. I have never heard popular lectures more fitted to enliven and enlighten, and make people return with real impressions to their forefathers' history; and there was nothing incongruous in the mixture of edification and amusement, inasmuch as the former had the aim of *representing* life in the most vivid hues, while the latter was a natural form of popular life itself, making people feel, often unconscious of ratiocination, that there was a unity in life, whether known or lived.

When I walked home on these evenings with other people, sometimes with groups of friends, I

could notice the satisfied and peaceful impression on everybody. Without knowing why, they all felt peculiarly at one with everything. I never met with a luckier idea than that of those evenings' entertainments, which would not have been so much so, however, had the subject of lecture been any way very different from what it was. I was much obliged to the friend who presented me with a ticket for the course, without which I should probably not have thought of going.

It is rather pleasant to walk home by night through the streets of Copenhagen. They are more picturesque in the dark. Sometimes one hears the watchmen singing the hours, or rather a curious old-fashioned ditty, written long ago by a Danish divine, with which they announce the departure of time. Such ditties are very common on the Continent, and resemble each other a good deal. They are always full of a number of quaint religious conceits, that would find analogies between the various hours and points of the Christian faith. And it is wonderfully pleasant to hear them. When all the world and church are fast asleep, the watchmen maintain a profession of faith, finding it all written in the darkest hours.

It is not so pleasant to hear the shocking noise they make when an alarm of fire is given. They sound a long pipe or tube, and for a very long time. It is a screeching noise, without the remotest hint of a musical note in it. And it resounds through

the entire city, from one street and watchman to another, stirring up one's whole frame to antagonism. Fires are very common in Copenhagen—disgracefully so.

My abode, by the Northern Rampart, was freer than most others from disturbances. Beyond us, no nuisance (save that of an invading army) could arise. In the clear winter nights, the view from my windows stole much of my time from sleep. I had the leafless trees upon the Ramparts, just opposite, and the starry skies behind them and above. They realised the ideas of a Scandinavian night. I could fancy nothing clearer.

It is a pleasant thing on the Continent that at whatever time one comes home at night, one can always let oneself in. No servants have to sit up and look sulky when they open the door. In Copenhagen, as in all foreign towns, I had my two keys—the key of the street door, and the key to my own apartments. I could let myself in below, relock the door, ascend the stairs, open my own door, shut it again—and no more about it.

One night I forgot the key of my own rooms, so that when I reached home I could only admit myself to the stairs—no farther. The household had gone to bed, and ring as I might, nobody heard me. I made much demonstration, but awoke no one in my own dwelling. But a lady in another floor heard me, and came out to ask who made such a noise. When I explained my case she kindly of-

ferred me a room for the night in her house, as her lodger was from home. I was just on the point of setting off to an hotel, but accepted with thanks the hospitable offer. Next morning I walked up to my rooms just as my landlady had entered the parlour to clean it. She had knocked, and getting no answer had peeped into my bed-room, where she discovered I was not. She was in all the marvels as to where I might be when I made my appearance.

"Bless me! where have you been all night?"

"I have been here in this house to be sure. Where else should I have been?"

"It isn't possible. You have not been here to-night. Your bed is not slept in."

"I tell you I *have* been here. I don't care whether it be possible or not."

The mystery was soon explained.

My landlady was a German, who supported herself by washing, and by letting her apartments. She found herself rather out of place in Denmark, in those times, and I believe did not live on the best terms with the other inhabitants of the "court." With me she was charmed to have an opportunity to speak German, and as often as possible to enlarge on the theme of "her country," and the barbarism of the people among whom her lot and mine were cast. I am sure she sympathized with me for sojourning so long in that uncultivated land, and she delighted to tell how this and that was "*bei mir, zu Hause.*"

One day she had carried off the weekly modicum of dirty clothes, and the list which I usually wrote out along with them. In a very short time she returned, saying—

“You have forgot to mark down six father-murderers.”

“Six whats?” I exclaimed.

“Oh, six father-murderers! Don’t you know that word? Gentlemen’s collars are always called father-murderers in my country. It is said that when they first came into fashion they were worn very large, and as linen was dear then they were often made of paper; and, so a student who was coming home from the university with a pair sticking up about his cheeks, when he threw his arms round his father’s neck and kissed him, pushed the corners into the old man’s eyes, so that they blinded him and brought on an inflammation of which he died. Since then they have been called father-murderers.”

My acquaintance with Jewish life in Denmark (a subject which has been recently and vividly brought before the English public in Mrs. Howitt’s spirited translation of “Jacob Bendixen”) is somewhat restricted. But I could not remain in ignorance of the existence of two ancient virgins of that nation who occupied some apartments just above me in that house by the Northern Rampart. Many times, indeed, did I wish it had been possible for me to know less of them. They were two ladies of a certain

age who had apparently given up all thoughts of marrying, and consequently, for very sadness, quarrelled together in a most disturbing fashion. The eldest, who was advanced enough in years to be approaching the days of feebleness, was, however, by a great deal the stronger of the two, and asserted her authority over her sister in such a way that the whole "court" knew it. I used to hear overhead a violent scuffling and flinging to and fro of the furniture, and heavy concussions against the doors and walls, a system of sounds that proceeded tremendously from one room to another, till ultimately they reached the kitchen, where the shriller noise of pots and pans and fire-irons mingled with the lower noises of chairs and tables, and human fists and feet. Then the door would fly open, and let out an appalling tempest of voices raised to their pitch, scolding and recriminating in a singular *patois* of Jewish—German—Danish, one abusing and the other calling for vengeance, both in language that it was not quite pleasant to hear, after which there would be a violent dash against the wall of the stair, and then the house-door shut with a slam—and all was silent, till the younger sister sufficiently recovered from her fall to creep down stairs and seek consolation either with my landlady or with the family below. This "misunderstanding" occurred usually several times a week, but it never lasted more than a few hours, at the end of which time the sister would relent and admit the younger, after

the latter had stood long enough outside the door begging for admission. I marvelled especially at the toughness of the younger sister's joints and muscles, for she never seemed to suffer either from being pitched down stairs, or flung against the wall, or having a chair thrown at her head. But she expressed in a loud voice her dissatisfaction with the elder sister's proceedings.

They also used—these elderly ladies—to rise remarkably early in the morning. Now, as I indulged in the evil habit of sitting late when, engaged in work that was to my mind, it often happened that the overhead neighbours were out of bed ere I had sought rest in mine at all ;—in which case woe to me ! Four o'clock was their hour of getting up, and in those beautiful star-light nights, I found it extremely difficult to leave my book or the window till I knew that the best of the night was gone. So, sometimes, while I still sat by the oil-lamp, I was horrified by hearing unmistakeable sounds in the rooms above, at which I invariably rushed off to bed as fast as I could go. But even under the thick down quilt, I could hear only too well. Those estimable women seemed to scrub the floors of every room in their house, as soon as they got out of bed every morning. There was a strange grating noise that in time, indeed, acted as a lullaby, only it was too often brought prematurely to an end by a quick stamp on the floor, which was followed by one or two more—quick, heavy, sudden steps, as of

some kind of violent waltz, in which the partners moved one another about against their will. And then, and then!—sticks and cushions were brought into play, and it was as the dance of a tribe of wild Indians. And all this in the early morning, while the town slept.

When I encountered the elder Jewish lady on the stair, it was difficult to pass without a long conversation. The younger never spoke to me; she was too subdued. But the senior had a hundred things to relate, and a hundred to ask me about. She would know all about England; she was fond of foreign countries, being herself a native of Germany; and she had a brother in Sweden, a bookseller in Gottenburgh,—when I went to Sweden, I must visit him. She met me, with the sweetest smiles, wreathing her mouth quite killingly. She wanted me to visit her up-stairs, reiterating her invitations with the utmost courtesy; but, somehow, I never availed myself of her kindness. I believed she would fain have made a commencement to this system of civilities by paying me the first visit, but my door was hermetically sealed. She inquired of my landlady whether she thought I would lend her some books; she was sure I had a great many delightful books, and she was so fond of reading. My hostess assured her the greater part of my books were French and English (which, however, was not true); so by those means she made no advance. Ultimately, I found her discourse a little tedious,

and was rude enough to break off from her upon the stair with a plain "Good morning," in the middle of one of her finest sentences. But she never took anything amiss, for she was equally ready the next time she saw me, to begin about her brother in Gottenburgh, who, I had reason to believe, was her chief support.

As regarded visiting her, I was much tempted between four or five in the morning to take my cane in hand and make a morning call.

It will be perceived that with a German hostess and Hebrew-German neighbours, I lived among a tolerably motley set, although Denmark was so exclusive a land for the time being.

It was a singular season, that winter of 1849-50. I mentioned that the weather was intensely cold in October ; it became a little milder afterwards, but in November the frost appeared in earnest, and I began to fancy we should have a thoroughly Scandinavian winter, and that I should enjoy the pleasure of seeing snow upon the ground for many successive months, and sledging and skating the grand occupation of everybody. It turned out, however, no such thing ; there was a good deal of snow, frost, and ice, but they were incessantly interrupted by short thaws, which made everything float. The water continued frozen for a length of time, but the ice was generally almost useless, owing to the amount of half-melted snow continually lying on it. Now and then people skated a little, but they were always

obliged to put away their skates again after two or three days' use. About Christmas there was some sledging, but only for a few days ; and I cannot remember whether the snow ever gathered again sufficiently to permit it a second time.

Altogether, it was not a comfortable winter—there was too much sleet—water above and beneath, mixed with snow,—to admit of enjoyment. The nights were often beautiful—much clearer than the days.

But what it wanted in intensity it made up in duration : it was an admirable Scandinavian winter as far as length was concerned. There were pauses and mild weeks now and then ; but from the middle of October till *near the end of May*, we could not be said to be free of winter. The early part of May was well-nigh as cold as January.

It is not every winter that the Sound and the Belts freeze over ; the season I was there they did freeze for a short time, after a deal of hesitation ; but they never became very solid, and would not have borne much hard usage. The Swedish army once crossed the Sound upon the ice, from Scania to Sealand, when invading Denmark ; but that was a remarkable frost : even then it was thought over bold.

When the Belts freeze, there is often a serious stoppage in the communication. Unless the frost be extremely intense it takes a good deal of time to make the Great Belt firm enough for transit ; and,

during the dead season, when the steamboats cease plying between Copenhagen and the German ports, all the communication to the Danish metropolis, from the rest of Europe, passes through Jutland, across the little Belt, through the island of Funen, across the Great Belt to Sealand.

About Christmas there were signs that the water was about to be turned into ice ; but it was many weeks thereafter ere it was solid enough for sledging ; and it is during the intermediate period, when half frozen, when the sea is full of lumps of floating ice, that travelling of every kind is interrupted. When the winter is not severe, this state of matters may last a very long time ; and it is, of course, always quite uncertain ;—then there are no posts, no news, no arrivals, no anything ; and men of every kind,—of politics, of business, &c., grow almost mad for lack of information.

Just before I went out of town at Christmas, I happened to ask an acquaintance, who was professor in the university, whether he did not intend to spend the holidays with his relations in the Isle of Funen.

“Never, in the world !” he exclaimed.

“And why not ?” I asked.

“I don’t know when I might get back. The holidays last only a fortnight ; and now that the ice is forming, all communication between Funen and this may be broken off for months.”

And, in fact, it proved a very long cessation. We

had neither newspapers nor letters for many days ; but at length they came in shoals.

There is a little island in the middle of the Great Belt, half-way between Sealand and Funen, called Sprog-island, which is used as a place of call, upon the ferry between Nyborg and Korsöer. The island is a mere rock upon which nothing grows—a very sterile, unfriendly place, so much so that in execrations it is commonly employed as the spot on which one wishes one's enemy. "I wish he were at Sprogöe !" is a frequent ejaculation in the more favoured parts of the Danish kingdom, when any one would be rid of an unpleasant neighbour. "Go to Sprogöe !" is the elegant request which, in Denmark, corresponds to "Go to Banff," in Scotland. I never was there, but, by all accounts, it must be a very barren spot, lying utterly alone in the midst of the waters. There is, however, an inn upon it, at which voyagers are sometimes compelled to take up their quarters.

During the winter of 1849-50, it so happened that a good many people on their way to Copenhagen were landed on Sprogöe, on account of the floating ice which made it dangerous to tempt the ferry farther; and once there, they were able to get neither backwards nor forwards. They had to make themselves as comfortable as they could on this solitary rock in the depth of winter. For some days, detachments continued to arrive from Funen, until the inn, long too full, was absolutely unable to admit

any more. The part of the ferry next Sealand would seem to be the most difficult. Some individuals were said to have lain three weeks on the island. Now and then, a desperate effort was made to forward the post-bags, which was sometimes successful; but it was not considered safe for individuals to attempt the passage. But, in the metropolis, we heard from time to time of the welfare of the prisoners on Sprog-island, some of whom were bound on urgent business and eagerly expected.

Among other voyagers detained there was a new *prima donna* for the Italian opera in Copenhagen. She was constantly announced as daily expected, but it pleased the elements to disappoint the expectation, and the opera company was near being ruined. We always heard, our *prima donna* was lying on Sprogøe. For my own part, I began to fear that she might take such a cold from exposure to the elements, as to be of little service when she came. However, she arrived all safe.

The winter was just at its worst when I was kindly asked out to dinner on Ash-Wednesday, to eat Ash-Wednesday green-kale. On that day every Danish family *must* have its soup, in which nine different sorts of green herbs must be boiled. So some friends had mind of me, and invited me to partake of their fast-day soup, as I announced myself anxious to do everything I might never be able to do again. Whence the nine sorts of green herbs came in such a season, I am at a loss to guess. But the

soup looked green enough, and tasted quite like Spring. In favourable seasons, it would be another matter, but in so severe a winter, with the fasting time falling pretty early, it must have been hard for many people to furnish the needful number of ingredients. This soup corresponds to salt-fish in England.

CHAPTER XVII.

Where the apothecary useth either for loosing, rhubarb ; or for binding, bolearmena ; the Parson useth damask or white roses for the one, and plaintain, shepherd's-purse, knot-grass, for the other, and that with better success.

In curing of any, the Parson and his family use to premise prayers.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE first half of April was beautiful. Easter was quite charming, and the weeks which followed it. The leaves did not burst forth as they might have done in England, with such weather at the same season—*that* one could hardly expect of a Scandinavian April—but the weather was warm and bright ; in fact, quite balmy.

My friends from the Parsonage, with whom I had already twice spent some time, were in town for ten days, and it was agreed I should accompany them back to their home. The few last days of my sojourn in Copenhagen, I spent in making a species of farewell visits, for I did not expect to be much more there.

We started on a Thursday towards the end of April. It was almost like a morning of summer, and we laughed at one another, when we met at the railway terminus, for the amount of our haps. We

were provided just as in winter, on account of a traditional feeling that April was cold.

As usual, we had to abandon the railroad at the end of a very few miles, and betake ourselves to the coach. The pastor and I went into the office to settle matters, and when we came out, and I was just going to step into the diligence, one of the ladies put out her head, saying—

“Here’s a little Englishman travelling alone who can speak no Danish.”

On getting in, I found, indeed, a boy of ten or eleven years of age, sitting silently and ruefully in a corner.

“Are you English?” quoth I.

“Yes,” he said, brightening up wonderfully.

“Are you quite alone?”

“Yes.”

“Do you not speak any Danish?”

“No.”

“How, then, in all the world do you get on?”

He then showed me some pieces of paper he had with him, on which were written in Danish various directions. He had, like ourselves, come from Copenhagen by railway. Some one in Copenhagen had put him in the train, and then left him to find his farther way by the help of the bits of paper. One directed people to take him from the train to the coach, another prayed for a seat in the coach, &c. The former he had, I suppose, shown to a porter at the station, the latter he had held out in the coach-office.

He told me where he was going to. It was a village about ten miles from the next small town we should pass through. At the small town he was to go to the schoolmaster, who knew English, it seemed, and who was to put him on his way,—in a post-chaise, it is to be imagined. He had another little bit of paper which he was to show on getting out of the coach, and on which was written, also in Danish, "Please to show this little gentleman where Mr. So-and-so lives." He did not in the least understand the words written on the paper, but he had been told where to use it, and that was enough for him. To the schoolmaster he had a letter. I marvelled that he did not confuse the bits of paper, and display the wrong request at different places, which would have been awkward.

He did not tell me much of his history, but enough to let me see he was very friendless. I think he said his parents were dead. He had come from England only the week before, and was to sail soon for the West Indies. He was now going to visit some relatives (I think he said) near the village I alluded to; *they* knew English, he said. I thought the persons who had received charge of him in Copenhagen could not have been very friendly, otherwise they would hardly have allowed him to travel quite alone about the face of a country, the language of which he knew nothing of.

He seemed dull, and no great wonder. Tears ran down his cheeks, now and then, when he was long

silent, and he did not appear to wish to talk much. But my arrival was on the whole a pleasure to him, though I could not be of much use. When we reached the Kjöbsted, and got out of the coach, he held out his bit of paper to the ostlers of the inn. They began painfully to decipher it, but I broke off their deliberations by telling them the young gentleman wanted to know where the schoolmaster lived, and to be taken to his house. It turned out, the schoolmaster was in the habit of dining every day at the inn, and it was now within an hour of the time. So I advised my lorn friend to take some refreshment, and await the schoolmaster in the coffee-room, the which he agreed to. I ordered what he wanted, and showed him how much to pay, whereafter, as the coach was starting, I had to leave him enjoying his *déjeûné*, and proceed on my journey. I hope the good pedagogue soon made his appearance, and that the poor child finished his journey prosperously. I never saw a more forlorn traveller, all the while that he seemed quite able to act for himself if he had only had the speech at his command.

Our journey, at all events, ended pleasantly, by our arriving early in a lovely spring evening at the now to me familiar priest-court. We sat down to tea, and looked through the windows to the garden, saying, What a beautiful evening! How pretty the country looks! How delightfully tranquil after the bustle of Copenhagen!

Remarks were made on the circumstance that the

carpets had not yet been taken up, nor the curtains taken down, but that everything in-doors looked still perfectly wintry. Our hostess explained, she had left word, changes should not be made till after her return, lest the cold might come back. "Oh! no risk of that," we all exclaimed; "we're going to have summer now." And, certainly, we looked with an evil eye at the muffled windows and floors, thinking ourselves quite independent of such things.

Next day was the Great Prayer Day, which occurs on the fourth Friday after Easter. Accordingly, we all went to church, and had full service, with the addition of a long prayer of six pages, or more, written for that particular day.

But there came an extraordinary change in the weather. As we went to church, we felt a bleak east wind blowing. The church was very cold, and when we came out, we found the temperature rather lower, if anything; certainly not risen. When we got in-doors again, we were delighted to have the rooms kept as tight as possible, and the stoves heated to their full power.

This was the return of winter. I mentioned already that it did not finally leave us till towards the end of May. Now, for three weeks, we kept constant large fires, and wore winter clothes. The budding of the spring was grievously retracted. The woods did not give a hint of looking green till past the middle of May.

These violent changes are far from favourable to

the health. I found the change altogether too much for me—at once from town to country, and from heat to cold. So, the day after Great Prayer Day, I did what I am not particularly fond of doing, but what was on the whole the wisest thing in the circumstances, and in fact the only thing possible, for I could not refrain from doing it—I lay in bed. I raised quite a tumult in the house ; people thought me very ill. But I assured them I should soon be better ; only give me time. Indeed, I think illness now and then, as a change, is almost a necessary of life.

I was well doctored, and soon got better. I had no regular practitioner ;—the stars forefend ! But my host knew quite as much about medicine as was needful for my case, and I dare say as much as was needful for most of the sicknesses amongst his flock. He had followed George Herbert's advice, and acquired a sufficient knowledge of drugs to cure all the unsophisticated peasantry of his parish, whatever might ail them. In another point also he had followed Herbert, in not making use of the nasty, violent, long-named medicines which pertain to regular practitioners, and to them wholly. He had at hand a set of simples of a quite different class, which an M.D. would never use, but which in the hands of a country clergyman hardly ever fail of success, and which also are much pleasanter to the palate and whole likings of the patient. But when people call in an M.D. they take it amiss if he gives them only

what they could have taken themselves ; they want something disagreeable, strong, biting.

At regular hours, I got my doses and soups, and in a few days was nearly well ; and, by-the-bye, better than if I had not been ill.

But the extreme cold of the spring was rather depressing. It was winter all over again. We had to wrap ourselves up when we went out, and walk fast. When I left Copenhagen, a friend asked me to write a letter from beneath the budding trees, among the airs of spring. I waited a fortnight, and then had to write in a hot room, by the crackling sound of the stove.

When I was not able to do anything but lie in a corner of the sofa, weary of reading, I said, " Now, tell me a fairy-tale ! " Then a kind friend would commence in a low voice, and narrate a long story of wonderful texture about enchanters and genii of every kind, good and bad, so that it was delightful to listen. Time passed quickly, while I heard how some valiant knight overcame a horrid giant, &c.

But after three weeks' waiting, the cold weather took a final leave. We had some rain, then sunshine, and then, how the woods burst forth ! Just before Whitsuntide, it all grew warm and green. The ground was very moist, and in the woods all beautiful flowerets suddenly started up, and blazed into existence. Above our head the branches, day by day, grew greener and greener. Oh ! the beautiful tint of those sprouting beech-forests ! Nothing

SIXTEEN MONTHS IN

qual it for delicacy. We walked every day very evening to see the advance. And the not so much power, that it was a pleasure at to sit out of doors, perchance on the root of a in the forest. And the primroses, and innumerable other blossoms of early summer, lavished themselves upon us. The primroses in particular so abundant as to make the ground quite yellow and the women and children of the cottages out to gather them in large baskets for some uses of their own.

as intoxicated with the spring, and ran about woods all day, And the birds were as glad as they almost screamed their "harmonious mad" in their leafy houses up into the air: it was

Whitsunday, when I entered church, it was as if I had gone into a vast arbour. As high as the good people had been able to reach, they had hung the fresh-cut branches, which must have made an observable difference in the forest from which they were taken. But next day, Whitmonday, when we went again to service, the branches had begun perceptibly to wither. Had there been a Tuesday service, they must have been quite shrivelled up.

As soon as the season became genial, we recommenced our system of paying visits. With me they were, to a great extent, farewell visits. I had become almost an inhabitant of the district. I found that the early summer was a delicious time for enjoying country life. It was, to a great extent, new to me; I had not spent a spring in the country since the years of childhood.

One thing I used to pay attention to, as we drove home in the fine clear evenings, was the extraordinary noise made by the frogs. As Denmark is a flat land, there are plenty of ponds and small marshes in it, favourable to the existence of frogs, and, I presume, in some peculiar way, favourable to their development, for I never in my life heard a frog-pond emit as great a din as every one of those by the road-sides in Denmark did. I have a peculiar dislike to the sound of frogs, because it is usually in the twilight one hears it; and then one never sees the animals themselves; it is as if the noise came direct from the water. Besides, it gives the

idea of marshes, treacherous bogs, unwholesome damp, &c. Could one get a sight of the wretches, I believe it would be endurable; but as it is, when one passes along a road, in a still evening, to hear that incessant shriek by one's side, as if the dark, stagnant, muddy water had itself become animated, and was screaming for pain, is quite intolerable. Nothing incommoded me more on our excursions than the frogs; I used to say, "Let us drive quick past this pond!" but if we did, what then? Only the sooner did we come within ear-shot of the next singing water.

I know nothing more *heartless* than the croaking (or rather shrieking) of frogs. They seem to have positively *none* of the better feelings of our nature. To say the highest of it one can say, it is a pure note (if I may not call it a noise) which they emit, shrill, full, and unfaltering, but absolutely robbed of everything like emotion, or tenderness, or humanity. I suppose, however, it is the best they can do, and I must not blame them, if, by that sound, they intend to join the rest of the creation in singing the praises of the Creator. They sing, indeed, in "a clear, loud voice," like the pious grand-duchess in "Sidonia," but entirely without the unction that characterized her Serene Highness, the princely widow of Pomern-Wolgast.

I was surprised to find the following passage in Dr. Clark's Travels in Scandinavia:—

"But that which offered the greatest novelty to our

party, was the loud and incessant chorus of myriads of frogs the whole way from Lubeck to Entin ; to call it croaking would convey a very erroneous idea of it (most true!), because it is really harmonious (?); and we gave to these reptiles the name of *Holstein nightingales* !”

Nightingales ! I do not suppose there can be much difference between the frogs of Holstein and those of Denmark proper, or of Scandinavia in general. If I had had Dr. Clarke, I should have been charmed to duck him in one of the ponds we nightly passed, for his pains. Just as if there were no nightingales in Denmark but the frogs ! A few weeks after this, I had occasion to be delighted with some real, excellent nightingales, as different as possible from the marsh-singers of the spring. Nightingales, indeed !

Βρεκεκεκέξ, κοάξ, κοάξ.

Ere I left the district, I went, as in duty bound, to see old Sophie once more. She was nearly beside herself by reason of the duration of the cold ; she had long ago burned all her own allowance of wood, and, not wishing to complain, had sat in a cold room without telling any one—the greatest martyrdom she could have put herself to. Somebody from the parsonage happened to visit her, the result of which was a discovery and a present of firewood, for which she was extremely grateful. She was very feeble when I saw her last.

During the present spring of 1852, in answer to

some inquiries which I had made, I have received, in a letter from the parsonage, the following information :—

“I am instructed to thank you, from old Sophie and Peer Kok * * * *. They are both still alive, but so old that they have now for a whole year lain in bed without being able to get up ; but they are very patient and pleased with God’s will, expecting his hour soon to come, when they may be taken home, for which they long greatly now.”

This is my last news of the curious old couple. This letter was written some time ago, and it is possible that already the release for which they sighed has come to them. I have no later news from my friends. It would seem old Sophie’s exertions for Peer Kok’s good, have borne some fruit.

Very soon after Whitsunday, I was obliged to leave, for the last time, my kind friends at the parsonage ; I bade them farewell, and departed.

I was bound again for my other house of sojourn, on the opposite side of Sealand—I was to make precisely the same journey I had made the foregoing October, but this time alone : *then* I was in company.

The first day I made but a short journey, and spent the night in Nestved, a fine old town, well situated and built. There was nothing very remarkable on the road, or I was in no mood to observe.

The next morning I was extremely early astir ;

my extra-post-chaise stood at the door, I believe about five. I was resolved to reach my friends' house that night, but to take a roundabout road and spend a few hours at the old and once celebrated town of Sorö. From Nestved to Sorö was a drive of three or four hours, through a particularly rich and wooded part of Sealand : the most pleasing part of it I had seen.

Sorö is a place of very great note in the history of Denmark ; it used always to be the home of all that was intellectual in the country ;—now, alas ! it seems to have fallen into a state of sad decay.

There is an academy there which formerly competed in importance with the University of Copenhagen : within the last few years, it has been shorn of its whole glory by a series of measures tending to reduce it to the rank of a mere school. At the present moment, if I remember aright, there is nothing in the place but a military school. The staff of professors was dismissed a few years ago, some of whom found appointments in the University of Copenhagen, others elsewhere ; one or two chose to remain in the place they were accustomed to, living on their own resources.

Among those who thus remain, the most distinguished is the poet, Ingemann, who formerly was professor in Sorö, and now resides there in great privacy. Ere I went thither, I took care to be furnished with a letter to him, to deliver which was one of my chief objects in going.

Sorö is a little old town, very prettily kept in order, and lying beautifully on the banks of a large lake. The country round about is full of lakes. The most striking object in the town is the church, which, after the cathedral of Roeskilde, is by far the finest I have seen in Denmark. There are other public buildings, but they are not imposing. I can answer for it that the inn is a deplorable one.

I reached Sorö early in the forenoon, and my first care, after dressing, was to visit Etatsraad Ingemann. I was directed to a house beside the Academy—it lay prettily among trees, and the garden behind sloped down to the side of the lake.

I was soon admitted to the poet's study, where I met with a welcome. It was a room which might have been made the model of poet's libraries, splendidly lined with books, and ornamented with a few, well-chosen works of Art. Ingemann has been long an author, but is not an old man in appearance. He must be above sixty, but looks ten years younger. His face and figure agree well with the idea of a poet. He has lived long in Sorö, and prefers it now to the metropolis. Mrs. Ingemann has long followed the calling of an amateur painter, in which she spends all her time, labouring assiduously in her studio. I suppose she too prefers the peace of the little Kjöbsted to the less clear air of Copenhagen. Altogether, the life of the two artists in their beautiful home is quite an ideal.

I spent the greater part of the forenoon with Mr.

and Mrs. Ingemann. After a while, the poet offered to show me the locality. We went out and walked about the banks of the lake, and about the town. It was all beautiful, but extremely silent ; I felt that the place was deserted. I almost wondered then that Ingemann could bear to live there after all other life had been extinguished.

When we came in, and while the poet kindly wrote a few lines in a book belonging to me, Mrs. Ingemann led me into *her* sanctum, which adjoined her husband's. . It was full of paintings and sketches for pictures, many of which were very happily conceived. The lady seemed an enthusiast for her art, and was in great measure self-taught. She has painted a goodly number of altar-pieces for country churches in Denmark.

I had only a limited number of hours to spend in Sorö. Therefore Mr. Ingemann went with me ere long to the abode of the sexton, as it was absolutely needful I should see the church. When he had delivered me into his hands, he bade me good-bye under the shadow of the large trees outside the town-gate, and returned to his own home. I saw him no more, but I carried away a vivid impression of my visit to the gifted couple in their tranquil home.

The sexton led the way into the church which is really a very fine old edifice, well restored within recent times. I was quite charmed with such a fine and spacious specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The cieling was exceedingly lofty and beautifully or-

namented. The windows were stained ; and everything was in faultless preservation. The size of the church was equal to many cathedrals.

In former days, Sorö was a distinguished place. It was a favourite place with many great men. Archbishop Absalon loved it much. There was a celebrated monastery here in which, among others, Saxo Grammaticus lived and wrought. In more recent days, Holberg chose Sorö as the spot to spend his old age in. He bequeathed a large sum of money to the school.

In the church I was shown many tombs, among others those of Archbishop Absalon, and Holberg, as well as some of the older kings. Those were the bright days of Sorö, and indeed of Denmark, when Absalon flourished. He was the greatest prelate and statesman the land ever possessed. He loved this part of the country particularly, being a native of it. Accordingly, after he accepted of the Primacy, and became Archbishop of Lund, he returned hither with much fondness.

He was a good and great-minded man, Absalon ; but, owing to a natural hastiness of temper, was sometimes betrayed into wrong actions as well as words. He had in this way done injustice to a peasant on one occasion, from refusing to see what was right. The man was on his death-bed at the time, and feeling himself either ruined or greatly injured by the archbishop, in dying he summoned Absalon to meet him at God's judgment seat. The arch-

bishop had also been in declining health; and he died within an hour of the peasant. The monks of Sorö, knowing as yet nothing of the archbishop's death, in the afternoon of that day, just as the sun's last rays fell slanting into the church, heard a voice before the altar, saying, mournfully, "Sora! Sora! pro me supplex ora!"

After leaving the church, the sexton's wife took me to see the cell in the town-wall, in which Saxo Grammaticus wrote his history. It is a simple stone chamber, with a thick pillar in the centre. At present it possesses not many comforts, and it is not easy to think it could at any time have been a very habitable place. Ingemann has given a very graphic account of Saxo in one of his longer historical romances.

For anyone intimate with the history of Denmark, Sorö is a spot full of interest. In that case, a longer stay there might be self-rewarding; but, somehow, in spite of my pleasant reception, I felt the place affect my spirits sadly. In the afternoon, I left it; and the same evening, I once more arrived at the mansion in which I had made my earliest experiences of Danish rural hospitality.

It was now summer. I staid a whole month (five weeks, indeed) with those dear friends. They were about the brightest weeks I enjoyed in Denmark. The weather was brilliant, and we spent most of our time in using it to the best advantage. We used to take one or two baskets, and proceed to the green-

wood to eat our second breakfast, or *déjeûné*. We took empty cups, and got milk from one of the farm-houses on the estate. Solids, we took plenty of with us, and other liquids than milk we wanted not. Sometimes we carried our dinner, but then we took a conveyance. They were delightful weeks in the finest part of the year.

One day, we were sitting at our *déjeûné* on trunks of trees, near the outskirt of a large deer-forest, on a remote corner of the estate, some miles from home, eating our butter-bread and sausage or dried meat with complete satisfaction, and now and then sipping the new milk from the cups which we placed on the ground for a table. There was a farm-house within one or two stone casts, just outside the forest, from which we had supplied ourselves. As we sat "best of all," a pig, belonging to the farm-house (an immense overgrown porker he was), which had for a long time reconnoitred our party from a distance, walking round and round us, advanced pretty near, to the discomfiture of some of the ladies who did not like the smell of him. We motioned him to go away, but he did not mind. On the contrary, he walked very quietly forward, then made a sudden swoop at a parasol that was lying a few paces to the outside of our encampment, and bore it off between his teeth. At such insolence, we raised a shout which I believe frightened him, for before any other steps could be taken, he dropped the parasol. We picked it up and were resolving to take better care

of our articles, when a lady on the other side exclaimed, "Oh, my cup!" We wheeled about, and there, to be sure, was piggy retreating with a milk-cup in his snout. He had let the one thing fall to pick up the other. I rushed after him with my walking-stick, never doubting I should soon make him relinquish his booty. But he perceived me, and made off. Hereat the company laughed loud. Pig ran towards the interior of the forest, still carrying the cup. I pursued him, but he looked over his shoulder at me and ran the faster, now in one direction, now in another. The louder the ladies laughed the faster he ran, and the higher did he brandish his cup aloft in the air. On one occasion, I thought myself sure of him. There was a broad ditch. He paused a moment. I came just near enough to hit him a tremendous blow with my stick, whereupon he leaped like a Arab across the abyss, and bore the cup higher than ever, tossing his head for very triumph. At this, the forest re-echoed with laughter. I carried my stick high over my head ready for a stroke the first opportunity, which, however, I very seldom got. And pig carried his cup as high as his snout would go. We doubled and ran a long time, till eventually the beast made a sudden rush into the court-yard, and into his sty, where the farmer's wife got the cup from him without any more ado, and unbroken.

After that, I never heard the last of my chasing the pig. It was an unfailing subject of banter when

we were in the woods. Everybody declared that the pig had by far the best of it, and that I looked infinitely foolish, which I am quite sure must be true. But I know that I never hit a blow with greater good-will than the one I gave him at the ditch, and I am certain it must have left a mark on his bacon, which (if the bacon has not disappeared since then) will be there still.

And one of the ladies has, as I understand, since then written a tale on this incident. I wrote some time ago to beg a copy of it for the present work, but I was met by a refusal, which leaves me to suppose it is intended for future publication in Denmark.

I had, during this my last visit to the rural parts of Denmark, an opportunity to witness an episcopal visitation. It is the custom for the bishops of the Danish church to pay a personal visit to every parish in their dioceses once in a certain number of years. As the See of Copenhagen is so extensive, it takes the bishop five or six years to make the round of his whole diocese. The present bishop has been over his diocese, I believe between three and four times. It is only for a month or two in summer that this part of episcopal duty is practicable.

The plan is for the bishop to stay a night at each parsonage, arriving in the early part of the evening. During the evening he looks over parish books of every kind, to see that all things are kept in good order. Next morning there is public worship in the

church at an early hour. The minister first preaches, then examines the young people, to give the bishop a specimen of how these essentials of public worship are generally performed. After that, the bishop himself examines, then delivers an address to the congregation. All this lasts a good many hours. When it is finished, the clerical party adjourn for a little to take refreshment, and the congregation generally disperses. Then the real examination of the school commences, also in church, but does not last very long. The bishop examines copy-books, and everything connected with the school. Then a return is made to the parsonage, where dinner is served. After dinner and coffee, the chaise appears at the door, and the bishop proceeds to the next parish to go through the same labour there.

We went to no less than three visitations in our neighbourhood at this time, and I enjoyed the services uncommonly, both for their novelty and intrinsic interest. The coming of the bishop has a remarkable effect on the clergy in the way of stirring them up for a long time beforehand. Altogether, the effect of this system of visitation cannot well be overrated. It is difficult for any abuse to escape the bishop's eye.

In the whole countryside, all the talk for a long time before, and a long time after, was about the visitation of the bishop. Among the clergymen's families, the event caused quite a commotion. Every priest-court underwent a thorough cleaning for weeks

previously, nay, some were painted and papered. It was evidently an event that people counted on once every few years to stir them up a little.

It was very delightful to see the relation existing between the bishop and his clergy; and the parishioners, I doubt not, were impressed advantageously by the appearance of one amongst them who was evidently so highly looked up to by everybody.

Well! I left my host, Major —— near the end of June. One evening, shortly before my departure, we were out till midnight looking at the bonfires of Midsummer Eve. They burned on every elevation in all the region round about. This is about my last impression of the country districts. I returned to Copenhagen to make preparations for travel, having first taken a grateful leave of my friends.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hil dig Roskild ! ja hilsæl
Hellig Korses Kongekilde !

GRUNDTVIG.

AGAIN and again had I passed through Roeskilde, but never had I staid there more than half-an-hour. At length I resolved to go down and spend Sunday in peace there, and worship in the cathedral.

I went with the train on the first Saturday evening after my return from the country. We left at ten and reached Roeskilde at eleven, on which I sought the nearest inn, and obtaining a room there, soon fell asleep.

I awoke early on the Sunday morning, and immediately after breakfast proceeded to the cathedral ; it was not yet open, and I had to linger about its precincts till nearer the hour of service. The cathedral stands on a very commanding site, looking down on the Issefiord. The heights and depths about Roeskilde are greater than is often to be seen in Denmark ; and the prospect from the enclosure round the cathedral is very fine—it was full of old recollections. There is no place in Denmark richer in them than this little town and its environs.

When the doors at last opened, and the waiting companies outside were admitted, I found there was still a great deal of time before the morning service should commence : so I spent it in walking up and down the aisles. There was, in itself, a great deal to attract the eye, and still more to lead away the mind to far other days.

The cathedral is a large Gothic building in a very plain style, but in good taste ; it has recently been well restored, and the painting within is very beautiful. The building is much larger than the church of Sorö ; and the two together are the best specimens of ecclesiastical architecture that I have seen in Denmark. The effect that the interior of a spacious Gothic church had on one's mind, after so long an absence from every thing of the kind, was quite curious : the very arches and lofty cieling, and tall windows, both here and at Sorö, solemnized me more than many divine services have done.

It would not be easy for any one to be aught else than solemnized in the cathedral of Roeskilde, with the many memorials of death and the vanity of earthly greatness before one's eyes. It has been long used as the burial-place of the kings and royal personages of Denmark. Behind the choir are some magnificent monuments to former departed princes ; the later deceased are buried in a chapel to one side—it is the Danish St. Denis ; but the dust of Denmark's monarchs is "laid aside" in much greater pomp than in any other land. On looking through

the gate into the chapel I refer to, one sees a multitude of gorgeous coffins, or rather sarcophagi, ranged along side of one another, blazing with golden ornaments ; and the tombs of marble elsewhere in the cathedral, are very splendid. Not merely the present dynasty, which has sat upon the throne for four hundred years, but members of much older dynasties, have been put here to sleep. Shortly before my visit, one more of the royal family, Princess Juliane, had been added to the number of her ancestors ; and, one by one, they will continue to be deposited here until the present dynasty is extinct, which event, in the course of nature, cannot now be far distant.

It is strange and mournful to look at those sarcophagi of this royal house ; the few survivors must have a melancholy feeling in looking at them, or when one more is added to the number. The mortal remains are preserved in such splendour, and are so openly exposed to the gaze of the world, that I should think the feeling must be a desire, if possible, *not* to be the last. It must be a painful sensation that now there is no one of my descendants to perform the last duties, or see me laid in my final resting-place, or guard with affectionate care my rest ; but that now all who come after are strangers, and careless, who will look with empty curiosity at me and my forefathers, or our biers. One would rather have the privacy of the vault than the splendour of this public sleep in the bright light of day ;

for the whole place is as clearly lit up by large windows as any modern saloon. As Dr. Clark well remarks of these royal personages, "They seem intended to lie in state as long as the Danish monarchy shall endure."

I heard service in the Cathedral. The organ is a fine one: otherwise there was nothing peculiarly interesting about the public worship. It was chiefly interesting to hear divine service on the self-same spot where it was in former centuries performed with such magnificence.

There is no denying that Roeskilde has been a place of remarkable import in bypast days. For a thousand years, it has been one of the chief towns of Denmark. It was in the heathen times that a King Roe lived at Leiregaard (which palace lay near the present town on a meadow where the stream runs into the fiord), and the place pleased him so much that he built a town which after him was called Roe's Kilde (fountain). Ever since then it has been a favourite spot with the monarchs of Denmark. During the Catholic times, it was the seat of a powerful bishopric, and many of its prelates were men of great zeal and renown.

During the early and better ages of the Latin Church in Denmark, for the first few centuries after the north had received Christianity, Roeskilde acted as a metropolis for the faith—a focus of light, and a centre from which the rays of heat and light emanated to other regions. As Grundtvig says, "It has

become a remarkable town and a city renowned in other lands, for when the Lord's time came that they should enjoy the fruit of the Holy Prophets' vision of the brook of Galilee which should come to the sea, and bring life and healing to all that were there, and of the wilderness that should inherit the excellency of Sharon, and blossom like a rose, lo! Roeskilde became the metropolis of Denmark in every respect!" It was here that Christianity asserted its indomitable power over the hearts of men.

Among other prelates, Absalon ruled here for a long time; he loved Roeskilde so much that he would not accept of the Primacy at Lund till the Pope laid his positive commands on him.

But another prelate of wide renown was our countryman William. He was one of the few Englishmen, whose names are met with in the annals of the North as having exercised great authority in those lands. He was in Hamburgh with Archbishop Adalbert, when he was chosen Bishop of Roeskilde. The King of Denmark, Svend, loved William very much, and William returned the monarch's affection.

But on one occasion, there was a violent rupture between them. Svend, in an hour of great irritation, caused some nobles who had insulted him to be slain in the cathedral during divine service. The next day, he proceeded as usual to attend mass. But William met him in the doorway, and lifting his crosier, commanded him to withdraw, and not pol-

time when his presence the house of God he had desecrated. The King's attendants drew their swords, and would have killed the Bishop, but Svend, suddenly conscience-stricken, told them to put up their swords and forbear. He retired to his palace, and assumed the garb of a penitent. For three days he wept and fasted. On the third day, during high mass he again presented himself at the door of the Cathedral: this time in the dress of a penitent. The Bishop was in the very act of chanting the service when he was told the King knelt outside the gates. Instantly stopping, he proceeded to the door, raised the King from his knees and gave him a kiss of charity. Then he brought him in, confessed and absolved him, and allowed him to join in the service. One day, soon after, the King made a public recantation of his error, and was then permitted to re-assume his royal apparel.

This is much the same as that which happened in Milan Cathedral, and it is probable William had St. Ambrose's example before his mind, although it is not likely Svend knew aught of so dangerous a precedent.

On the doorway of Roeskilde Cathedral, the marks of the Bishop's feet are still to be seen on the spot where he stood while he excommunicated King Svend. It is remarkable how the same phenomena are to be observed in different places. We have the similarity between Ambrose and William in their excommunication of their respective sovereigns. Again, in the

Cathedral of Stettin in Germany, just the same marks of Bishop Otto's feet are to be seen.

This conflict between the King and the Bishop had no lasting evil consequences. They became better friends than ever. In fact, we seldom read of such seemingly genuine and fond affection between a monarch and a prelate. The friendship lasted throughout their lives which were long protracted, and followed them to the grave.

Many years after the striking scene at the door of the Cathedral, and after many other events in which the King and the Bishop had together helped one another, William, then bowed down with years, learned in Roeskilde, that his old master, Svend, who was on a journey in a distant part of the kingdom, was dead. The Bishop immediately rallied himself to prepare to go to meet the King's body, which they were bringing to Roeskilde for burial. Before he set out, he ordered two graves to be got ready in the church, one for the King and one for himself; for he announced to his disciples that he felt assured he should not survive his beloved master. Thereon he mounted his chariot, and drove to meet the King's body.

He and his attendants travelled day and night. In the morning, they came to a wood, where they saw two tall trees, growing beside one another, and precisely identical. The Bishop halted, and commanded his servants to hew down one of the trees, and prepare of it a coffin. They, supposing he meant

it for the King, immediately obeyed, the Bishop halting till the coffin was ready. Then they laid it on a cart, and the cavalcade proceeded as before. When they had passed through the wood and ascended to the brow of a hill, it was told the Bishop the King's body was approaching on the other side. At this, he again commanded his servants to stop. Then he descended from the chariot, and spreading out his mantle on the ground, fell on his knees, and prayed for a peaceful and blessed departure. The royal funeral was now close at hand, and the Bishop's attendants, wondering that he tarried so long on his face, went to him and raised him from the ground, when they discovered that he had been called away. They placed his remains in the coffin, turned the horses' heads, and, as he had prophesied, his body was borne into Roeskilde before the King's, and deposited in the choir where he had commanded ; and they laid the King beside him.

It came to pass some years afterwards that Bishop Svend Norbagge, William's successor in the see of Roeskilde, and also a very godly prelate, took in hand to build the church of hewn stone. He and the dean thought the burying place took up too much room in the choir, on which account they resolved to have it removed. But after the rest of the building was far advanced, and they had commenced the alterations in the choir, there appeared by night a man in priestly raiment to the chief chorister, who slept in the edifice. " Greet Bishop

Svend," said the vision in a deep voice "and tell him he ought to be content with the honour of completing the church, without separating Bishop William's bones from King Svend's. Tell him, the sacrilege should have been avenged on himself had it not been for his godly life, but it shall be avenged on the building." Having thus spoken, the ghost struck the new erection with a stick he held in his hand, on which it instantly fell as if crumbling to powder, and buried the clerk in its rubbish, so that with difficulty he got out alive.

After that, no one molested the graves till Bishop Aster died many years later. It was resolved to bury him in the most honourable spot they could find, which was naturally beside Bishop William. Three men connected with the cathedral were chosen to open the tomb, two of whom were choristers, and the third a schoolmaster. When they took out the stones, the first thing they found was William's mantle in perfect preservation. Immediately there came towards them from the aperture such a delightful perfume that they knew the Bishop's soul must be in Paradise. The scent remained upon their fingers many days. But in making room for Aster, they had moved some of William's bones in a hasty and irreverent manner, and every one of the three men died, soon after, a violent and lamentable death.

Bishop William's tomb is in one of the four pillars which support the cupola of the choir. King Svend's is in another pillar.

Bishop Svend Norbagge, who succeeded William, was a very pious man. In his youth he had been extremely unlearned, so much so, that some courtiers, to play a trick on him, erased a syllable in his missal, which caused him to pray, "Protege, Deus, Regem *mulum* tuum." But the King sent him to Bologna to study, from which he came back well educated. In his old age, he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and died at Rhodes. No such incidents marked his funeral as those that occurred at his predecessor's, he was buried at Rhodes. He also was a foreigner, being a native of Norway. It seems not to have been uncommon to have foreign prelates at that time.

I spent the remainder of the Sunday at Roeskilde chiefly on the sea-shore, with a book in my hand, partly reading, partly musing on these and many other similar old tales of Roeskilde's Ecclesiastical History.

I sat, a part of the time, near the celebrated "Well" which, to this day, is much drunk of. Boys came with glasses of the water, which they would have sold to me for a farthing if I had wished it.

Next morning I returned to Copenhagen, which has succeeded Roeskilde as metropolis of Denmark.

CONCLUSION.

To "lie on the strandway," in Denmark, means to live at the sea-side. Everybody who can must "lie on the strand-way" a short time every summer. In order to do everything in proper course, I also went to lie on the strand-way for a week. I took lodgings about six miles from Copenhagen, by the side of the Deerpark. It was the height of the strand-way season, and I had a number of friends very near me in the lodging and boarding-houses and villas that are sprinkled by the shore for a number of miles between Copenhagen and Helsingör.

I remained a week in continual out-of-door amusement and bathing. Then early in the month of July, I sailed for Sweden.

In September, I returned from Sweden to Denmark, and remained a fortnight summing up all my impressions.

It was during this last stay that I first saw the north of Sealand and its palaces. I went to Helsingör by sea, and drove thence to Fredensborg and Frederiksborg. Fredensborg is a large palace, standing in some profound forests. It is little inhabited now, and looks very desolate. In fact this is the

case with most Danish palaces. Yet Fredensborg is extensive enough to make a magnificent royal residence, if it were again desirable. It was said that the late Louis Philippe was on terms for it before his death. I do not know whether there was any truth in this.

Frederiksborg is a few miles distant from Fredensborg, and is altogether a very different place. It is by far the finest building of any kind in Denmark. It was built by Christian IV. It stands on an island in a lake, completely covering the island, and seeming to rise direct from the waters. It is the usual, or rather the constant residence of the present King, and is certainly the most royal-looking palace in Denmark.

In the interior many things are worth notice, but particularly the chapel, which is very richly and gorgeously ornamented. The altar is so laden with plate as to dazzle the eye, and when illuminated the effect must be magnificent. Altogether, the florid style of Frederiksborg contrasts strongly with the usual plainness of architecture in Denmark.

I did not see the entire building, owing to the presence of the Court. About the doors were lounging some of the King's guards in their curious uniform.

There is a stable at Frederiksborg said to have been built by Christian IV., after an expensive war, to show his enemies that he still had money to spare. It is called "Spare-money stable." This

reminds one of the palace which Frederick II. of Prussia built at Potsdam, in precisely the same circumstances and for the same reason. It is odd to find the self-same stories again and again in different lands, and all historically true. In this case, if there was an imitation, the Prussian monarch must have imitated the Danish.

The story of our King James telling the countryman he should know the king by his having his hat on while all the nobles were uncovered, and the man saying, "It must be you or me," is also told of Christian IV. of Denmark, in nearly the same particulars.

Another tradition of Christian IV. and a countryman is told at Frederiksborg, and I am not aware of a parallel to it elsewhere. A large stone is shown not far from the castle, with the King's initials and the date upon it. It is said that when the castle was being built, the King laboured himself as hard as any mason. One day he wished to transport this stone from a distant locality where he had found it, but he was not able to move it. He hailed a peasant who was passing, to come and help him. The man did so, and the King and he seizing each an end of the block, found themselves just able to bear it slowly along. They had made a considerable advance, when suddenly the peasant's breeches fell down about his feet, affronting him very much, and impeding his progress. In order to pick up his garment, he had to let go his hold of the stone which

thereupon fell to the earth, and no efforts of the King and countrymen were sufficient to raise it again. So it lies to the present day, a silent witness to the utility of braces, which Sidney Smith singles out as one of the great inventions of modern times.

As I said, I remained a fortnight in Denmark on my last visit.

One of the very latest evenings of my stay, I spent at the house of the venerable philosopher, H. C. Oersted. We were a delightful family party; only two visitors besides myself being present, and they intimate friends of mine. We sat for some hours round that tea-table, the philosopher in a corner of the sofa, talking charmingly. He was one of the best talkers I ever knew. He was that night in his usual quiet spirits. When we came away, there were farewells to be taken, for my friends were about to start for the West Indies, and I for Germany. We knew it not; but our venerable host was bound within a very few months to proceed on a much longer journey, from which he should not return.

That was one more heavy loss sustained by Denmark within recent times.

So one day I took shipping, and sailed away over the Baltic, back to the country from which I had come a year and a half previously. It was a bright warm day in autumn when I bade farewell to the green isles of Denmark, and saw them fade from my

view in the distance. I left many friends behind me where I had arrived a stranger ; yet I felt almost as solitary that afternoon as in the cold March evening of the foregoing year. It so happened, no one was on the quay to see me off. I knew some *would* have been, had I asked them ; but the circumstance made a painful impression. Man cometh, and man goeth ;—and what saith the time ?

THE END.

LONDON :

Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

